AUGUST HOLIDAY NUMBER.

STORIES by G. A. HENTY, DAVID KER, WARREN BELL, FRED SWAINSON, JOHN MACKIE, CAPTAIN PROTHEROE, and others.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

6d

Vol. V. No. 29. AUGUST, 1901.

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DUNLOP-BARTLETT (WIRELESS)

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£3 3s. per pair, OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd., Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham; and Branches.

"TO BE SHOT AT DAWN." (See page 592.)

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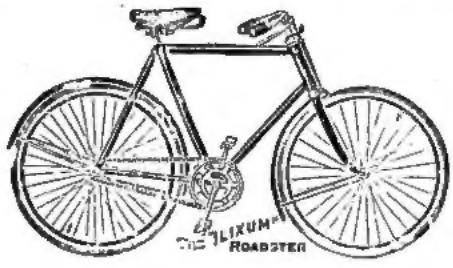

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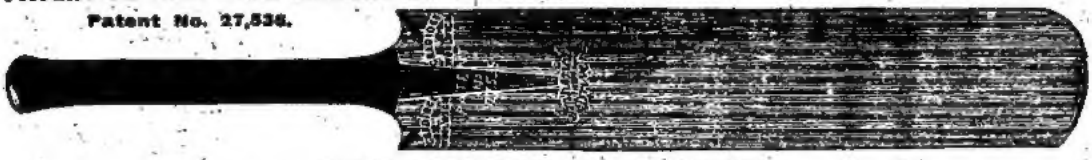

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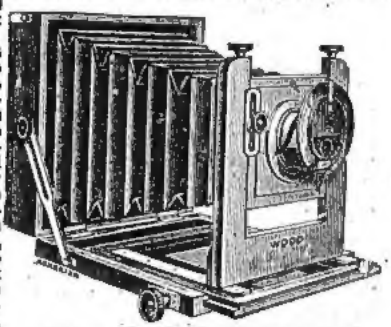

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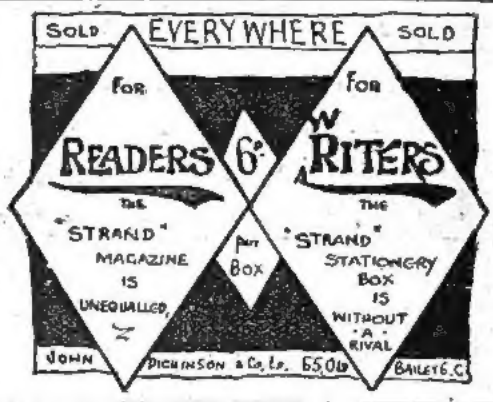

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This is August Comp. No. 1. Fill in the Names of the Towns here indicated by Initial Letter and Dots, then cut out and forward to THE CAPTAIN Office by August 12th. For further particulars, age limits, prizes, etc., see page 472.

ALDERSHOT.	**B** . . .	**C** . . .
A . .	**B**	**C** . . . . .
A	**B**	**C** . . . .
A	**B**	**C** . . . . .
D	**E**	**F** . . . . .
D	**E**	**F** . . . . .
D	**E**	**F** . . . .
D . . .	**E** . .	**F** . . . . .

Name..... *Class*..... *Age*.....

Address.....

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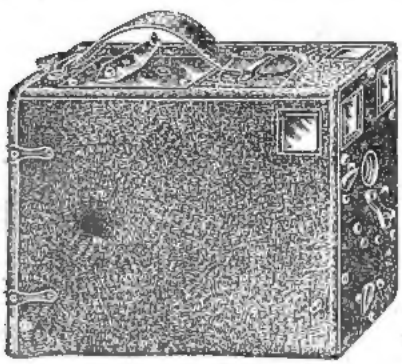

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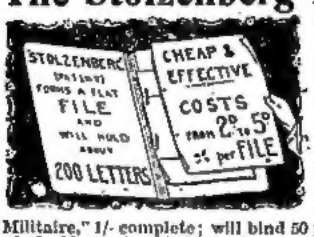

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THE CAPTAIN.

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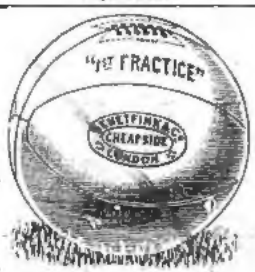

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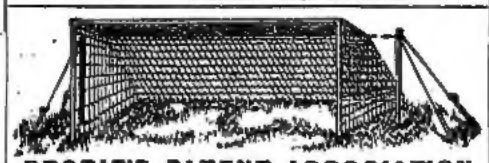

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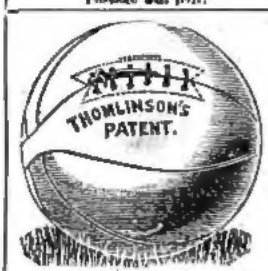

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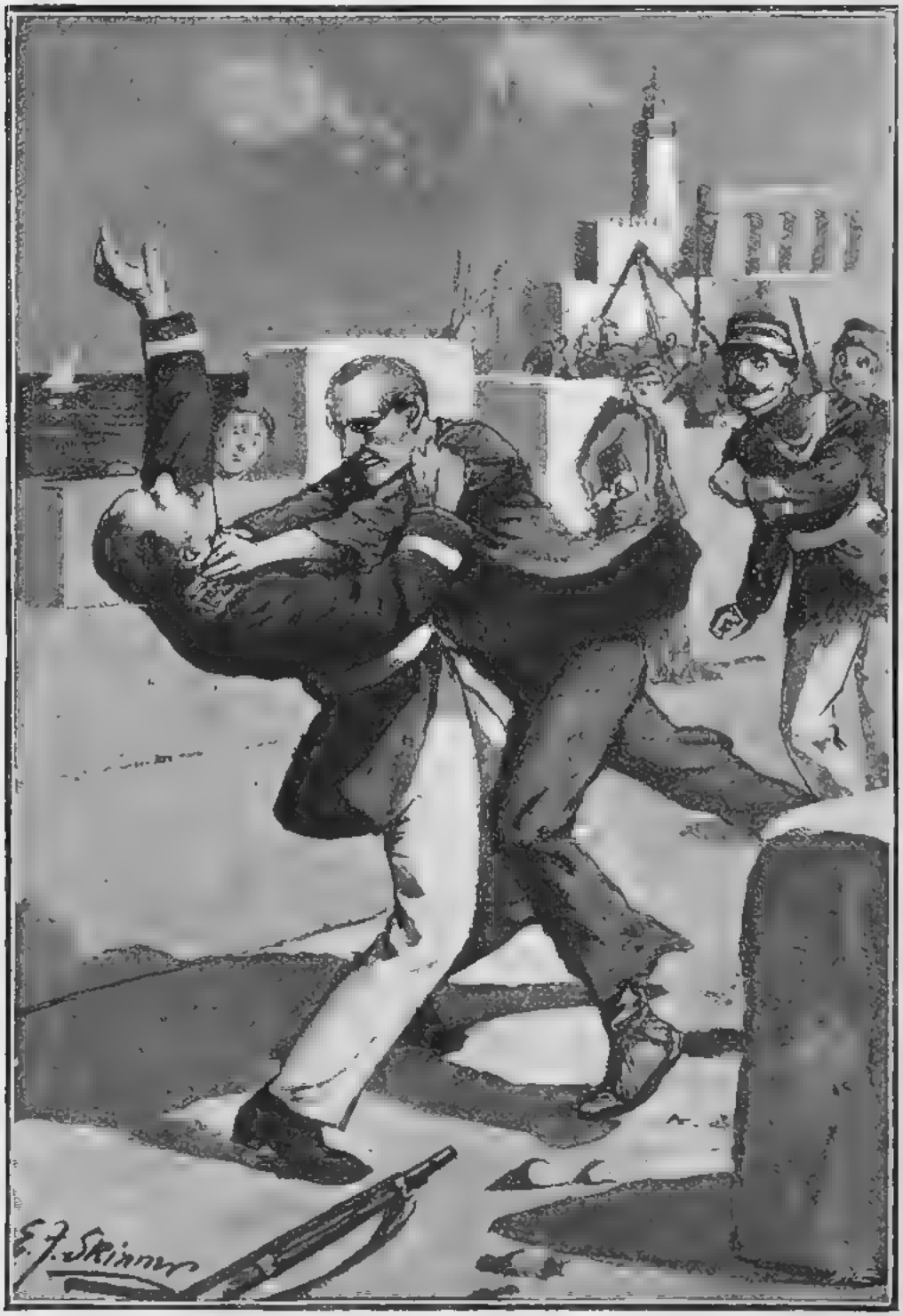
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of the Nile*, 1798	8.48
2.	*Friday* ...	*Battle of Blenheim*, 1704	8.46
3.	*Saturday* ...	*James II. killed*, 1460	8.44
4.	**Sunday** ...	*Ninth after Trinity*	8.42
5.	*Monday* ...	*Bank Holiday*	8.41
6.	*Tuesday* ...	*Duke of Argyll born*, 1845	8.39
7.	*Wednesday*...	*Dean Farrar born*, 1831	8.38
8.	*Thursday* ...	*Rt. Hon. Sir George Turner born*, 1851 ...	8.36
9.	*Friday* ...	*Heligoland ceded to the Dutch*, 1890 ...	8.34
10.	*Saturday* ...	*Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen born*, 1831 ...	8.32
11.	**Sunday** ...	*Tenth after Trinity*	8.30
12.	*Monday* ...	*William Makepeace Thackeray born*, 1811 ...	8.29
13.	*Tuesday* ...	*Prince Adolphus of Teck born*, 1868 ...	8.27
14.	*Wednesday*...	*Lord Clyde died*, 1863	8.25
15.	*Thursday* ...	*Sir Walter Scott born*, 1771	8.22
16.	*Friday* ...	*Lord Hawke (Capt. of Yorkshire), b.*, 1860	8.20
17.	*Saturday* ...	*Frederick the Great died*, 1786	8.19
18.	**Sunday** ...	*Eleventh after Trinity*	8.17
19.	*Monday* ...	*Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Hayter born*, 1835 ...	8.14
20.	*Tuesday* ...	*J. T. Brown, cricketer (Yorks.), b.*, 1868 ...	8.12
21.	*Wednesday*...	*Taku Forts captured*, 1860	8.11
22.	**THURSDAY**	**SEPTEMBER "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	8.9
23.	*Friday* ...	*F. Geeson, cricketer (Warwick), b.*, 1862 ...	8.6
24	*Saturday*...	*St. Bartholomew*	8.4
25	**Sunday** ...	*Twelfth after Trinity*	8.2
26	*Monday* ...	*J. Tunnicliffe, cricketer (Yorks.), b.*, 1866 ..	8.0
27	*Tuesday* ...	*Algiers bombarded*, 1816	7.58
28.	*Wednesday*...	*Count Leo Tolstoi born*, 1828	7.56
29.	*Thursday* ...	*Rt. Hon. Wm. C. Gully born*, 1835 ...	7.54
30.	*Friday* ...	*Admiral Sir H. McL. Lyons born*, 1833 ...	7.52
31.	*Saturday* ...	*Queen Wilhelmina of Holland born*, 1880 ...	7.49



THE CONVICT, RISING IN A MAD FURY, HAD FLUNG HIMSELF UPON THE SOLDIER (SEE PAGE 395)

TO BE SHOT AT DAWN.

By Stacey Blake. Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

OMEHOW I feel, when I tell this story, that I want to plunge right into the midst of it. I cannot for very impatience wade through all the circumstances that led up to its climax, yet to make my telling of it intelligible, I must begin from the day when I landed at Ceuta with a Spanish Government permit in my pocket, all signed and sealed at Madrid, which set forth *in extenso* that Stanley Hardy, civil engineer, had been engaged for a stated time to assist in the construction of the new mole in the fortification of Ceuta, and in consideration of which the same Stanley Hardy was to be allowed full liberty to land on the aforesaid Spanish territory, etc. Notwithstanding this formidable document, when I landed by boat from the shambling little steamer that brought me across from Gib., I was kept nearly half an hour while my passport was taken up to the town to be examined, during which time I was kept under the survey of a couple of weedy sentries, very shabbily dressed, who dunned me for cigarettes the whole time. The interval between my landing and going to bed I spent in cultivating the acquaintance of an old Scotch engineer named McIntyre, under whom I should work, and several Spanish officers who controlled the convict labour employed on the works.

"So it'll be the first time ye've had convict labour under ye, lad?" said McIntyre, stroking his rugged red beard.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Ah! they are no' a braw lot, and the work gangs along vera slowly. But to-morrow ye shall see for yoursel'."

And I did see. I saw something that changed my whole life.

We walked down the mole together, where the brown-clad prisoners were working together in gangs, moving great stones, chiselling them to shape, and getting them into position, while armed overseers stood around lashing them with threats and curses. The convicts were indeed a motley lot.

"See that chap calmly chipping stone?" said McIntyre. "Looks a quiet sort of bairn, doesn't he? He was one of the maist desperate leaders in a bonny little Carlist upset near Bilbao a year or twa sin', when a dozen Civil Guards were shot; and that ferocious cuss next to him was a muleteer, who murdered a French tourist for the sake o' his siller. There's an Englishman doon there. Thirteen years ago he kilt a Chinaman in a drunken quarrel at Santiago. The crime being committed on Spanish territory, as it was then, Spanish jurisdeection claimed him, and he'll be here anither five years."

"And who is that?" I asked, indicating with a nod a man who was vainly endeavouring, unaided, to get a heavy piece of stone on to a trolley.

I am in the habit, rightly or wrongly, of judging men quickly. As I glanced at him I saw a face, a sensitive face, drawn by suffering, so that the flesh upon the refined features seemed to have disappeared till only a tightly pulled skin pallidly covered the skull. His garb failed to make his face that of a criminal.

Suddenly the stone, which he had succeeded in getting half upon the trolley, slipped from his fingers, and it fell down upon his foot, causing him to cry out in an agonised tone.

One of the guards, who, standing adjacent, cigarette in mouth, had been watching the convict's efforts, started forward with a curse. He raised the flat butt-end of his rifle to administer punishment to the prisoner for his carelessness. The convict, perceiving the action, holding to his wounded foot, put his other arm up to ward off the falling blow, at the same time accompanying his action with a cry for mercy. But the brutal soldier, while his weapon was in the air, with a twist of the wrist changed the direction of the blow so that the rifle, avoiding the upheld arm, fell heavily between the felon's shoulders. The man's cry ended in a gurgling cough. He staggered forward to the edge of the stonework

and then, without a sound, fell with a helpless splash into the water.

From the standpoint of discretion, which is a term sometimes used to cover the meaning of self-interest, what I did was very foolish, but I rarely stay to think and nearly always act on impulse, notwithstanding that such methods have more than once got me into scrapes I would willingly in cooler blood have avoided. Yet I did what five Britishers out of six would have done. I let fly a left-hander at that soldier with the whole force of my body behind it. I was conscious that he fell, and that his rifle clattered on the masonry, but I did not stay to notice further the effect of my blow, for I straightway sprang off the mole into the water after the poor wretch. He was nowhere to be seen. He had sunk like a stone, and I feared that, insensible from the blow, he would never rise again. I swam about awaiting his rising to the surface (unfortunately I am an indifferent diver), but he seemed to have sunk for ever.

"He's coming up there, mon, on your right," came the cry of McIntyre.

I swam in the direction indicated. The next moment I had gripped the all but insensible body of the convict. With little difficulty I got him to the side of the mole, which was low at that part, and, while I held him against the stonework, McIntyre hauled him out.

"Mon," whispered the Scotsman, "ye've no' done a guid thing for yoursel'. Wait till this gets to the ears of the governor. I ken there'll be an awfu' row."

I climbed on to the quay, little caring at that moment for all the Spaniards in Ceuta or out of it. Had I been bidden, I believe I should have fought that soldier to a finish with cheerfulness, and been bayoneted for my pains.

"An afuw' young fool," continued McIntyre; "more pluck than discreetion, an' it's the latter quality ye need here."

"Don't be a humbug, Mac," I cried. "You'd have done the same yourself."

I knew my man well enough to say that, for I had heard some yarns about Angus McIntyre in Gib. that gave me an index to the stuff he was made of.

He shrugged his shoulders at the impeachment.

"Ah weel, ah weel! We are fools in that way sometimes," he said, "but look out for trouble, mon."

I did, and I saw it coming straight away. The soldier had risen scowlingly to his feet, and was, with a variety of picturesque gesticulations, giving his version of the affair to an officer who had approached. By the ugly looks thrown in my direction by both men, I gathered that things were neither looking well for myself nor for the prisoner, who lay gasping on the ground with his head propped up on McIntyre's knee.

Presently the officer tapped me imperiously on the shoulder, and bade me follow him. I gave the wretched convict a glance, then walked beside the other with as much dignity and indifference as my wet clothes would allow me to assume.

All at once stepped into my circle of vision a figure, from I know not where, the figure of a girl, who, with a little cry issuing from her lips, ran past me to where the convict lay feebly groaning, and kneeling down beside him, began to assist in his restoration. I paused a moment to watch her. She was dressed entirely in black, and a mantilla of the same sombre hue fell from her head upon her shoulders. A small red flower lying in her dark hair was the only relief against the black, save her pallid face, which seemed, by reason of her sable garb, to be of a greater intensity of whiteness than even terror or death could exceed. McIntyre was answering her rapid questions. I saw her glance up at me, as if he had told her of my share in the affair; then my escort impatiently reminded me that he was waiting.

After all, I was let off very lightly. I was left two hours in an outer office cooling my heels, during which time I had the opportunity of considering the side upon which my bread was buttered, so when I came to interview his Excellency the Governor, I was properly sobered into a meeker spirit. The noble officer must have lunched well. He simply cautioned me against repeating such an offence, and forthwith I was bidden to return to my duties.

When I again sought my work on the mole, the convict over whom I had got into trouble had been removed to the hospital, and the soldier I had fallen foul of was overlooking another portion of the works.

No word did I have with McIntyre until night. At the hotel, over dinner, he eyed me with a curious look. When an *entrée* that was too redolent of garlic for my taste was served, he said, rather dryly:—

"Ye were asking me a question, laddie, when ye tumbled into the water, but I didna have the time to answer it."

"About the convict?" I answered. "Yes, there are some more questions I'd like to ask now."

"Aboot the lassie, eh?" he questioned, with a twinkle in his eye. "She's his daughter. It's all right; ye needna' be afraid of talking. These Dagos dinna ken a word of our language."

The table was lined with sallow Spaniards, who were busy shovelling the garlic mess down their throats.

"His daughter?" I echoed. "But the man, surely he is not a criminal—thief, murderer, or anything? He hadn't the face of one."

"According to the opeenion of this graund State, he's a muckle sight worse. He's a Cuban here for a politeecal offence."

"But I thought all Cuban prisoners were liberated at the conclusion of the war?"

"It is supposed so, but losh! mon, these blessed Dagos are twice as artful as old Sandy McNish, o' Thrumdrochty, whom ye'll na' doot have heard tell of. What, ye havn't? He used ta make whusky in his back kitchen, and there wasna' a drappie that the excise ever knew aboot. All Cuban prisoners were supposed to have been set free, but some weren't. One or two they had spite against were just put somewhere to bide a wee while the leeberation was going on, and Manuel Gonzales was among them."

"Is that his name?"

"Yes; and, ma certie, he'll never leave here alive, for I ken they're doing their best to kill him off."

"What! They are slowly murdering him?"

"Weel, I've na doot it amounts to that. Ye saw for yoursel' to-day."

"Yes," I said savagely; "it was monstrous. But the girl, what is she doing here?"

"Came to share the auld mon's capteevity. The convict arrangements are a wee bit strange here. As ye've like noticed, even those who are doing a stretch get meedling liberty aboot the streets. There's no fear of them escaping, because there's the sea in front and the hills behind, not to conseeder the walls that a body wadna' scale in a month. One puir wee bit laddie, who had been caught smuggling at La Linea, and was sent here for twa years, got away by swimming oot to sea, and getting round on the Moorish shore, but he was brought back in aboot a fortnight's time by some blackguardly Arabs, for the sake of the blood-money they always get, nearly deed wi' starvation. It's no escape fra here. Weel, they don't watch the convicts so closely on that account, and they have lots of leebertiies if they're in favour. Losh! nearly all the shop-keepers in Ceuta are, or have been, convicts. Sae, when this lassie came wi' her father, there was no deeficulty, and she lives in lodgings somewhere in the town. Most of her time she spends in hanging aboot where she can catch a glimmer of him, and sometimes, when she can bribe the sentry to look the other way, she comes on to the mole where he is working, as she did the morn."

"I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR BRAVERY, SEÑOR HARDY."

I went out after dinner for a saunter in the street. Since the glare of the day had subsided, a light breeze from the north brought a breath of coolness over the sun-steeped town. I had come straight from England, and the heat of the full day made me more than a little limp. Scarce had I settled myself upon an unoccupied seat in the little strip of public garden that almost faced the hotel, when out of the shadows glided—the movement seemed rather a glide than a walk—a feminine figure, closely veiled, almost as if she had been waiting for my appearance. Perhaps she had—it did not strike me at the time. She

halted right in front of me, and approached near enough to speak.

"Is it that you are Señor Hardy?" she asked. Her English was quaintly pretty.

Perhaps the sweetness of her voice, or it may have been her face, which I could but incompletely see between the folds of her black wrap, was what made me think so. I have never been one to analyse or catalogue the charms of a woman. I suppose that faculty is not numbered among my poor accomplishments, nor have I that in my personality that has ever caused me to find favour with the sex. I know not how, but I discovered before many moments had elapsed that her presence gave me a pleasure that I could not account for.

"My name is Hardy," I said, mentally guessing who she was, though I was not sure until she spoke again.

"I wish to thank you, senor, for your bravery in rescuing my father this morning at the risk of your own life."

As I had divined, she was the daughter of the convict, Manuel Gonzalez.

"Señorita, I deserve no thanks. I—I didn't run any risks."

"Hush, señor! Your countryman with the rugged beard and strange name told me all. I wish to thank you with my whole heart—my whole soul!"

The next moment I was horrified to see her drop on one knee before me. I rose to my feet, conscious of the scarlet on my face, and seizing her hands, lifted her up. I looked round swiftly. The place was dark and almost deserted, for which I heaved a sigh of thankfulness.

"Señorita!" I exclaimed almost harshly, "I refuse to be thanked." Then I saw a tear glistening on her cheek, and I said softly: "Tell me all your trouble. I would befriend you."

That shows my inexperience in matters feminine, when at the sight of a single tear and the sound of a sigh I was ready to commit myself to any folly to help her. And I doubt not that had she suggested going to board the governor himself in his den, I should then and there have complied with her bidding. I believe this sort of foolishness used to be called chivalry. McIntyre called it by a very different name. That I had more of this element in my composition than I was aware, I was destined to see.

"I thank you, señor, but it is all too hopeless. I am watching my father die day after day, and I am powerless to help him."

"I know something of him. He is a Cuban condemned for a political offence?"

"Yes; he occupied a high position in Havana. Because he befriended those who, fighting for their liberty, were called rebels, he was arrested, together with my brother Antonio. My brother was taken from prison one night, and we have never heard of him since, nor shall we in this world, whilst my father, after lingering months in Havana prison, was brought here."

"And there is no hope that he will be set free?"

"There is no hope. Yet death will set him free soon."

She burst into tears. I did my best to console her with words of hope, and then I begged permission to escort her to her house. On the way I learned little more except that her name was Juanita. The name must have taken my fancy exceedingly, for I found myself repeating it at frequent intervals on my way home.

The acquaintance ripened into something more than friendship, though in those days I would not have dared to have called it by any other name, for the sweetness of our association was embittered by the ever-present thought of the man whose life was so slowly being ground out of him by the relentless torture of that daily slavery. It was almost our sole topic of conversation—the prison, its life, and the chances of escape.

Almost unconsciously, my mind had gone to the considering of the possibilities of escape, and at an early stage I realised that only seaward could any successful attempt be made. During my work, while I directed the engineering operations for which I was engaged, I used to ponder over the subject, and the more I studied it the more I was impressed with the difficulties in the way of any convict escaping. In time I had surveyed every prison building and wall, so that I had the whole plan of the place and town in my mind's eye.

The disposition of the sentries I next studied, their time of changing guard, and something of the system of pass-words; and I made myself familiar with the conformation of the shore, studying where the boats lay, where concealment was to be had—a very rare thing—and, in short, obtaining a knowledge of the whole place and the affairs and habits of everyone directly or indirectly connected with the prison and its system.

I was aware that undue hurry would be fatal to the enterprise. It would be dangerous to move until everything was ripe, but it came about that fate brought the matter suddenly to a head, so that it was a case of then or never. McIntyre had broken his spirit-level. There was no chance of replacing it in Ceuta, so, for the purpose of obtaining another, I went over the Straits to Gibraltar. I crossed by the filthy

old rattle-trap that plies between Ceuta and Algeciras, thence across the bay to the Rock.

The time happened to be when the diplomatists of Paris were having one of their periodical fits of nastiness towards this country, so Gibraltar Bay was sheltering about a dozen sinister-looking battleships and cruisers, besides a small flotilla of wasp-like torpedo craft. As I made for the main street, I was slapped on the shoulder by a heavy hand, and a hearty voice cried out :—

"Hardy, old buck, who would have dreamed of seeing you here?"

I turned and saw an impudent, grinning youth in naval costume, who was not unknown to me.

"Sherlock, you have more cheek than I like to see in a midshipman," I said severely.

He chuckled, then he laughed, and next put his cap at the back of his head and roared. Archie Sherlock, from being a hopeless terror from the master's point of view at school, had graduated into the navy, where he had speedily acquired a reputation for more cheek than any two young officers on the ship.

"Good of you, old Hardy Annual," he jeered. "You don't improve a bit. 'Pon my word, if you were on my ship, I would order you under arrest for disrespect to the Queen's uniform."

"Your ship?"

"I should say so. I am no longer a midshipman, but a jolly, full-blown second lieutenant, and I command Her Majesty's torpedo-boat, No. 222."

"The deuce you do!" I said, taking off my hat in mock modesty.

"The deuce I do," he repeated. "Now I'm just going to take some coffee. Come with me and imbibe."

"I suppose No. 222 is a pretty fast little tank, eh?" I remarked, as I sipped my coffee.

"Like a rocket. Scott! you should see her rip!"

"Um! I've never been on a torpedo-boat. I should like to experience the sensation."

"Well, I can give you a dance on No. 222, if you care about it."

"What, can you take her cruising when you like?"

"Oh! no, not exactly, but if I give notice that I should like to test the strength of some repairs I have made, well—the commodore is not averse to my having her out for a bit of a tumble."

"I should like to go out in her one night this week."

"Night, man! Why at night?"

"Do you remember, Archie, that I once dragged you out of the river at school, when you were nearly being swept over the weir?" I said, without replying to his question, stirring my coffee contemplatively the while.

"Well, I should say so," he said in some surprise.

"You were only a little beggar at the time, but you said that if ever an opportunity came in your life to help me, even at risk to yourself, you would do so."

"I know I did, and the promise still holds good."

"Well, a chance now occurs for you to wipe off that score. The fact is I want about half an hour's cruise on '222' for myself and two friends."

"But where are they now?"

"In Ceuta."

He gave a low whistle. "That's your game, is it? Are they convicts, or tourists fallen foul of the authorities?"

"One is a convict, the other is his daughter."

He whistled again. "A girl in the case, eh?—young, sweet, and beautiful. Excuse me, Hardy," he said, becoming serious all at once, "you are an awful ass. You are proposing to set at defiance the whole Spanish Government, against which, however much we may hold it in contempt, you would have very little chance if it let itself loose on you."

"Then if you won't help me," I said, coldly, "I shall do my best without——"

"I haven't said I wouldn't. I am only wondering where your old caution has gone to."

"After all," I said, drinking off my coffee, "I am afraid I have no right to enlist your help, for the project is a dangerous one."

This remark had the effect I knew it would. He was all eagerness to know what I proposed doing. A spice of danger and adventure was like the promise of wine to a thirsty tippler.

I told him all from beginning to end.

"I will think about it," he said. "We shall doubtless be here another week, but not more, so if it is to be done at all, it will have to be soon. You say you go back in the morning? I will sleep on it, and see you then. Let me tell you, though, that if it be known, I shall be dismissed the service as sure as fate."

The rest of that day I spent in making a cipher-code. It was well I took this precaution. When Sherlock came to me in the morning, I gave him a copy of the key. If we had need to communicate with one another by telegraph, we should do so through that.

"I will risk it for you," said my old friend.

"I shall leave my moorings in the afternoon. A little breakdown in the Straits will necessitate my laying to till dark. I shall then make straight for Ceuta, and come in as near as I can. A

triangle of three red lights will be the signal. As to bringing off your—your passengers, that will be your responsibility."

And responsibility enough! How I was going to manage it when the time came, I knew not. During the whole of my passage back I wrestled with the problem. By the time I stepped into the landing-boat at Ceuta, I had disentangled some of the difficulties, and I was in a measure prepared with a scheme, but when I landed among the people on the quay, all my hopes and schemes were dashed to the ground. A note was thrust into my hand. It was from Juanita, and contained terrible news. Her father, in a mad frenzy, had that day fallen upon a soldier, nearly killing him, for which offence he was sentenced to be shot at daybreak.

WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT I LIFTED HIM FROM HIS FEET AND DASHED HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

I was almost stunned by the news. All my patiently built schemes, almost at the very moment of fruition, were hopelessly wrecked. I did not delay a moment, but went to her lodgings. I had not done so before, but it was not a time to consider the niceties of etiquette, or even propriety.

I found her in dry-eyed despair. She had got beyond the stage of grief when tears can relieve. She briefly repeated, with greater fulness, what I had already learned in the note. Manuel Gonzalez, maddened by some act of cruelty, had struck the guard. The latter knocked him down. The convict, rising in a mad fury, had flung himself upon the soldier, and assuredly he would have killed him but that he was dragged off in the nick of time. Within two hours of the occurrence the unfortunate Cuban was sentenced to be shot.

"Where is he confined?" I asked.

"In one of the old magazines on the north shore."

I knew them well. They were disused powder magazines built like small low cones of about 15ft. diameter, and for the reason that no ray of light penetrated, being windowless, they were sometimes used to confine rebellious prisoners in.

I gave her minute instructions. It was now or never, and there was no time to dally. She was to be upon a certain portion of the eastern shore at dark. The rest would have to be left to me. Nor did I waste a moment. I wired to Sherlock at Gibraltar, stating, in the cipher that I had prepared, the urgency of the case. If Gonzalez were not rescued that night, it would be too late.

The hours between that time and darkness were spent in veritable torture. When I set out on my desperate errand at last, the sense of action relieved me, and I breathed more freely. Down towards the mole I went first of all, and waited, with my eyes staring into the darkness, for the triangle of red lights which would signify that Sherlock had not failed me. I waited till a horrid despair grew over me. He was not coming, and Manuel Gonzalez would be a dead man by morning.

As the last hope died in my breast, my eyes opened in staring amazement, for out in the darkness, seaward, three red spots suddenly appeared in the form of a triangle. I knew that the torpedo-boat was there.

I made straight for the prison. I had ascertained that the governor was there, and, under plea of seeing him with regard to business in connection with the works in progress, I passed through. Once out of sight and sound of the sentry, I slipped off at a tangent, and made for the spot where the black forms of the magazines could be seen looming against the lighter ground. I crept quietly to where the gleam of the sentry's cigarette indicated to me the particular magazine occupied by the condemned man. I then went back a little way and returned, walking boldly, so that he might think me the inspecting officer going his rounds. I stepped out of the darkness suddenly upon him. Before he was aware of my intention, I had seized his musket, which he was holding loosely, and raising it up swiftly, I brought the flat of the butt down on his head with a heavy thud. He went down like a log. I stepped over his prostrate body and laid hold of the door. To my joy I found it was fastened simply by bolts operated from the outside. There had been a lock, but it had rotted away. I slipped back the rusty bars, and the next instant the door opened with a light push.

"Gonzalez," I whispered.

"Is my time come?" said a weak, husky voice in Spanish. "It is not dawn yet."

"Hush, man. I have come to rescue you. Quick! there is not a moment to lose."

All at once I heard a foot sound. Steps were rapidly approaching. A cold dampness broke out all over me as I realised that it was the inspecting officer, whose steps a moment ago I had tried to simulate. Perhaps he would see the body of the unconscious soldier and give the alarm straightway. I crouched in the gloom of the doorway awaiting his coming. My heart beat like an engine. I felt as desperate as a fierce beast at bay. Suddenly a dark figure appeared before me. I leaped upon him, with every nerve and muscle tense like a pulled-back bow. The man bent up double in sheer fright, but finding his assailant only human after all, he began to struggle fiercely. My strength grew with my despair. With a tremendous effort I lifted him from his feet and dashed his head against the wall.

The next moment I was guiding the prisoner across the open space to the sea. A big wall lay in front of us, but it was old and full of crannies, so we easily scaled it. We dropped down the other side, and then we crept off to the spot where I had told Juanita to wait. She was there, and greeted us with a suppressed cry of joy. Not far out towards the mole were a number of barges containing building material, and moored to these I knew were several rowing-boats. I swam towards these craft, and soon I was rowing back in one.

The next instant there was a spattering fire of muskets. The alarm was given. Our escape was discovered.

Never did I row in my life as I rowed then. There was but one pair of oars in the boat, and neither of the other two were capable of pulling a stroke. My arms ached as if the sinews were red-hot wires, my back was as if it were crimped, but I kept on towards the triangle of lights. Presently the low form of the torpedo-boat loomed blackly against the water.

"My stars, you've only just done it!" cried a voice, which I recognised as Sherlock's. "They've discovered you, and there's a steam launch after you."

We were dragged on to the iron deck, and immediately the little ship began to throb with life.

"The lady had better go below. A lot of water kicks up when she is going full speed."

Gonzalez stood on the deck beside me, watching the receding lights of the Spanish launch sent out to re-catch him, his haggard face all aglow with fierce excitement. He stood and shook his fist at it. While he was in the very act, a dozen tongues of fire spat out of the darkness. The next moment he threw up his arms and fell to the deck shot through the heart. As I rushed to pick him up, I saw the Spanish launch about-ship and return.

A bar of grey was in the east, heralding that another day was at hand.

After all, Manuel Gonzalez had been shot at dawn.

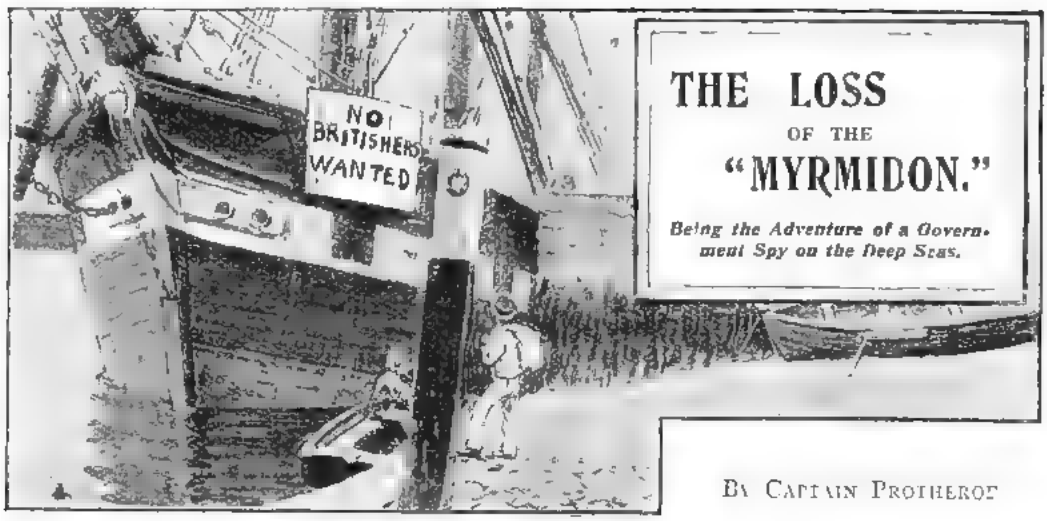
* * * * *

Considering the difficulties in the way and the complications that might ensue if the body of the Cuban were landed in Gibraltar, we deemed it best to bury him at sea. Juanita acquiesced at this, but she was too overcome with grief to be present at the sad ceremony. It was a strange sight that the sunrise shone on. We wrapped the body in a sheet. I myself read a prayer over it, and then it was reverently committed to the deep.

Of Sherlock's escapade nothing was known. At headquarters it was believed that torpedo boat No. 222 spent the night in the Straits, owing to a temporary breakdown in the steering-gear.

As for Juanita—who looks over my shoulder as I write—she is the best and sweetest relation a man can have. She is my wife.

"NEVER MIND—I SAVED THE MATCH!"

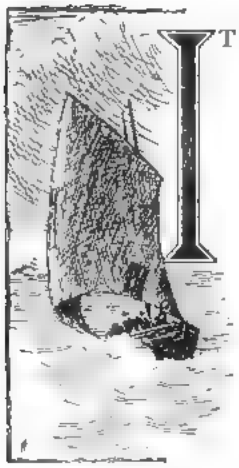


THE LOSS OF THE "MYRMIDON."

Being the Adventure of a Government Spy on the Deep Seas.

By Captain Protheroe

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.



IT was the month of July, 1875. The *Seaflower* had left St. Michael's, in the Azores, and we were steering south for the Canaries, with just enough wind to swear by. She was a roomy yacht of 100 tons, and at the time of her build, the first consideration being her sea-going qualities, nothing was sacrificed in the direction of speed. Although not built for a "heeler," she could get along smartly in a breeze, and was fit to go anywhere. Augustus Harringden (his particular friends never called him anything but "Gus") not only owned her, but to a great extent handled her himself, so that the sailing-master's position on board was almost a sinecure. Gus had the good sense to be born before his brothers, and on the death of his father, had succeeded to most of the property. Although Gus was fortunate enough to come into the money, he was anything but mean, but rather erred in the other direction, and was always ready to put his hand in his pocket (and pretty deeply at that) in the interest of relative or friend, as some of us poorer Johnnies on occasion had reason to know.

Gus was rich enough to have gone into society, but that sort of thing did not appeal to him. He said he detested it, and that it made him more sick than ever the yacht was likely to do in the worst of weather, so he chose the latter. Every summer he would invite a few kindred spirits, and away he'd go for months. On this trip there was Jack Singon, a schoolfellow of Gus's, three others, and myself. Jack Singon was studying medicine, and when he was asked to join the party, jumped at the offer, for he said "he'd be nice and quiet away from London, and would be able to get in a lot of study for his exam." Perhaps he honestly thought he would; but the only medicine I ever saw him study on that trip was labelled "Pommery," and we used to shoot at the bottles as they went astern. I don't think Jack studied much medicine; but his shooting improved wonderfully.

One day Jack, catching sight of some dark object on the water six or seven hundred yards distant, had disappeared down the companion. Emerging some few seconds later, a rifle in one hand, and some half dozen cartridges in the other, which he started slipping into the magazine, he remarked: "I'll bet you fellows a new hat between you that I hit it first shot."

"Hold on a bit!" said Gus, who was looking through the glasses at it. "I can't quite make out what it is. It may be a dead marine thrown over from some vessel, but it seems bigger to me. Let us have a look before you start perforating it?" Turning to the man at the wheel, he said: "Give her a couple of spokes down. Steady! That ought to fetch her."

We headed towards it with just enough wind

to give the yacht steerage way. Gus shouted to some of the crew to look out and secure it as it came alongside. We all, in turn, had a look at the object as it came nearer, but for all we could make of it it might have been anything from a large bottle to a cork fender. One of the crew, stationed in the fore-chains, grabbed it as it came by, and passed it aft for our inspection. When we had it on deck it was as difficult to say what it might be as when it was in the water, for it appeared to be composed of barnacles. As we stood round looking at it, the old sailing-master said it put him in mind of the duff they used to get at sea when he was a boy, but of course it couldn't be, for that was heavy enough to sink to the bottom like a kedge anchor. Gus suggested that the best way to find out what it was would be to remove the barnacles, and see if there was anything inside. It didn't take a couple of us long to do this, and we soon disclosed to view a small wicker-covered jar, that no doubt at some time had held spirit.

"I wonder is there anything inside!" said Singon, as he took it up and shook it.

Gus slyly remarked: "It might contain medicine." The question was answered by the jar slipping from Singon's hands and breaking into a dozen pieces on the deck; the wicker-work, freed from its inhabitant, bounding away into the lee scuppers. It left behind not only the broken jar, but a roll of something wrapped in oil-cloth. Gus pounced upon it, and we all gathered round to see what it might contain. After carefully removing the outer wrapper, he came upon a roll of paper. With all the care that had apparently been taken it was damp and musty, and it was with tender touch he proceeded to separate one sheet from another. We spread them to catch the rays of a genial sun, with a small weight on each to prevent them blowing away. We were all excitement to know what was written on the pages of this strange find, for, although almost illegible, the word or two we could make out did not decrease our curiosity, but rather whetted our appetite for more. We watched them dry with impatience, and when Gus carefully gathered them up, and made for the companion, we all followed him as if by mutual consent.

Spreading them on the cabin table, we gathered round, and were soon deep in the difficult task of deciphering what was written there.

It was a puzzler, but after hours of close attention Jack Singon, who had been taking down the words as they were made out—we supplying many that were obliterated (the date being among them)—handed the papers to Gus, who, seated at the head of the table, read to us the following:—

If the bottle which contains these papers is ever picked up, it will tell to those interested, and the world, the manner in which the *Myrmidon* was lost, and how I, James Scobie (master), according to the light God has put in my soul, did my duty. I stand in the peculiar position *of a man condemned to die, being his own executioner, and, over and above that, undertaking the office willingly.* When you have read this you will understand why, and perhaps (as mortals are prone to) judge me, but whether your judgment be harsh or not matters little; I lay my case before a higher Judge than man, and He who has made my duty clear—to me at least—shall decide.

I had joined my ship just before she sailed, having been away on urgent business for some weeks. When I returned she was lying in the basin ready for sea. The chief mate had engaged the crew, a fellow-captain signing them on for me. The few papers it was necessary for me to sign were awaiting me, and at the first break of daylight next morning we hauled through the dock. As we brought up at Gravesend, on this eventful voyage, a boat put off from the shore and came alongside. A gentlemanly-looking man came up the gangway and introduced himself to me as a passenger. He informed me that he had taken his passage at the last moment, and not being able to catch the ship before she left the dock, had taken train, and here he was just in the nick of time. Perhaps it was in no genial mood I called the steward and told him to make Mr. Sardon (the name he had given me) comfortable, and show him to a berth.

I was in hopes I should have been without passengers this trip, for I had no time for the little attentions to them that fall to the duty of a master mariner. All the leisure I could spare was devoted to an invention that had cost me years of labour, and which I hoped this voyage to see completed. It took the same place with me as I should imagine a child would have done had I been blessed with such. So, although I was sorry to see a passenger, I had to make the best of it, and content myself with a sailor's sophism—"Obey orders if you break owners." Mr. Sardon, as he called himself, was a foreigner, for although he spoke English fluently, I soon detected a little accent that ninety-nine out of a hundred never get rid of. He might have been anything, for he spoke half a dozen languages equally well, and to this hour I have no idea which nation claims him.

As we got further down the river I noticed

that the crew seemed to be all foreigners. I called Mr. Steel, the chief mate, and asked him what it meant.

"Orders from the office, sir," said he. "I believe there has been some trouble on board one of the company's ships, and the people at the office decided to ship Dutchmen in future."

I gave him the rough side of my tongue for not telling me before, and said hard things about the office. I've always held the opinion that one foreigner and one mainmast was quite enough aboard any British ship. Not that I have anything against them as seamen, but that, as any man of sense knows, they constitute a danger to England, which, if not taken into account, may have to be paid heavily for some day. I remember the feeling of disgust I experienced one day, when passing down the South-West Dock, I saw a notice on the bow of an English ship, "No Britishers wanted," and wondered what manner of mongrel could he be who was responsible for it.

Holding these opinions, I was furious when I found a foreign crew foisted on to me, for, had I known it in time, either it should have been altered, or they would have had to find another master for their ship. It was too late for anything of that sort, and I had no alternative but to proceed on my voyage. Had I known then as much as I do now I would have put back at all cost. But I had no presentiment of evil; I only objected, as I have done all my life, to carrying a foreign crew on a British ship.

I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF A REVOLVER.

Mr. Sardon proved to be a most entertaining passenger, and the little soreness I had experienced at having my privacy disturbed soon wore off. He knew everything, had seen everything, and could talk in a manner to claim attention at once.

We made a good passage out to Wellington, New Zealand, whither we were bound. Mr. Sardon went on shore, and I thought I had seen the last of him. Two or three days before we were ready for our homeward voyage, he arrived on board and told me he had decided to make the trip home with us, as he had received urgent letters, and his presence was required. It is the custom to forward gold to London by sailing ships belonging to reliable firms. The *Myrmidon*, being one of these, had on this trip twenty boxes of gold, each containing a thousand sovereigns, consigned to a bank in London. The responsibility sat lightly upon me, for I had often carried gold before in this manner.

The gold came alongside in a railway carriage, guarded by four policemen in plain clothes, and was passed on board. It was placed in a locker under my bunk, which was a receptacle for

valuables, so that one may say I literally slept on them. The topsails were loosed, and the cable hove short, as Mr. Sardon came alongside in a waterman's boat. His belongings were hoisted on board, the topsails sheeted home, and we stood down the harbour, rounded the point that hid the town from view, and through the Pencarrow Heads

We had rounded the Horn, and were standing to the north, and I was expecting soon to pick up the south-east trades I had worked hard at my invention, and, with the exception of a few minor details, it was complete. I was perfectly satisfied with it and myself, for I was assured I had invented a weapon that would revolutionise the British Army.

One morning, as it was just breaking daylight, I was disturbed by someone shaking me. I felt most unaccountably drowsy, but when I was fairly awake I found myself looking down the barrel of a revolver, and Mr. Sardon held it, whilst close on his heels were some half dozen of the crew.

"What is the meaning of this?" I said.

"My dear captain," answered Mr. Sardon, "it means that we wish to relieve you of the anxiety of looking after that gold, and if you will kindly hand me the key of that locker you will save yourself a deal of trouble!"

"By heavens, this is piracy!" I cried, as I dived my hand beneath the pillow where I kept my revolver. But it was gone.

"The fact of the matter is, captain," said Mr. Sardon, "I took the liberty of giving you a sleeping draught last night, and that is why your brain is so sluggish this morning. Why, my good sir, your own weapon is staring you in the face, and you don't even recognise it."

"Surely, Mr. Sardon," I said, "this is some grim joke, but let me tell you this—someone will pay pretty dearly for it."

"If you can look on it as a joke," he answered, "so much the better for you; it won't hurt your feelings so much; but rest assured it's no joke, but real business. Three of you stop here," said he to the seamen, "and keep your eyes on the skipper." Then turning to me: "Excuse me for a moment. As I've taken your place, and your course doesn't altogether suit me, I'm going to alter it. I want to get more to the westward. I'll be down in a few minutes, and we can talk things over."

Ten minutes elapsed ere he entered the berth again. Then, ordering the seamen out with a motion of his hand, he turned to me and said: "Now, captain, we can discuss matters quietly!"

"Where are my officers?" was the first question I asked when we were alone.

"My dear captain," he answered, "it was eight bells when we decided to bring this little affair off, and of course they were both on deck, one relieving the other. When the crew rushed them they cut up ugly, and that second mate of yours (a lusty young fellow, let me tell you) cracked a couple of heads with a belaying pin before you could say 'Knife!' The rest of the crew lost their tempers, and—well, at the rate the ship was travelling through the water, I should say they must be a good five miles astern by this time."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you have murdered my officers, and for gold that when divided will not total a thousand each man? Do you know that you will swing for this?"

"I don't think so," said he, "but go dead slow, my dear captain, until I explain. I gave you credit for being a man of observation. The months I've been with you did I ever show symptoms of being a fool? That gold is nothing to me. I would not jeopardise my liberty, let alone my neck, for the whole of it. Excuse me if I just give you a little simile—a chronometer, for instance. Here is an article well thought out, well planned, well put together; in fact, perfect; but you find that something is missing; true, a paltry little thing in itself, but still absolutely necessary before you can set the chronometer in motion. Of course you will see at once that what I mean is the key. In the present case the gold represents the same thing, a key, that has wound up and set in motion a complicated piece of machinery. Without it, my carefully thought out plans (and I believe I have overlooked nothing) would be much the same as your chronometer without something to set it in motion that is, useless. That gold is only a means to an end. You seem very dull this morning, my dear captain—can't you supply some other incentive? No? Then I must supply it myself—*that little invention you are so proud of is the object of my desire!*"

How I kept my hands off him is a mystery. Here was a man who had caused the crew to mutiny, appropriated the gold entrusted to my care, murdered my officers (or caused them to be murdered—it was all the same), and now wanted to steal the work of my brain, and telling me this calmly with a smile on his face as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Yes, if I had been sure of ten uninterrupted minutes, I should certainly have killed him.

"I expect you wonder how I knew anything about it," he continued. "But let me tell you this, captain—there are very few secrets the Governments of Europe are not aware of. The

difficulty is to worm them out, and bring them to a successful issue."

"Then you are a Government spy," I said.

"That's an ugly word, captain," he answered; "but have it as you like. I call myself (but I never repeat it above a whisper) a Government investigator. That rifle of yours, if it's any satisfaction to you to know (and of course it is, for every man likes to hear his child praised), is *sans pareil*. The fault with you is, you are too patriotic (you see, I found that out—I heard you talking to the chief mate about the foreign crew), and wouldn't think of its going anywhere but to the English army. Now I, like yourself, am a bit of a patriot, and would rather see it in another army. The English army is such a tiny thing! How much better, my dear captain, to see it used by a continental army, whose soldiers can be counted by the million? You see, I am quite frank with you, and I am going to tell you the whole story. When I came aboard in London—or, to be more exact, Gravesend I knew you possessed an article, or were in the way of producing one, which my Government would be glad to have. There was a good bit of 'spec.' about my trip, for your article may have turned out worthless, and then I should have been in the position of a person who parts with his money and gets nothing in return. Being a man of sense, you will see that one success pays for a dozen failures, as instanced in this case. You may be sure that before we arrived in New Zealand I found I was on something good, for that was my business. Even had your article been perfected, I doubt if I could have done anything. Your foreign crew was a big item in my favour, but, although you have some nice scoundrels among them, I soon found out they were not inclined to risk their necks, and do, as it were, something for nothing. After I left you in New Zealand I was almost inclined to debit a loss to my account, when I quite accidentally heard you were carrying a consignment of gold. Then I knew that the money which I had spent for a passage with you was not thrown away, so I speculated another forty pounds, and I think it has turned out a profitable investment. I sounded the crew, and, when I was pretty sure of them, I showed how we could have the gold and get clear away; and mind you, captain, I am acting honestly by them—for I can. I am steering for some islands I know of that are uninhabited, and that's why I altered the course just now. When we get in sight of these I shall order the boats out, scuttle the ship, and land on them. A couple of days will suffice to put the gold into portable shape, for I shall not stop a minute longer on these islands than necessary, as I do not wish to give your crew (or rather the men who were your crew) a chance to quarrel among themselves. We shall then make for the mainland, and fetch a part of the coast I know just suitable for a little job of this kind. I shall then wish your crew good-bye, for then it will be a case of everyone for himself. If they start cutting each other's throats when I am gone, that will have nothing to do with me—I shall have honestly carried out my promise to them. That is the programme I have laid down so far, and I flatter myself it will work out to a hair. There is one other little thing, which perhaps you have thought of yourself, and that is—where do *you* come in? I'll tell you. I think you say the gun is not quite finished. I want you to put the finishing touch on, under my eye. Of course, I could take it as it is, but I prefer to have it perfect. When it is finished I promise to let you have one of the boats provisioned for a week, and, being in the track of ships as we now are (as a matter of fact, there are two vessels in sight at this moment), being picked up will be a matter of a day or two at the outside. If you are unreasonable enough to refuse my request, I shall have the gun just the same, scuttle the ship when I arrive where I wish to go, but in case of refusal the offer I make of a boat will be withdrawn, and, my dear captain, let me call your attention to the awkward position you will be in on board of a ship that will sink in less than half an hour, leaving you nothing but the water to tread upon!"

"You threaten to murder me?" I said.

"Not at all, my dear captain; I simply call your attention to something that may have escaped your observation. No, no, captain, don't answer hastily; many a man has made a decision in hot blood that he has had cause to repent. Think the matter over, and I'll come this evening for the result. I'm going to leave you now, but I shall take that gun with me for fear you should do something with it, now that your pulse is going rather strong, which we should both be sorry for afterwards."

My feelings when he closed the door and left me alone—but there, I am not going to put them on paper I couldn't if I tried. Was he man or fiend? was the question uppermost in my mind. For the bantering way in which he kept calling me "my dear captain," and that eternal smile on his face alone, I could have slain him. I had a presentiment that I was doomed, for although he pledged himself to let me leave in one of the boats, I knew he lied. After what had happened there was no room in this world for both of us, and he knew it. If he allowed me to leave, and I was picked up by

a ship, what was to prevent my making another rifle? He was undoubtedly a clever man, but he made the mistake so many clever people are liable to—he took me for a fool. At eight bells he entered the berth, closed the door behind him, and remarked:—

"Well, captain, what is it to be?"

"As it seems to me I have no alternative, I have made up my mind to do as you require," I answered.

"Now that's a sensible decision," said he. "Believe me, I should have been very sorry had you compelled me to leave you behind in a sinking ship."

Some time after he had departed I went to a drawer where I kept writing materials, for, I thought, why not make a record, and drop it through the port-hole? Although they had shifted many articles from my cabin, and had searched it thoroughly, all my personal belongings were left to me. As I rummaged in the drawer to find what I was in search of, my hand came in contact with an article I knew had no business there. I drew it forth, and found it was a small coil of fuse.

I remembered I had been using it for some fishing experiments whilst in harbour, and, thrusting it into the drawer, had forgotten all about it until now. I hastily slipped it under the mattress—why, I know not—for I had no particular use for it that I could see. That night I had very little sleep. I was thinking how I could balance matters with my amiable passenger. Daylight found me still wide awake, but with this difference—I had conceived a plan.

Although I had no use for the fuse found in my drawer, it evidently started a train of thought, for I recollected that my berth was situated nearly over the place where such material was stored. The magazine was a good sized copper tank, and, with my knowledge of explosives, I knew there was sufficient in it to blow the stern out of half a dozen ships. It would be easy enough to bore a hole in the deck, for one side of my berth, which is a double one, was used by myself as a workshop, and contained a number of tools. True, it was easy enough to bore a hole and place the fuse to reach the other deck, but to remove the cap from the tank and insert the fuse was quite another affair, and unless I could do this I had gained nothing.

Mr. Sardon used to bring the weapon to my berth, watching me whilst I worked at it. Anyone looking in casually and not knowing the circumstances, would have thought he came there simply for an agreeable talk, but for the revolver placed close to his hand. He chatted away all the time, but kept a good distance between us, so that he should have room to act in an emergency, and I could see he had eyes as watchful as a cat's. I saw that if I wished to get at close quarters I should have to act like a flash of lightning, and I was not hopeful that I should accomplish it at all.

In the meantime I had bored a hole in the deck, as near as I could guess over where the magazine lay. I removed every tell-tale chip, paid the fuse down, making it fast with a piece of twine to a trunnel which I placed in the hole, and rubbed some dirt on it to give it the same appearance as any other trunnel placed over a bolt. The carpet was on top of it, so that I had no fear of anyone discovering it unless looking expressly for it. . . . At length I finished the gun. Pointing to it I said to him:—

"The thing you barter your soul for is finished."

A smile hard to define passed over his face, but even in this moment of triumph he was not to be caught napping. Bidding me retire to a distance, he approached and examined it. He was apparently satisfied with it, for he said, more to himself than to me, "I'd give something for a dozen or so of cartridges to try the beauty."

I had meant to lead up to something like this, but he had saved me the trouble. Now was my time, and I remarked, "I have five hundred cartridges down below for that purpose."

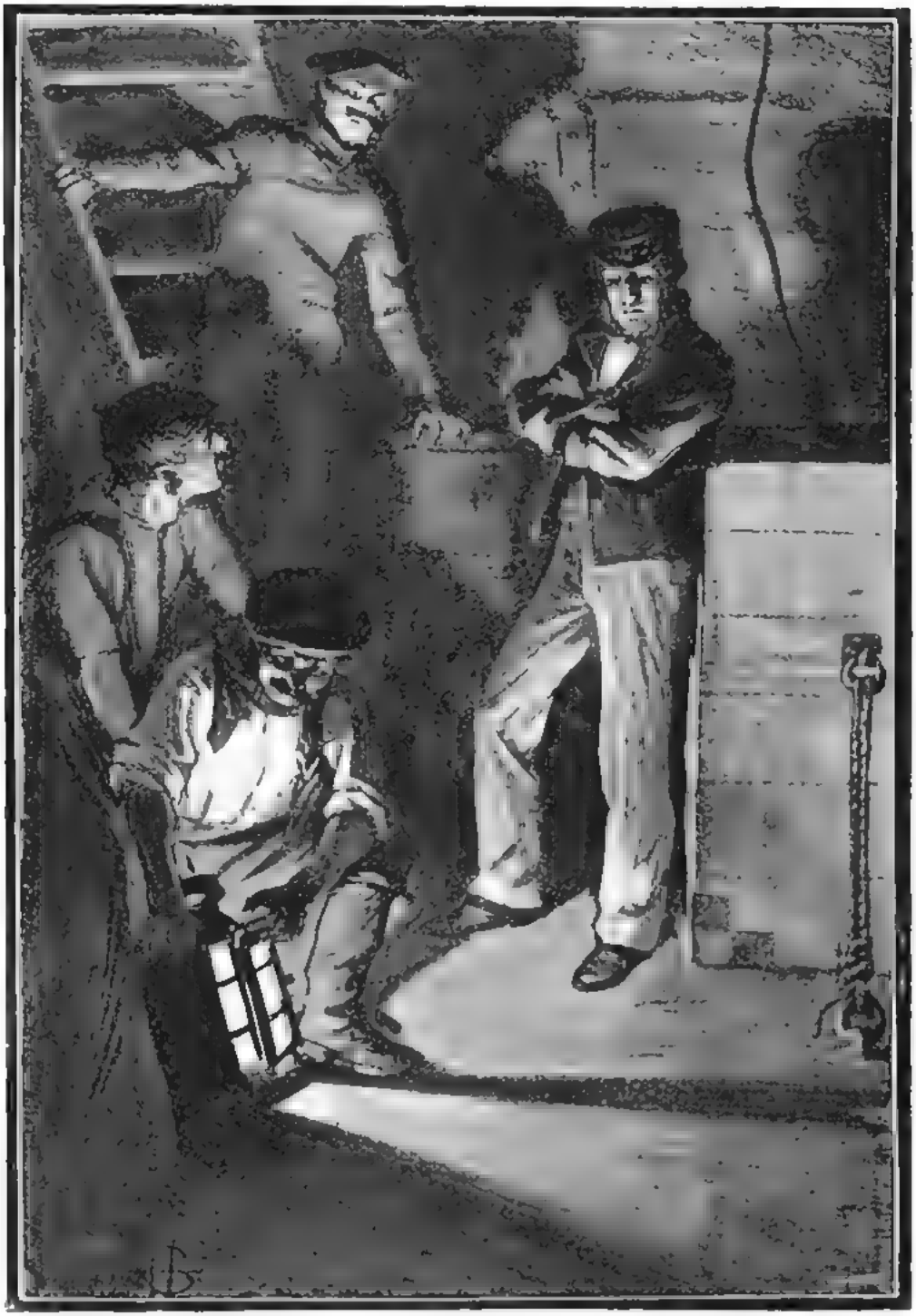
"You really mean that?" he replied. "My dear captain, it is quite a pleasure to do business with a man of your forethought. Where are they?"

"Down below," I answered, carelessly, fearing the anxiety I felt should creep into my voice. "If you care to send some of the men with me I think I can put my hands on them."

He considered for a moment, then put a whistle to his mouth and blew it. Almost immediately three of the crew burst into the room, so that I saw he did not enter my berth alone without taking precautions.

"These three men will go with you," said he, and turning to them added: "and mind you keep your eye upon him. Remember, captain, no tricks, or it will be the worse for you, but there," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "what can you do?"

He was quite right, what could I do? No light was allowed in my cabin, and, of course, all matches had been removed, for I might have fired the ship. One of the crew produced from the deck a covered lantern, and the other two ranging themselves on either side of me, we proceeded below. I made a pretence of searching



I WAS STANDING BY APPARENTLY WAITING FOR THEM.

ing for what was wanted, but took care to edge gradually nearer to the spot I wished to reach. I felt confident, for I was sure none of the crew had been down here before, for the lazarette was sacred to the steward. I was only afraid they might catch sight of the fuse, and investigate out of mere curiosity. Casting my eye upward I caught sight of the object I looked for. I had made a good calculation, for the fuse was hanging just about a foot to one side of the tank. I stopped, and, pointing to some beef casks, said: "You will have to shift these; the box I want is at the back of them."

The man who carried the lamp set it down on an upturned empty barrel, and, stooping down, gave me the opportunity I was waiting for. With a push of my foot I overturned the barrel, sending the lamp flying, and extinguishing it. In the confusion that followed I slipped the cap off the tank, and dropped the end of the fuse inside. With many an oath they found the lamp and re-lit it, but I was standing quietly by, apparently waiting for them. I had accomplished what I hoped for; now my object was to draw them away from that part as soon as possible.

"I am mistaken," I remarked. "The box I want, I remember now, is down the booby hatch."

The man with the lamp held it aloft and said:—

"I wonder is there any grog down here?"

I did not want them looking for grog—they might have found something else—so I hastened to assure them the grog was not kept down there. Muttering and grumbling, they escorted me to the cabin deck. There was no clamouring for drink in the presence of Mr. Sardon, and I wondered what was the secret of the obedience he exacted from them. I suppose he had explained to them that they were absolutely dependent upon him to navigate the ship, and land them in a place of safety. That is the only thing I could put it down to, for they obeyed him like dogs. No doubt things would be different when they landed, or even sighted the place he was making for, but until then they had to be on their best behaviour. When they escorted me back to the berth Mr. Sardon was still there, and I explained to him that I was mistaken—the cartridges were down the booby hatch. He at once sent the men to get the box out, open it, and place it on the quarter deck.

"I should like a word with you," I said, as the men went out.

He shut the door at once, motioned me to a seat, and took one himself some distance away, his revolver placed conspicuously on his knees.

"Now, my dear captain," he said, "go ahead. What can I do for you?"

"Now that what you forced me to do is finished," I replied, "when do you propose to keep your part of the agreement, and drop me where I shall be likely to be picked up by a passing ship?"

"My dear captain," he answered, as he picked up the revolver from his knee and balanced it in his hand, "you seem in a desperate hurry to desert us. Surely the captain should be the last man to leave his ship, and here are you wanting to be the first out of her. That is not like the British seaman you are so proud of. Really, captain, I am ashamed of you."

"Is that the way you keep your promise?" I said.

"Promise, bah! The man who makes a promise and keeps it to his own detriment, is a fool. Promises at the best are brittle ware, liable to be broken. Where my interest is concerned I have a little motto to which I adhere rigorously—myself first, others after. Were I to keep my promise and drop you in the track of ships, you would carry away in your brain the mechanism of that gun. Nothing could prevent your doing that, so that it means, with all I have worked for, all I have striven for within my grasp, I open my hand and it is lost to me for ever; nay, more, I put my life in jeopardy, for not even my Government could save me. On the other hand, if I leave you to go down with your ship, which I believe is the recognised thing for the captain to do, I not only give you the chance of acting up to tradition, but save the situation in every respect. Your ship will be like hundreds of others, first overdue, then posted missing, and then forgotten. I hope I have stated the case clearly to you, and although I have no personal animosity towards yourself, my own safety must be my first consideration, and therefore you will see it is quite useless to beg of me to do otherwise."

"Beg my life from you!" I shouted. "You *thing!* Had I a thousand lives to save I would not beg one from such dirty hands as yours."

I turned my back upon him, for I had nearly lost my self-control, and every nerve of my body was tingling to grapple with him. I heard the door close, and when I turned round he was gone. I stood awhile after he had left, thinking. Then I walked to the drawers in which my clothes were kept, and brought out the suit I had worn when last on shore. I put my fingers in one of the vest pockets, and from the extreme corner, where they had worked through a hole in the lining, I drew two matches. As I held them in my hand, I

smiled, for his simile of the key and chronometer passed through my mind, and the similarity of the situation he had described, and the present one, appealed to me and amused me. Two little soiled matches. To use his own words, "paltry little things in themselves," but now, one at least the key of a mighty instrument of vengeance!

* * * * *

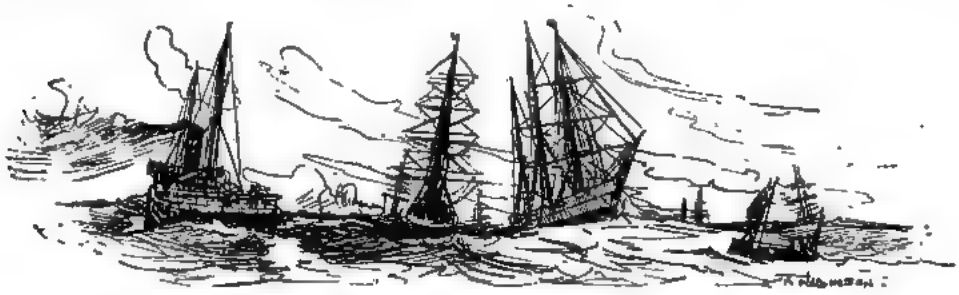
I have had a couple of hours to spend before the time arrives for which I am waiting, and I have spent them in writing down this narrative. In a few minutes, when it is finished (for this is the last entry), I shall roll them in a piece of oil-cloth, torn from my coat, which hangs behind the door. After placing them in a jar, and closing it as tightly as possible under the circumstances, some time during the night I shall lower it through the port-hole with a small line fast to it, that it may cause no splash to attract attention. I shall then lift the trunnel with the point of a knife, set a match to the fuse, and then *Sardon, my treacherous crew, and I, too, will be blown sky high with the good ship "Myrmidon"!*

(Signed) JOHN SCOBIE,
Master.

Gus laid the last sheet gently on the table, and said:—

"We can make no date out, but I think I can supply it. This must have been nearly five years ago. You all know the interest I take in matters nautical, and I can remember the *Myrmidon* being posted as "missing" quite well. It's very evident those fellows had a bigger rise than even they expected. May John Scobie's soul rest in peace, for he was worthy of his salt!"

We responded: "Amen."



"WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

By ROBERT HELSBY WATSON, Valparaiso, Chile.

THE food of the native people in this country is very different to that of the English in England. We have several kinds of soups, the best known being fidio, simula, macaroni, and vegetable soups. The soups made here have always some kind of vegetable in them, such as carrots, potatoes, onions, parsley, and turnips. The above-mentioned soups are only eaten at dinner time, and cazucla is always taken at breakfast. This is a very thick soup, containing eggs, meat balls, carrots, and sometimes chicken.

Regarding the number of meals and the hour of day they are partaken of, we have *desayemo* (tea in bed) at about 6.30 a.m., breakfast at 12, luncheon at 4 p.m., and dinner at 7 p.m. Breakfast is considered the best meal of the day. It consists of as many as five courses. As appetite producers we take cold meats and sausages. The body of the breakfast consists of cazucla, *puchero* (boiled meat in lumps, with boiled Indian corn, pumpkin, potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions), *empanadas* (small meat pies with sugar and raisins), *papas seyenas* (potatoes stuffed with minced meat and onions), and either cutlets or beefsteaks with fried potatoes.

Luncheon consists of tea or beer with bread and butter, or small cakes and sweetmeats of various kinds.

Dinner generally consists of soup, fish, fowls, and rolled meat, succeeded by beef or mutton roasted with potatoes. Then follows *postre* (dessert), which is generally fruit, jellies, and puddings. Milkless coffee is always taken after dinner.

We have three kinds of bread, viz., *pan frances* (same as English bread), *pan candeal* (a coarse bread made for the lower class of people), and *pan chileno* or *blanco* (a very heavy "ginte" bread made with milk and suet). The fruits with their native names are: *Naranjas* (oranges), *peras* (pears), *manzanas* (apples), *cerezas* (cherries), *frutillas* (strawberries), *duraznos* (peaches), *damascos* (apricots), *sandilla* (water melon), and several other native fruits which have no English names. The principal vegetables here are cabbages, beans, peas, turnips, potatoes, onions, Indian corn, radishes, and beetroots.

Another favourite dish is made of fresh Indian corn well pounded and boiled, rolled up in the leaves of the same corn. This is called *umitas*.

SOME "CAPTAIN" AUTHORS.

R. S. Warren Bell.
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Fred Swainson.
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Roland Hill—"Rip!"
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THE BLACK EVIL

AN Adventure in Northern India

BY David Ker.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

VERY few people know or care anything about the whereabouts of Hathipur, Hutteepore, or Hati-poor—for it is spelt in all three ways, and very likely all of them are wrong. I should never have known where it was myself, had I not followed my usual method of learning geography, viz, when I did not know where a place was, to go there and find out.

For the present it may suffice to say that the "Town of Elephants" lies among the foothills (as Bret Harte would call them) of the Himalaya—a range of mountains 2,000ft. high, formed entirely of the earth that has slipped or been washed down from the giants above.

Its name of Elephant Town is now a hollow mockery; for, what with those that have been caught and tamed for the British transport service, those that have been shot by British sportsmen, and those appropriated to the use of the reigning Rajah and his court, there is not a single wild elephant left within twenty miles of it—or, for that matter, a single tiger either. In fact, the only thing in the way of an adventure that I was likely to have there was a dinner with the Rajah, and perhaps a native festival or two. So, little dreaming of the astounding experiences that awaited me in this seemingly quiet and uneventful place, I went and put up at the dawk bungalow.

"Dawk bungalow" is usually translated "wayside inn," but the most primitive English inn would be grievously wronged by the comparison. You are expected to bring your own servants and your own bedding; and if you ask for food, you will presently see the "khansamaun," or landlord, knife in hand, in full cry across the compound (courtyard) after a screeching fowl, which is killed, cooked, and served up before your very eyes.

Hati-poor has no newspapers, but I could rely upon being speedily informed about every one who was staying there, and everything that was going on; for I had sent my *peon* (native servant) into the town on a foraging expedition, and the average Hindu servant can pick up more gossip in a single hour than the most practised reporter could collect in a whole day.

Accordingly, just as I was finishing *tiffin* (lunch), in came Haji Ismail (Pilgrim Ishmael) with his usual stately salaam, looking as if he had some special news to tell.

"Protector of the poor," said he to me, putting the tips of his gaunt, brown fingers together, "wonderful indeed are the ways of Allah. Lo! my lord, the Rajah that reigneth among these worshippers of many idols, who was but lately at the point of death, hath been marvellously cured of his sickness; and he that healed him was none other than the sahib's

friend, the great wizard-hakim (doctor) of Inglistan (England)."

I started slightly as I heard the name which the credulous Mussulman uttered with superstitious awe; for by that name all native India, from north to south, knew and reverenced my old friend Professor Martin Pyrick, said by his friends to be the greatest scientist, and by his enemies (of whom, like every successful man, he had a good many) to be rightly named, inasmuch as he was nothing but "a vile empiric" (M. Pyrick).

That the Hindus regarded Dr. Pyrick as a magician of the first order need hardly be said, for just as the Middle Ages ascribed every tower or bridge of unknown origin to that very popular architect, the devil, so the East still sets down to magic whatever it cannot account for. In fact, he *was* said to have dabbled a little in magic, as in everything else; in allusion to which, a would-be wit of Calcutta had said to him at a public dinner:—

"Professor Pyrick, you really ought to found a 'Society for the Promotion of *un*-Christian Knowledge.'"

"I fear I cannot admit *you* to membership, then, Mr. Fetherbrayne," retorted Pyrick, who had a sharp tongue of his own when he chose, "for though you are quite un-Christian enough, no one ever suspected you of any kind of knowledge!"

Having learned from Ismail that Dr. Pyrick was now regularly attached to the Court, and in high favour with the Rajah himself, I lost no time in sending a *chit* (note) to the palace to inform my old friend of my arrival, and ere long a richly dressed *sais* (native groom) brought me a letter from the professor bidding me heartily welcome, and a fine horse to carry me to him.

Riding along a kind of boulevard sentinelled by two rows of stately palm trees—with the groom trotting at my side, and going quite as fast as my horse—I was soon at the foot of the palace hill, and saw above me, all the while I was mounting the winding road, the full beauty of the cluster of carved white battlements and graceful towers, and shining domes, and tall, spear-pointed turrets, which rose like a fairy vision above the mass of dark, glossy leaves that crowned the bold craggy hill-top.

The profound respect with which the dusky guards at the gate received me as a friend of the "wizard-doctor" amply proved the local importance of the wizard-doctor himself, and I was not surprised to find some of the best rooms in the palace allotted to the famous "hakim"—a round, ruddy, jolly little fellow, as different from the lean, sallow, spectacled book-worm of popular fancy as any man could well be.

"Very glad to see you, my dear fellow," said he, with all his wonted heartiness. "You did not expect to find *me* here, eh? Well, you see, there are some very interesting skin diseases among these hill tribes, which I wished to study thoroughly; and then this job of curing the Rajah turned up, and the old fellow took a fancy to me (I being the only man whom he could trust not to poison him), and so here I am, regularly established as Court physician."

"So I see; but you do not mean to remain here for good, I suppose?"

"Well, no; but I shall stay here for the present, for I rather think that I am so fortunate as to have come just in time to witness the outbreak of a most admirable epidemic, which would have delighted my old crony Dr. Krankmann, whose charming work on putrid fever ought to be in every library."

"It *must* be a charming work, indeed," said I, with an irony wholly lost upon the enthusiastic scientist. "But what about this epidemic of yours?"

"Well, from all I can gather it is a good deal like the famous 'arracan fever' of Burmah. There are two kinds, which the natives call 'white evil' and 'black evil.' From the white evil one man in three recovers; from the black evil no one ever recovered yet."

"It must be rather interesting to the patient, then," suggested I, "to know just which of the two he has got."

"Exactly so; but I may possibly have the luck to discover a remedy for the black evil itself, and in any case it will be an invaluable opportunity to ascertain the precise symptoms."

"But may not that be rather dangerous to yourself?"

"My good fellow," replied the professor, in a tone of grand and massive contempt, "you know well enough that I never stick at *anything* in the cause of science."

This last assertion was beyond dispute, for it was popularly reported, and generally believed, that Dr. Pyrick, finding no other way to reach a remote town that he wished to visit, had got himself sold as a slave to a Chinese trader who was going thither, and then, having seen all he wanted, had made his escape by the simple method of killing his *pro tem.* master, and walking off in the latter's clothes.

"I told the Rajah you were coming," he resumed, "so he's safe to ask you to dinner to-night; and very likely he'll invite you to join a great hunting expedition that he is getting up for next week. If he does, be sure you accept,

for this district where he is going is a tip-top one for big game."

I *did* accept, and a week later "a-hunting we did go," all but the doctor himself, whom the careful Rajah would never allow to run the slightest risk.

Our hunt—which took us three or four days' journey to the northward—was quite in the good old style of the story-books, with every feature complete. The pathless jungles, the bare-limbed beaters, the richly caparisoned elephants, the gorgeous native grandees—the Rajah and myself in a gilded *howdah*, or litter, on the biggest elephant's back—the tiger springing, and brought down by a lucky shot just ere he reached us; the ill-starred sportsman, falling right into the jaws of a second tiger, and just about to be devoured, when our elephant laid the monster dead with one whack of his ponderous trunk, and then knelt upon him till "the gaunt, yellow body was crushed into a shapeless mass"—and all the rest of it, as per programme.

Suffice it to say that we bagged not only three full-grown tigers—one a man-eater—but also a round dozen *sambhur*, the famous elk of India. The tigers—having had their whiskers singed off, according to native custom, lest their ghosts should haunt the slayers—were duly flayed, and their skins borne off in triumph.

But on the last night of our homeward journey, when we were only a few miles from Hati-poor, the Rajah took it into his royal head to halt for the night in a palm-grove by the river, and, as it would have been the worst possible breach of native etiquette for me to go on by myself, I was forced to camp there too, and send on my servant to tell the professor—who had very kindly given me quarters in his own suite of rooms—to expect me on the following day.

But, almost ere I thought he could have reached the place, my untiring messenger stood before me once more, with a very grave look on his dark, firm features.

"To God we belong, and to God we must return," said he, in a tone of sullen resignation. "Sahib, I bring ill news of the great hakim."

"What is wrong with him?" asked I hastily.

"No man can avoid his destiny," answered the fatalistic Moslem gloomily. "The wizard doctor hath been seized with the *black evil!*"

II.

My first impulse on hearing the fatal news was, as may be supposed, to fling etiquette to the winds, and hurry off to the sick man without losing an instant.

But a moment's reflection showed me the folly of such a course. Even were I there already, I could do nothing to combat a disease for which no remedy had ever been found; and, as his native servants could be fully trusted to do all that was necessary, my own intrusion would do more harm than good. There was nothing to be done but to stay where I was till the next day.

When I did at length get back to my friend I found him lying unconscious, with one of his trusty Hindus watching by him.

On the floor by the bed lay the sick man's note-book, as if dropped from his failing hand. It had probably lain there ever since, for I knew well that his boldest attendants would rather have faced a hungry tiger than have touched the terrible magician's "book of spells," which, as they firmly believed, might at any moment turn them into pigs or jackals.

I picked up the book, and read as follows:—

SYMPTOMS OF BLACK EVIL.—Dark spots under skin, and slight lividness at root of nails; giddiness in head, and throbbing of temples; violent thirst and great restlessness; intense longing to sleep, coupled with utter inability to do so; probable delirium.

Then came, a little farther down, in a less firm hand:—

Death said to supervene invariably on the seventh day.

On the opposite page I found a few lines addressed to myself:—

If I don't get over this, send my notes at once to Dr. Krankmann's London address. I've watched the disease in two other cases, but I never bargained for such good luck as catching it myself.

"What a man!" thought I, as I looked down upon the white, still face of the unconscious man, who was indeed a "martyr to science" in the most fatally literal sense. "Who can say if he may not pull through it after all?"

In truth, there was a gleam of hope in the fact of the sick man being still alive on the eighth day of his illness, when, on his own showing, death was wont to supervene on the seventh. I clutched eagerly at this comfort, slight though it was, and made up my mind to remain with him to the end, whether that end were death or life.

Little did I know to what a task I was committing myself, for the strain of that day and of the next was the hardest trial that I had ever had to face yet. Many a time since then have I seen once more, in my troubled dreams, that shadowy old Eastern chamber, with its dim lamplight; the monstrous shapes of tigers, elephants, snakes, and four-armed Hindu gods, that seemed to grin and gibber at me from the painted walls; the huge *punkah* (swing-fan) swaying and whirring overhead; the nerveless form, and white, sunken, skull-like face on the

bed, with its hollow eyes fixed in a ghastly, unseeing stare, and babbling ceaselessly, hour after hour, in a low, flat, tuneless voice, such stuff as this:—

"I got the recipe for the dose from Buddha himself, the last time he came upon earth. It is a very simple matter. Take a furlong and a quarter of pork sausages, mix them with three chapters of Bucke's 'History of Civilisation' dilute with a tumbler and a half of pure mathematics, add a slight tincture of the Great Pyramid, and give a tablespoonful of the mixture three times a century."

Had this gone on much longer I should certainly have become as mad as my patient, and I fairly thought that I *had* done so when (on the second night of my watching), as I was sitting beside him, and combating as best I might the overwhelming drowsiness that was creeping over me, I distinctly saw a *hand*—a brown, bony, claw-like hand—hover in the air for a moment right before my face, and then vanish as if it had never been!

WITH ONE SPRING I WAS AT THE SPOT, AND CLUTCHED THE GAUNT DUSKY WRIST WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

I started to my feet, and looked keenly around, but look as I might, there was no one in the room but the helpless sufferer and myself.

What could this mean? Had I been only dreaming, or was I actually (as I began to fear) going out of my mind?

I knew enough of Eastern courts to feel sure that none of the Rajah's courtiers would think twice about murdering anyone who seemed to come between them and their master's favour, but who would care to plot against a man prostrated by a disease from which no one had ever recovered yet? On the other side, I had seen the spectral hand so distinctly (even to a curving white scar on the back of it) that I could not bring myself to regard it as a mere fancy.

To be quite on the safe side, I carefully examined the broad square of bamboo lattice work (acting as a kind of ventilator) in the wall beside the bed. Through this the mysterious hand might have found entrance by cutting one of the bamboos; but nothing of the kind was to be seen; and I remained quite at a *non plus*.

The next morning (the tenth of Pyrick's illness) I found him, to my joyful surprise, not merely alive, but visibly *better*.

His skin was fresher, his restlessness abating, and he seemed almost free from the torturing thirst which it had been my chief duty to allay with the bowl of cooling drink by his side. But he was still too light-headed to be spoken with, and I could only wait and hope.

Remembering the apparition of the previous night, I seated myself, as soon as it grew dark, right in front of the bamboo lattice-work, and kept my eyes fixed upon it in case the ghost-hand should reappear.

All at once, without the slightest sound, a single joint of one of the bamboos vanished from its place, and a *brown scarred hand*, gliding

noiselessly right through the wall, hovered for an instant over the bowl that held the patient's drink!

With one spring I was at the spot, and clutched the gaunt, dusky wrist with all my might.

Quick as thought the other hand appeared, armed with a long, sharp dagger, and I had barely time to seize *it* in turn, shouting lustily as I did so. There was a rush of hurrying feet outside—a hoarse clamour of many voices—and then I felt the struggling wrists grow limp in my grasp, and knew that the would-be murderer was trapped in his own snare.

But just then a frightful thought startled me. *Had* he been able to poison Pyrick's bowl of drink, as he had evidently meant to do?

Turning round hastily, I saw, to my unspeakable horror, the sick man just draining the last drops of the bowl which I supposed to be poisoned. But ere I had time to speak the professor started up in bed, and called out in a deep, strong voice, which was unmistakably that of a sane man.

"*Arri-mas! arri-mas!** I thought I knew the taste of it last night. Someone has tried to poison me, and has cured me instead. Well, I have heard of men being poisoned to *life!* I have made the greatest discovery of my whole lifetime—the cure for the black evil is a dose of *arri-mas*. Hurrah!"

And springing out of bed, he danced wildly round and round the room in his shirt.

Such was the spectacle that presented itself to the amazed eyes of Pyrick's native servants when they burst into the room, dragging with them the bound assassin, who was whining out a confession that "his master, finding the hakim as a cloud between him and the sun of the Rajah's favour, and seeing that the wizard-doctor had not died of his sickness, would have slain him with the poison that never fails; but even *it* availed not against the magic of the great enchanter."

"Well, Pyrick, what shall we do with the fellow?" asked I. "Shall we leave him to the Rajah's tender mercies, or shall we pass him over the border to be dealt with by the British authorities?"

"Fudge!" cried the professor indignantly, "do you think I am going to *waste* him like that? Why, a man with such a knowledge of poisons, and such a skill in applying them, will be worth his weight in gold! I mean to take him into my own service, of course; and I have no doubt that I shall find him a most invaluable assistant." And, in fact, the last time I heard of my friend the doctor, he was still at work in the East, and accompanied everywhere by the "invaluable assistant" who had once done his best to murder him.

* A famous Eastern poison, still in use.

Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.
From a snapshot by C. A. Francis, B.C.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

IV.—THE WHITE FLAG.

"I DON'T half like the look of it," said the Long 'Un. "I'm about full up of those white flags. There's no such thing as a code of honour amongst those chaps. The Huguenot Boers may understand something about one, but 'ikona'* the Dutch."

"That's so," remarked Reynolds; "they potted poor Murray that way, and Knight, and MacPherson, and a host of others. I really don't think we should risk it."

We were gazing at a farmhouse set in the horse-shoe bend of a high, rocky ridge lying to the south of Senekal. For some hours the Boers had been peppering us from the dwelling-house and straggling out-buildings, but despite the fact that two or three of our fellows had been picked off we had managed to crawl up to within a few hundred yards. It was obvious that some of the enemy had made good their escape up the rocky, lightly timbered hill-side at the back, but still there were two or three in the farmhouse who either would not or could not get away. We were lying safe for the time being in a little fold of the ground, wondering if it would be worth while risking a charge, when, unexpectedly, the white flag referred to was displayed. It was only a white shirt tied to the end of a broomstick, but there was no mistaking it.

"It's always the way with them," remarked Morrison, usually a very silent and reserved man; "they do all the damage they can, and then when they see that the tables are turning they hoist the white flag, knowing that, despite our knowledge of its abuse, we're sure to respect it."

"That's so," commented Pete; "I guess them jokers know they holds the trump card. 'Taint very likely they're goin' to chuck it. Bet you they'll let's get within a hundred yards of 'em, draw a bead on us, then scoot. Why don't they come out with that yere flag an' put their hands up if they've got faith in us and want to give in?"

The cowboy from the West perhaps understood the Boer nature better than most of his comrades. Suddenly a voice behind us said:—

"Go on, men, vy you shdop! Dey is rhon up de vite flag. Zet is alrighd! Cor-por-al ar' you 'fraid?"

Reynolds turned with an angry light in his eyes, and a flush showing beneath the tan on his cheeks, to look at his lieutenant, who, during the brief cessation of hostilities, had crept up to the firing line. How Lieutenant Deinhardt ever came to get his appointment in a regiment like ours was a never-ceasing source of wonder to most of us. He was an incomprehensible

* A Kaffir negative in common use.

sort of customer; now arrogant and overbearing to a degree, and then unduly familiar with the men, and absurdly deferential to his non-coms. He was rarely in the firing line, so that his showing up on the present occasion came as a surprise to everyone. Reynolds had an intense dislike to the man, although he strove to set an example of due respect and deference before the others. Still, there were times, as in the present instance, when the senseless remarks of his superior drove him into saying things very reprehensible indeed. Strange to say, Lieutenant Deinhardt seemed to have a wholesome reluctance to appear before the colonel in the orderly room tent.

"Ar' you 'fraid, cor-por-al?" again demanded the lieutenant, with an angry and evil light in his black eyes. He was evidently riding his high horse that day.

"Afraid!" echoed Reynolds, forgetting himself, "by George, sir, you're the very last man that should speak about being afraid. Why don't you lead your men, and set an example? If I were in your shoes I would. At present I've no right to take the responsibility upon myself."

"Cor-por-al Reynaults, you will not talg to me lig dat. Aftervards I vill place you onder de arrest. Go on, I tell you, vid all de men, an' I vill vait here."

THE DEATH FIRE SPURTED OUT FROM LOOP-HOLE AND WINDOW, AND POOR MORRISON DROPPED.

There was a snort of indignation and contempt from those who heard this cowardly speech, and Reynolds cried:—

"Come on, men, shoulder your arms, and don't look as if you intended to murder those Dutchmen in the house. It may be a *bonâ-fide* affair after all."

As one man the troopers left their cover, and advanced in extended order.

"Reynolds, old chap," said Morrison, who

was next to him, "don't forget what I told you about Deinhardt yesterday. You thought I was romancing, but I wasn't. Keep your eye on him if you want to pull safely through this business."

Reynolds laughed uneasily.

"What's the matter with you, Morrison?" he asked. "You speak as if we wouldn't all have a chance of seeing this business through. You don't quite seem up to the mark to-day. I wonder why these chaps don't come out of the house to meet us."

But he had not to wonder long, for before they got within a hundred yards of it, the death fire spurted out from loop-hole and window, and poor Morrison dropped dead with a bullet through his heart.

Ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, cracked the Mausers with lightning-like rapidity. The white flag fluttered jauntily in the breeze that sprung up, and two other troopers dropped badly wounded. A bullet ripped open the Long 'Un's right puttee as cleanly as if it had been done by a knife, and Reynolds received a sharp prick in the neighbourhood of the fifth rib that brought eloquently home to him the narrowness of his escape.

"Rush in upon 'em, boys; there's nothing else for it, now," cried Reynolds, himself setting the example.

There was a frenzied dash towards the house, but so far as they were concerned the danger was practically over. The murderers had fled by a back way, their dastardly work having been accomplished. They dived into the copse that covered the steep, stony mountain side. But they did not do so a moment too soon, for as the Long 'Un and Reynolds came round the corner of the house they were just in time to take a pot-shot at the murderers before they disappeared. But it was of no avail; they had no time to take proper aim, and so the enemy made good their escape. Some of the troopers even dashed recklessly into the copse after them, and shots were exchanged, but brother Boer had taken chances enough for one day.

When Reynolds and the Long 'Un went back to where poor Morrison lay, with glassy eyes, looking fixedly up at the dull, blue heavens, they could hardly trust themselves to speak. At length the Long 'Un said:—

"You had a glimpse of those Boers, Reynolds, had you not? Do you think you would know them again?"

"I'd know them again in five years' time," was the reply.

* * * * *

Resting for a minute on the crown of the ridge, ere they descended the kloof on the other side, where their horses awaited them, were the three brave Boers — Hans Grobelaar, Piet Coetzee, and Jan Retief. They seemed vastly pleased with themselves, and grinned after the fashion of great apes when they have successfully served some lesser ones a scurvy trick.

"Truly," remarked Hans Grobelaar, rubbing his hands and suppressing his desire to smile for the moment, "the Lord is good, and assists our cause."

"Yea," commented Piet Coetzee, unctuously. "He will smite those Philistines hip and thigh. Ach! how that verdom'd Engleeshman did drop—just like a spring-bok when it is shot through the brain."

"Arise, and let us go hence," said Jan Retief. "It has been a good day's work. Three of the accursed rooineks with three clips of cartridges. Those British Outlanders be fools. But it was a pity to leave behind that beautiful white shirt. I want one badly, and, moreover, it might have been useful another time."

II.

"I'm getting sick of this," remarked the Long 'Un to Reynolds, as they rode side by side over the ghastly brown stretches of veldt.

Their squadron was guard to the convoy that day, which, seen at some little distance through the great cloud of dust, resembled a gigantic snake from some fairy tale, dragging its huge coils over the weary earth. Only the rattle of the gun-limbers, the weird yelling of the Kaffir drivers, and the pistol like cracks of the long whips disillusioned one.

"You're no sicker than I am," replied Reynolds, who had now got his sergeant's stripes—worn on the shoulder. "The present policy of clemency is going to prolong this war, mark my words. It's sickening to keep catching the same fellows again and again, and always having to let them go."

"That's so," observed the Long 'Un. "But, I say, Reynolds, that was a queer story Devine told you this morning. I think we did wisely in telling him to keep his tongue well between his teeth. I have somehow all along thought that Deinhardt was a villain, but it was almost inconceivable that he could be in league with the enemy—a traitor in camp. When one comes to think of it, however, he has done nothing but bring disaster upon us from the first. That affair of poor Morrison was bad enough, but by no means the worst."

"I suppose you heard how, when he was away on sick leave—the beggar has always gone sick when a big fight was on the boards—he was the means of getting some twenty of the I.Y.'s

captured?" Reynolds looked up into his comrade's face when he asked this question.

"I did hear it," returned the Long 'Un, "but thought it best not to speak about it. I remember he was attached to them for a week or two before he rejoined us, and one day when out on patrol, despite the protests of his sergeant, he led them into a valley where they were cut off by a large party of Boers, and made prisoners. The fishy part of the whole affair was that Deinhardt himself made good his escape. He spun a yarn to the colonel as long as my arm, as to how he had outwitted the Boers, and the colonel actually believed him. He is a little crawler, if ever there was one!"

"Has he borrowed any money from you?" asked Reynolds abruptly.

"Yes," answered the Long 'Un surprisedly. "I lent him five quid the other day; he said it was for the officers' mess, for which he happened to be caterer that week."

"Well, he's borrowed money from about half a dozen others," explained Reynolds. "I don't quite know what his game is, unless he intends to clear out one of these fine days. We'll have to keep an eye on him. He's bound to be found out sooner or later. It strikes me the fellow's a fool as well as a knave."

The Long 'Un's allusion to Devine's queer story had reference to something that was very queer indeed. On the previous night the latter and two others were on guard over the squadron horses, when Lieutenant Deinhardt, who was orderly officer, came on the usual tour of inspection shortly after midnight. When he arrived at the far end of the lines, he had sent Devine's comrades away to the lines of another regiment, where he declared he had seen one of our horses straying. Devine said he must have come towards him between the two rows of horses, and close to the picket line to which they were tied, for he did not observe his officer until he was close upon him. He engaged Devine in conversation for several minutes, and, on some pretext or other, made the latter accompany him towards his tent. On going back, Devine found that several of the horses had broken loose and wandered away into the night. Daylight had failed to discover their whereabouts. The result was that several troopers were rendered comparatively useless, and had to ride in empty waggons, while the horse-guard had got into serious trouble. Devine firmly believed that Deinhardt had himself loosened the horses' reims* when he came down the lines, although he dared not say so.

"And the worst of it all is," observed Devine to the Long 'Un, when he was discussing his troubles with him that same evening, "Lieutenant Deinhardt is making a greater fuss over the affair than anyone else. He says that after he had visited the lines we must have gone to sleep, or neglected our duty somehow. The man's an awful hypocrite, and there's something very fishy about him."

"Then don't mention your suspicions to anyone, Devine. Reynolds will speak to the captain, who is always fair and square, about this business. In the meantime, keep your eyes about you."

III.

De Wet had been besieging the garrison of F—— for several days, on the western side of the Transvaal, and two or three regiments of Irregular Horse, with some of the Imperial troops, hurried to its relief. The night before the relieving action we had bivouacked close to the railway line, near a little roadside station. Men and horses had arrived late in the evening by train, and a dangerous journey it had been, for we were never sure of the moment when our engine might be run off the rails, or blown into the air by some cunningly laid Boer mine. The Boers are adepts at diabolical surprises. As it was we arrived safely, but were so dead tired by the prolonged strain upon our nerves that, as soon as we had laid down the picket lines and fed the horses, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and went fast asleep. It was a dark, stormy night, and difficult to see two paces in front of one.

Next morning by three o'clock we were all astir, for our intention was to travel quickly along the railway track, then spread out and surprise the Boers before they were aware of our presence. But there was a sore disappointment awaiting our regiment.

When we came to pick out our horses on the lines, we found that at least one half of them had wandered away in the night. The horse-guards, who swore they had not been asleep, declared that the men could not have properly tied up the gees, which had simply left the lines in twos and threes, and disappeared in the blackness of the night in the most inexplicable fashion. They had even roused some of the troopers to give them a hand in tying the remainder up. Leiutenant Deinhardt had himself gone about from one horse line to another evidently assisting. In most cases they seemed to have broken the hide reims by which they were tied. Deinhardt gave it as his opinion that, owing to the boisterous character of the night, and the fact that the horses had not been

* A cowhide halter-shank.

watered, they had pulled away from the lines in a state of panic and desperation.

I never saw a madder man than our colonel that morning, and good cause had he to be so, for here was nearly one half of his regiment rendered useless when every man Jack of us was most required. It was speedily arranged that those who had lost their horses were to stay behind, and act as escort to the convoy which was at once to follow on.

"Wasn't it a lucky business that we got permission from Dyke to tie our horses to his waggon last night?" remarked the Long 'Un to Reynolds as they pulled out of camp at a brisk pace. "Had we not, we might have been toefantry men now. I see Pete and Devine have managed to get their nags."

"Doesn't it strike you as queer that Deinhardt should have been so very zealous last night?" commented Reynolds. "I never saw the fellow do a hand's turn for himself yet if he could help it. He's been at it again, or I'm a Dutchman! I've got a presentiment, however, that we're going to bowl him out, and that before he's a day older."

In a couple of hours, just as the darkness lifted, and a pale lemon glow began to steel into the eastern sky, we surprised the besieging Boers, and a running fight took place that was by no means unique, for if the Dutchmen are good fighters, they are better runners, and love to show off in this respect. Our troops were scattered over a frontage of two or three miles between the Mooi River and the low rocky range of hills to the south, and as the country was broken and lightly timbered, our chaps had to keep their eyes pretty well about them to distinguish friends from foes. One troop of ours kept pretty well together. It was that of which Reynolds was sergeant, and consisted of the Long 'Un, Pete, Devine, myself, and several of those whose horses had not strayed during the night.

On, on we went, stopping every now and again to dismount and take a shot at some flying Boers, or some who had reined up to take a snap at us. All over the veldt we could hear the loud roarings of our Long Toms, the rattle of the pom-poms, the crackle of the Mausers, and the never-ceasing *rat-tat-tat* of the quick-firing Colt's guns, belonging to Strathcona's Horse or the Australians, as they moved quickly about in pursuit. Of course every regiment was fired with the ambition to catch De Wet. But De Wet knew our weakness, and took very good care never to give us the chance.

"Have any of you fellows seen Lieutenant Deinhardt?" suddenly cried Reynolds. "He told me to take charge of the company nearly an hour ago, and I haven't seen him since."

Then it transpired that two of the troopers on the right flank had seen him tearing along at full gallop in a dip of the ground. He had told them he was going to catch up some other squadron with a despatch from the general.

Reynolds looked at the Long 'Un, and the Long 'Un looked at Reynolds. Each knew that there was no other squadron ahead of them to catch up on. They were in the lead of the pursuit.

"He's going to knock his own bails off this time," remarked Reynolds quietly. "He's got the best horse in the squadron, and has a good start. I'd give something to know what sort of a game he's up to. Push on, boys; we'll cut off to the left towards the ridge. We may be able to head off some of them there. Strathcona's are well round on the right flank, and may be able to drive some of them into us."

"What ho!" cried some of the troopers, and swung away at a steady gallop. In about three-quarters of an hour they reached a bend in the mountain, and nestling at the foot of a timbered ridge was a solitary farmhouse.

"Be careful now, boys," cried Reynolds. "I saw one or two of the enemy go into that hut."

No sooner had he said this than a man appeared in the doorway, and in his hand he carried a white flag.

Inside that house a strange scene was in progress. One who wore the Queen's uniform, and who by the stars on his shoulders was evidently a British officer, was engaged in earnest converse with three Boers. The former was Lieutenant Deinhardt, and the latter Hans Grobelaar, Piet Coetzee, and Jan Retief. Deinhardt had just given a large blue packet to the red-haired Grobelaar, and said:—

"Loog you here, Grobelaar, ven I vas risk my life, and vas come here to give you dad baget, I vas egsbect gold in return. Your general he vas say dad ven der Britishers and der Oudlanders have all been drifen out of der country he vould give me high office, but I dink dad vill nefer be. So I vant der gold—nozings for nozings, I say."

"Bah!" exclaimed Grobelaar, grinning in an ugly fashion that reminded one of an old fox; "why trouble ye about the gold that perisheth! The thought that you have served the cause should in itself be sufficient reward."

"Dere vould not be much consolation in der thought if I vas caught," commented the lieutenant sulkily.

"Of a truth," sneered Coetzee, "ye are eaten up by the mammon of unrighteousness. What

should we want in return for doing the Lord's work?"

"Ach! Give him a receipt, Hans Grobelaar; give him a paper with the promise to pay on it; the labourer is worthy of his hire!" And Piet Retief proceeded to look out of the window.

The lieutenant, who well knew the value of Boer paper and promises, was about to demur, when there was an exclamation from Jan Retief.

"Hans, Hans," he cried excitedly, "here be them of the Colonial Division—our renegade countrymen again! Piet, have you got that white flag? Our horses be handy at the back, and we can kill some of those verdom'd Britishers before we go."

Lieutenant Deinhardt's face grew white as he recognised his own squadron advancing towards the house. Mechanically he pushed the receipt that Hans Grobelaar had given him into his breast-pocket. He turned to make good his escape by the back door, but Coetzee blocked his way.

"Four rifles are better than three," said the Boer. "You can go when we have killed some of these Britishers and turned the others."

Their plans had evidently been arranged beforehand. Piet Coetzee opened the front door and showed himself with the white flag in his hand, while the others, unseen, covered the advancing troopers. The lieutenant's hand shook; he was going to fire upon his own men, and there were two in particular he wanted to pick off. If he could kill them, the others would turn, and he could make good his escape. He wished he had not delayed so long in that house. He noticed that the troopers had dismounted and were advancing cautiously on foot. Piet Coetzee still stood in the doorway with the white flag.

Then the treacherous Dutchman suddenly stepped back into the room again with the flag. At the same moment two Mauser rifles and a Lee-Metford—the officer's—rang out simultaneously. Three of the advancing troopers fell badly wounded. The Boers made a dash for the back door. As they opened it and rushed out, they found themselves confronted by about twenty troopers, who levelled their rifles at their heads. In another moment

THERE WAS A SILENCE AS OF THE DEATH THAT WAS TO FOLLOW.

they were prisoners, and Lieutenant Deinhardt's rifle was taken from him by a suspicious officer.

It was Strathcona's Horse who had described a great half-circle and come in at the rear of the house unobserved. In another minute Reynolds, the Long 'Un, and several troopers of Ours galloped up. Reynolds' eyes rested on the lieutenant.

"Ha! I vas glad you come," said the latter, taking a step towards him, "dese Dutchmen dey vas take me prisoner."

The only reply that Reynolds made was to snatch Hans Grobelaar's receipt from the

lieutenant's breast-pocket, and to relieve him of certain other incriminating documents. The Canadian officer showed the prisoner's rifle to some of our men.

"Bear witness," he said. "This rifle has just been fired; it still smokes."

That night, at the brief court-martial, a doctor produced a Lee-Metford bullet, extracted from the leg of a wounded man, which must have come from Deinhardt's rifle.

* * * * *

Next morning, ere the chill mist wracks had lifted from the brown veldt, three Boers, and a pallid-faced ex-officer with the Queen's buttons cut from his coat, stood in front of the trench that was to do service as a grave. There was no such thing as loading the rifles with-ball cartridge and blank cartridge in the present execution of the law; a file of men was told off to each doomed one, and there were no blank cartridges.

There was a silence as of the death that was to follow, and those who looked on shivered in the grey dawn.

Then came the dread words:—

"*Present!*"

"*Fire!*"

A hundred horrible echoes awoke among the hills, rolling and pealing along the ghastly stony ridges where the aloes grew. Three murderers and a traitor had paid the death penalty.

(Another Trench Tale next month.)

LATER ON HE LEARNED FROM A COLLECTOR.

INQUISITIVE BUTTERFLY: "I wonder what people *do* with poison and pins?"

SMITH'S HOUSE

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "Acton's Feud."

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell

Between Weedon and Glyn, of St. Elizabeth's School, a strong dislike exists, on account of which Weedon, knowing that Glyn wants a certain new boy, Arthur Gale, for fag, anticipates [illegible] manner. A few days later Glyn and his chum [illegible], whilst practising on the river, run down Weedon's boat, which is [illegible] by [illegible] and Weedon [illegible] river by Glyn for not trying to save [illegible] to swim. Glyn and [illegible], the captain of St. Elizabeth's, are [illegible] for the [illegible] Sculls, Glyn is on the point of overtaking [illegible] when a punt swings out into the river and [illegible] him. Near by the tree to which the punt had been moored, a silver matchbox, bearing Weedon's initials, is found by Bradfield. But the school refuses to believe that Weedon was concerned in the matter, especially as Weedon disclaims the ownership of the matchbox. The incident doesn't improve the relations between Glyn and Weedon. Not long after this a very valuable stamp is stolen from Mr. Smith's cabinet in the seniors' common room. Suspicion falls on Bradfield, who is known to have disposed of just such a stamp to a London dealer. He resigns the captaincy of Smith's House and is sent to Coventry, but Mr. Smith and Glyn do not doubt his integrity. He thrashes Miller and Isaacs, two of Weedon's *clique*, for calling him a thief; afterwards Isaacs writes offering to explain the punt business to him. Bradfield passes the letter on to Glyn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GALE'S HERO.

WEEDON, being deserted by one of his old friends, and having himself deserted the other two, discovered that he was chumless at St. Elizabeth's. Burke, who laboured under the impression that Weedon had been badly treated by Glyn and Bradfield, was certainly friendly, but, being an excellent fellow, he and Weedon could not "mix" as Isaacs, for instance, had done. Burke would have met a proposal to go to Saltby with a cold stare of disapprobation. Weedon knew that Burke's friendliness had very strict limits.

There was one individual in Eliza's for whom Weedon had a genuine liking—young Gale. Weedon's fag had progressed from being a mere egg-boiler, tea-maker, and jam-borrower for his master, to the dazzling eminence of his friend. Weedon was attracted to Gale because the youngster had a mind of his own. His refusal to go into the "Anglers' Arms," thus braving Weedon when in the height of his passion, had made an impression on the senior's mind. Gale admired Weedon immensely, but stopped very far short of toadyism, and Weedon had sense enough to see that his fag was not quite the average Third Former, whose soul, generally, was not worth more than "half-a-crown's worth of tuck."

When the firm of Weedon & Co. was dissolved, the senior partner found he enjoyed the youngster's amiable chatter more than a little.

"Any of your chums booked you for tea to-day, Gale?"

"No," said Arthur, turning the toast.

"Put your feet under my deal, youngster?"

"Oh, thanks, Weedon," said Arthur, blushing with pleasure.

"How's work going on in the Lower Third?"

"All right, Weedon," said Arthur. "I want to get out if I can at Christmas."

"Progressive youngster! Why this thirst for the Fourth? Roberts is a beastly beak, I expect."

"Oh, no! Roberts is just prime. I like him awfully. But Dick Glyn rather expects to get his move, and Parkhouse is a certainty."

"Want to go with the tide, I see. *Quid obstat?*"

"My maths. are something awful. You see, the curate who coached me for the scholarship was an

awful pot at Latin, but he didn't profess much in maths."

"What's the difficulty, then?"

"Oh! a whole string of things. I can't do those howlers about water running out of baths and trains meeting in tunnels for my life."

"I'll show you the ropes if you like, after tea."

"I say, you are a brick! And you going in for the Holden, too!"

"That's just it. I may pick up a tip in giving you the wrinkles."

After tea Weedon devoted half an hour to his fag's difficulties, and Arthur soon saw the true inwardness of the bath and train problems.

After this, teas with Weedon began to come pretty frequently for Gale, and, as they were good teas always, Arthur had a greater reverence for his host than ever. Sometimes Weedon asked Arthur to bring a chum with him, and, naturally, Dick Glyn brought his inspiriting presence into Weedon's den. After tea the pair showed Weedon exactly where they were "stuck up." Weedon explained, and presently the youngsters would drift away to their own quarters, thinking no one in Eliza's was quite like Weedon. This was certainly true.

Fred Glyn, however, put a final and decided stopper to Dick's invitations to Weedon's board. "Dick, you've to give Weedon a wide berth. Don't put your foot in his room again. He'll do you no good. You understand?"

Dick understood plainly enough that there were to be no more cosy teas with Weedon. Fred's order—the tone of it—left him no choice.

"Whenever you get an invite, on that afternoon you're due to tea with Brad and me. I can't help Gale, worse luck."

"Is Weedon *such* a fellow, Fred?"

"Unspeakable, Dick," and young Glyn saw that Fred had no doubts; he himself was puzzled.

Arthur thereupon fell back upon Jellicoe as his supporter, but Weedon's face had worn an ugly frown when Arthur explained Dick's non-appearance.

"One day," said Weedon fiercely to himself, "I shall strike that animal. And," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "when I do I shall be ready for him." Weedon, from that afternoon, was pretty frequently to be found in the gym., putting on the gloves against all and sundry. There was evidently method and meaning in his glove practice.

Weedon kept to his other resolve of baulking Glyn from the Holden, and to this end he worked hard at his mathematics until the lights were turned off. He felt certain of holding Gale there. But, since he was practically barred from footer by his own pride and Glyn's fiat, half-holidays *did* drag. He got tired of refereeing for Ancients and Moderns (Juniors) at the third time of asking, and bethought himself of other ways of amusement.

If anyone had told Weedon at the beginning of the term that he would take to fishing as his half-holiday's recreation, Weedon would have said something clinchingly sarcastic. Fishing, unless you are hooked to a lively salmon, or have struck a two-pounder trout, isn't, as a rule, an exhilarating exercise, but Weedon, coming across his old rod behind his book-case, fished it out, and determined to try his luck in the Lodden.

There was a chill wind ruffling the slow-moving waters of the river, and a grey sky overhead, when Weedon, muffled up to the chin, drew a spoon-bait cunningly through the stream. He had selected a well-chosen stretch of water, patches of broken reeds mottling the Lodden's bleak breast, the very place where you might expect a hungry jack to lay up on the watch for a meal. Weedon had a good time with his spoon-bait that afternoon. Trolling it seductively and hesitatingly near the half dead rushes, he and his whirling, silvery lure were too much for three promising jack. The time went rapidly away, and Weedon, when he glanced at his watch, found that he had just half an hour to get back to St. Elizabeth's. Whilst the seniors of Smith's House were admiring the slain, Weedon thought to himself that he had enjoyed his afternoon heaps better than many he had piffled away rolling Ricketts' chipped balls down his butter slide.

"Hanged if I'd time for a weed!" he said, wonderingly. "I'll repeat the experiment."

Young Gale looked up to the successful fisherman with admiration.

"Never caught a fish in my life, Weedon. I suppose it's prime when you feel you've got 'em."

"When you're sure you've hooked him, there's a delicious tingle running up to your arm pits which is like—well—unlike anything else."

"Rather slow watching the corks? I——"

"Corks! You little duffer, I wasn't after roach!"

"May I come with you next time, Weedon?"

"All right, young 'un. Get a rod and you can cast forth yourself."

Next halfer Gale sallied out with Weedon to the Lodden. There were very pointed remarks at his desertion of footer, Podmore telling Gale where he could buy fish in case the minnows didn't bite.

"Of course, whatever you bring home, you caught. That's the usual fable."

"I say, you fellows," said Arthur, flourishing his rod. "Do you see this pith ball?"

Podmore shrank visibly. Weedon, when he

taught Arthur to catch jack, caught Arthur, too. Arthur almost worshipped him.

Running up and down the Lodden nearly every day was a tiny conservancy launch, and Weedon had struck up an acquaintance with the two men in charge. Weedon always offered them a cigar, and they regarded him with no small favour in consequence. Weedon had had lately one or two little runs down the river in this small craft as far as Hornby, and after amusing himself in the town for an hour or so, had had ample time to get back to Eliza's before lock-up. It did not matter to Weedon that Hornby was out of bounds, and when he proposed to Gale that they should go, Gale consented with alacrity. He did not know any reason against it, and Weedon did not think it necessary to tell him. The little launch, the *Midge*, rushed cheerfully through the water, and Gale found himself at Hornby—five miles from St. Elizabeth's—well under the half hour from starting. He had enjoyed immensely the run down, and the pleasant tremor of the *Midge's* tiny screws, and the sound of the water creaming in her wake.

In Hornby Weedon showed his young friend a little of the town, and then left him to his own devices.

"You might go to the tackle shop, young 'un, and see if you can get a bait-can of gudgeon. If he has any gold-fish bring them too, and we'll have such a day among the jack as will pass into history. The *Field* may send a reporter to dog us," he added with a genial wink. "Meet me on the bridge within an hour, and we'll get back to Eliza's just in time for lock-up. Twig?"

Weedon went away on his own business, and Arthur went after the bait. He enjoyed the novelty of wandering about the streets of the town, and only regretted that he hadn't any of his chums to talk to as he explored. He met Weedon as he was making for the bridge. The senior was smoking a cigar, and Arthur eyed this clear infraction of school rules with evident distrust.

"I thought, Weedon, that smoking wasn't allowed?" said he with hesitation.

"You don't mean to say so!" said Weedon with horror, as he threw away his weed (there was only half an inch of it left). "Now we'll step out for school."

CHAPTER XIX.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Fred Glyn read Isaacs' letter, which Bradfield had so contemptuously tossed towards him. Glyn read it through and looked curiously at Jack.

"This means that he's quarrelled with Weedon. 'When rogues fall out honest men come by their own.' I think that quotation sits, Brad?"

"Are we the honest men, Fred?" he asked, with a smile.

"I am, anyhow, but you—well, the average Lord Mayor's pickpocket isn't in it." Fred laughed heartily.

"You don't seem anxious to hear Isaacs' confession, Fred?"

"Not anxious, for we know that Weedon did spoil me the race, but I'm curious to hear what the animal has to say."

"Then we'll let it come."

Isaacs did come in, and found Glyn, Bradfield, and a bright fire awaiting him. The two chums had, however, forgotten a third chair, but Isaacs had too small a soul to resent this.

"Well," said Bradfield, quietly, "what had you to tell us?"

"Would you mind telling me why you're going to tell us anything at all?" added Glyn.

Isaacs still bore the traces of his encounter with Bradfield, and the swollen nose and puffy lips helped the instinctive look of hatred which came into his face at the thought of Weedon. It was a far from pretty sight.

"I hate him, and that's reason enough."

"Not that you love us, then, but that you hate Weedon more?" parodied Fred.

"As he'll find out," said Isaacs, savagely. "Weedon shoved out the punt when you lost the Silver Sculls."

A flash of fury flickered in Glyn's eyes for a moment as he remembered his defeat, but he said calmly, "That we knew."

"Not for a certainty, of course," added Isaacs, sitting unasked on Bradfield's table.

"For a certainty," said Fred.

"Were you with him when he performed?" asked Bradfield, icily.

"No, but he told Miller, and Jenkins, and self to back Allen, saying you had no earthly——"

"Which you did?"

"Yes," said Isaacs, simply, "and we betted for him, too."

"You're credits to Eliza's," said Bradfield. "But we want to get to the point. What proof can you give us?"

"When we wanted to bet on your chance—as we all did—Weedon said you wouldn't win—couldn't, in fact. We tried to reason with him, and pointed out that everyone thought your chance very rosy, but he smiled quietly, and said we were fools. Then we saw that something was in the wind."

"A punt, for instance?" said Glyn, too disgusted to smile at his own "bull."

"He convinced us that you wouldn't win."

"Without saying why?" asked Bradfield, acutely.

"He never owned up to sending the punt out, but we all knew he did. We all joked him about it, and he used to laugh quietly."

"You do not give us one straw of proof. A laugh and a sneer isn't evidence," said Bradfield. "Unless you saw him, or can swear he told you absolutely that he did it, he can deny it, as he has done."

"The bets?" said Isaacs, quietly.

"He'll say he betted on his opinions," said Fred. "The fact is, Isaacs, we know already all you have told us. Weedon is a bigger rogue than you give him credit for, and he evidently had read his friends. Weedon knows how big a cad, and coward, even you are!"

Isaacs laughed without shame.

"Will you tell Carver all that you know?"

"Yes, I will."

"It would mean expulsion for you, anyhow."

"I don't care. I leave at Christmas, and Weedon would get the kick-out with me."

"And Jenkins and Miller?"

"I don't care a straw for them, either," said Isaacs.

"What! Have *they* been ducking you?"

"I thought you would interview Weedon, after this, Glyn," said Isaacs, astounded at Fred's cool way of taking his evidence.

"One day, I daresay, I shall give him his deserts—but, Isaacs, for his own sake, not for yours."

"Done with him, Fred?" asked Bradfield, scornfully.

"Yes."

"Then cut, you hound, or I'll boot you out," said Bradfield, savagely, to the visitor.

Isaacs hurriedly moved off Jack's table and vanished. The interview hadn't been quite what he expected.

The two chums talked over matters for a good couple of hours, but they perceived that Isaacs' "ratting" had not changed the Silver Sculls fiasco one iota. Weedon could deny whatever Isaacs said, and Weedon *v.* Isaacs was sure to be a drawn battle in the matter of lies.

"Anyhow," said Fred in conclusion, "I'm not going to re-open that matter until the Holden is over. Then I may attend to Isaacs' tale. That hound is the epitome of all that's low, miserable, and filthy."

Glyn was working away steadily for the Holden Medal, and Bradfield, as usual, forged thunderbolts with which he delighted the masters and astonished the other fellows in the schools. Two other fellows had repaired a slightly damaged friendship; namely, Jenkins and Miller. Thoroughly sobered by the misfortunes which had struck them after the races, they determined to leave all risky adventures alone. Jenkins was MacArthur's steady-going half-back, and Miller was accounted a very efficient referee. He admitted that he deserved the thrashing which he got from Bradfield, and was glad that Isaacs was an outcast, as far as he was concerned. Besides that, Miller and Jenkins were never quite certain that they were out of the wood, *re* their betting transactions about the boat race. They were aware that Isaacs had confessed those little transactions to Glyn and Bradfield, but, although the days went on and they heard nothing more about it, they could not feel certain that they were safe. They kept very quiet indeed.

Meanwhile Weedon made the ever-present need of bait for his fishing an ever-good excuse for going to Hornby. Gale was often with him, and he never pretended anything but that he enjoyed the run down in the little *Midge* and the loafing round the busy streets, before he picked up Weedon at the bridge, ready for the scramble back to St. Elizabeth's. So the term slipped on until November cropped the leaves from the elms, and December hung the bare branches with the white frost-work.

"The bo'sun of the *Midge* says that he fancies the ice will about bear on the Meadow Pond, three miles down. Shall we take our skates, young 'un, this afternoon, on the off-chance that it does?"

"Rather," said Gale, his eyes sparkling. "None of the other fellows dream that there's anything skateable anywhere handy. But, Weedon, isn't your exam. for the Holden to-morrow? Don't you want the afternoon to rub up things generally?"

"Yes, to-morrow's the dreaded day, but I'd rather have a last look round in skating figures than in scribbling 'em. You'll come, then?"

"Just!" said Arthur eagerly. "The *Midge*?"

"Yes, we'll shout 'ship ahoy' as she runs down."

The ice of the meadow pond was as smooth as glass as Arthur glided upon it in that half-timorous, half-trustful fashion in which we greet the first sheet of the season. "It bears right enough, Weedon," said Gale. "It's like a looking-glass."

The ice, indeed, seemed in excellent condition, and what added to the enjoyment of the pair was that they had the pond to themselves.

"Thank goodness!" said the senior, "that the louts with the red woollen mufflers and the hedge sticks haven't spotted the place. They'd have

been 'owling hover their 'ockey hall the blessed harfternoon."

Gale laughed at this sally, and Weedon flew round the sheet with the long, easy, graceful thrust of the practised skater.

"Jove, Weedon!" said Gale, "you skate just as Allen sculls."

"Thanks, young 'un. Remember when I used to thirst to do an eight. You can't! Come along then."

Weedon initiated his fag into the simpler mysteries of skating, and then left him to the courageous practice thereof. Gale persevered gamely, and it was only when he looked at his watch that he realised how fast the afternoon had flown.

"Five minutes more, Weedon, and then we must cut," he howled to his patron, who was weaving some intricate pattern far down the ice.

"All right, youngster. A last turn round."

Arthur braced himself up for a final wrestle with a thirty-yards' half-circle sweep on the outside edge, when he heard a sharp *staccato* cracking, a suddenly extinguished shout, and then a final sound of splashing water. He spun round in Weedon's direction, and saw that there was no one on the ice but himself.

"Weedon's gone under," he cried, with a gasp of horror.

He flew down the pond like an arrow, and saw the horror of the situation in a second. Thirty yards from the extreme end gaped a yawning hole, out of which welled silently a dirty, cold stream of water, flooding the ice with an ever-widening black stain. As Gale heard his skates slither in the spreading stream, and the ice crack ominously around him like an uncertain squib, Weedon's head popped out of the hole.

Gale understood in a moment that Weedon had, for the instant, lost his presence of mind. He clutched the edge of the ice with a desperate, frenzied grasp, and, even through the water streaming down his face, Gale could see a half-open mouth struggling to shout, and eyes which were staring with terror. Gale looked on features which uttermost fear rendered almost horrible. This was not the face of the gay and airy Weedon.

The ice broke under the pressure of Weedon's frantic efforts to get out, and at every failure the wretched youth felt the icy waters bubble in his ears.

Gale, without a thought of the horrible risk he ran, threw himself flat on the wet ice, within a yard of the hole. "Weedon, man," he yelled, half in command, half in entreaty, "steady yourself. Tread water. Keep calm, or you're—— Don't clutch the ice like that!"

HEEDLESS OF THE CRACKING ICE HE EDGED NEARER TO THE HOLE.

The lad's yells had an effect on Weedon. He collected his wits with a desperate effort, and looked with helpless terror into the white face of his horrified fag. He steadied himself for a moment by touching the ice, and Gale shouted:—

"That's right—don't struggle."

Gale felt that he, too, might be in the water any moment, and he instinctively backed from the hole, and glanced round him in a very ecstasy of despair. Then his eyes caught sight of something which made his mind tingle with a living hope. Heedless of the cracking ice, he edged nearer to the hole again, and said:—

"Weedon, hold on to the ice for two minutes, and I'll have you out yet. Here's my coat——"

Gale rapidly threw it off, and placed it on the extreme edge of the ice

"Shove your arms straight out over it, and don't clutch. You——"

"You'll come back. You won't——"

"Heavens, yes!" cried Gale. "Don't give way, Weedon."

Gale crawled away from the hole cautiously, and, when on ice comparatively safe, skated feverishly for the bank. He kicked off his skates in a moment, and then ran for dear life to the edge of the pond field. He had seen in his despair a heap of carefully piled sheep hurdles near the gate. For the heap he made with all the speed in his limbs, and, in less time than it takes to tell it he had a couple of hurdles trailing behind him, as he raced headlong back to the ice. He yelled encouragement to his friend as he stepped on the pond, and soon Weedon gripped firmly the wooden bar of the hurdle which Gale gently slid to him.

"You can't go under now," he gasped breathlessly.

"Gale, I'm about dead with the cold—I can't hold on much longer."

"Steady, Weedon. I'll shove the other across the broken ice, and you must raise yourself on both—like the bars in the gym. I'm ready for you with my coat."

Weedon felt in his heart that he had but one chance—to do as Gale told him. Using his utmost strength, he raised himself up in a steady lift, Gale's fingers clutched him convulsively by the collar, and he found himself crawling on hands and knees, amidst cracking ice, to safety. He fell down in a half-faint on the bank.

How Weedon managed to get back to Eliza's only Gale knows, and he doesn't like to speak of it. Weedon, utterly unstrung, did not quite come up to his fag's conception of him as the magnificent half-back at footer. He was anything but magnificent.

On the morrow Weedon entered the exam. room for the Holden Prize. His face was drawn and pale, and his hands twitched nervously in his pockets, but the sight of his enemy, Glyn, coolly selecting a pen with a business-like eye, brought a slight flush to his cheek. To put it mildly, the exam. was an ordeal quite unlike anything Weedon had bargained for.

CHAPTER XX.

ARTHUR'S TURN.

As I said before, the exam. for the Holden proved an ordeal for Weedon. This was not so much on account of the papers, which, however, did not precisely fulfil his expectations, but his nerves had not recovered from the shock of the skating accident. He knew how near to death's door he had gone, and he also knew that Gale had saved him at the risk of his own life. He could hardly realise how the youngster had dared to sprawl unconcernedly amidst the breaking ice; and the remembrance of Arthur's face—white, but set with grim resolution—peering at him in that deadly hole, did not leave him, sleeping or waking, for a night or two. There was another remembrance that troubled Weedon. He recalled, with a blush of shame, that day in the beginning of the last term when he funked the danger of fishing the youngster out of the Lodden. He knew himself for a cad.

Arthur's good opinion of Weedon had received a shock, not shattering and destructive, but rather unsettling and undefinable. Weedon, Arthur dimly thought, should have faced the danger a little differently, somehow. Fred Glyn, argued the youngster, would not have been quite so noisy or so afraid. Gale knew that the fear of death had had Weedon by the throat whilst he struggled in the water, and it was no joke to feel the horrible strangling in the dark water, but still—still—still——. There had been no repose about his friend. As for that awful scramble home, Gale was very glad no one had seen Weedon, for Weedon's sake.

After the exam. Gale had gone to Weedon's den and asked him how he was.

"As seedy, young 'un, as can be.

"Exam. papers hard?"

"So so. I daresay I floored the paper as well as any of the fellows. But I *would* keep thinking of yesterday's performance."

"Get that off your nerves, Weedon. Forget it."

The senior glanced quickly at his fag's face, for Arthur's tone had an unusual ring. He half divined Gale's thoughts.

"I suppose I didn't shine yesterday, young un?" he remarked, a faint blush coming to the surface as he spoke.

"Well, one couldn't shine much in that hole, Weedon. Lucky thing I spotted those hurdles."

"I rather fancy you came out of the business," said Weedon hurriedly, "with flags flying."

"Not at all," said Gale precipitately. "Anyone would have done the same."

Weedon was very quiet and subdued for a day or two, but, as time went on, his originally faint feeling of shame became more evanescent, until he was quite as of old. Not to Gale, though, entirely. Arthur had seen his friend with the varnish off.

A week after the exam. Weedon said to Gale:—

"Shall we run down to Horaby this afternoon?

Last of the season. I want to kill time, for to morrow Carver tells us how we've disgraced ourselves in the Holden. I'm anxious, Gale, really."

"All right."

"Rather good day in Hornby, I hear. Some of the troops are coming home, and the fountains are going to spout wine and the sky shoot stars in honour of the event. At least, that's what the Hornby *Argus* leads one to expect."

"Rather good fun, I should fancy."

Weedon tipped the mariners of the *Midge* rather handsomely for favours shown, and, as the little craft glided alongside the moored float at Hornby, the men wished the Elizabethans a jolly Christmas. When the Conservancy boat had bubbled past the Meadow Pond, now alive with a crowd of skaters, Gale looked at Weedon, but Weedon did not return the glance.

It was very evident to the pair that Hornby town was going to do great things that day in honour of the returned troops. The streets were blazing with bunting, window-frames had been taken out and filled with sight-seers, and knots of volunteers were hurrying to the station where the soldiers detrained. Touts were everywhere pestering people with tickets for temporary stands, and Weedon bought a couple. "You may as well see the procession, Gale, sitting, as standing in the mob."

"Aren't you coming, too?"

"I'm due to see a man in ten minutes, young 'un."

"Where the cigars come from?" asked Arthur, with the slightest possible shade of annoyance at being left alone.

Weedon stared at Gale for a moment in surprise at this observation.

"You've seen me come out of the hotel, then?"

"No," said Arthur. "I didn't know you went to one."

"Shall I bring you some cigarettes, or will you have a weed?"

"Neither, thanks," said Arthur curtly.

"All right. See you on the stand 'When the boys come home once more,' or, if not, at the bridge as usual. Ta-ta!"

Weedon hurried off to the "Grand Hotel," where he had a good game of billiards with the marker on a decent table without a track to the pockets. He replenished his cigar case, called for some refreshment for self and partner, and killed an hour and a half as pleasantly as possible. Then the marker helped him into his coat, and he sallied out to find Gale.

That young gentleman had claimed his seat in the stand, and passed his time almost as satisfactorily as Weedon had done in the hotel. There was any amount of things to watch in the busy streets. Arthur did not think very much of the stand. Evidently it had been put up in a hurry, and paid the penalty of haste, for when there was any particular crush of the crowd against its lower timbers, the whole erection rocked sympathetically.

The procession had just begun to file past the stand when Weedon arrived on the scene, but such was the crush that it was impossible for him to take his seat. He pushed his way unceremoniously through the crowd, until he came to the corner of the stand, when he realised that further progress was impossible. He caught sight of Arthur on his lofty throne, and the youngster was evidently in no end of feather.

After the last of the bronzed soldiers had filed past, a surging crowd streamed after them, and the stand whereon Gale sat caught the full strength of the striving, pushing tide of humanity. The flimsy erection oscillated from the impact, with a slow and sickly motion. A strut cracked under the strain with a noise like a pistol snapping, and then, as though this were the signal for disaster, the stand collapsed bodily.

Pandemonium broke out.

Weedon, being less intent upon the procession than most, had perceived the swaying stand, and, although he was not prepared for the catastrophe, it did not take him unawares altogether. In that first scared pause of the crowd in presence of the dreadful, Weedon alone rushed forward. He was among the broken baulks of timber, the cheap flapping red cloth, the dust, and the struggling, shrieking mass of fallen people, before anyone else. He had caught sight of the blue Elizabethan cap dropping like a stone among the wreckage of the stand. He sprang nimbly among broken beams, and found Gale hanging like a limp rag, face downwards across a baulk. He clutched him by the collar and pulled him up.

"Are you hurt, old man?"

"Something's the matter with my arm, I think."

Weedon helped Gale over the wreckage of the stand into the street.

"Let's get out of the crowd, and see what is the damage. Feel pretty bad?"

"A bit dizzy, that's all."

"We'll make for the hotel, I think. There's no good in any open-air surgery."

The pair made their way through the crowd that was curiously and sympathetically eyeing Arthur's white face, until they came to the hotel. There, in the billiard room, Weedon pulled off his fag's coat, the sleeve of which had been torn. The shirt-sleeve was stained with blood.

"Hullo! You've cut your arm. Some warm water, marker."

In the lavatory the shirt-sleeve was ruthlessly scissored away from the shoulder, and carefully pulled from the arm. There was a long, straightforward, tearing cut almost from the elbow to the wrist. The wound bled freely, but Weedon was rejoiced to see that it was not deep.

"A splinter did your business, Gale. A little warm water and a tourniquet above the elbow will soon put that to rights."

The marker and Weedon between them stopped the bleeding and bound up the arm. They improvised a sling, and Arthur said he felt all right.

"Then we'll step out for Eliza's."

The pair had tea in Weedon's den.

"I say, Gale, you'd better not say how you came by that damaged arm. You can fob your friends off with some fairy story."

"Why?" asked Gale, in surprise.

"Well, it would be safer."

"How?"

"Hornby is out of bounds."

Gale almost jumped out of his chair in astonishment and anger. "I'd never have gone to the rotten place if I'd known that. Why did you take me, Weedon?"

"Thought you enjoyed yourself, young 'un, and, besides, no one knows you've been."

"That accounts for Parkhouse's and Jellicoe's chaff when I told 'em I went there. They thought I was cramming them. It was a mean thing to do, Weedon," said Gale, in a fury.

"Let 'em still think that you've been cramming them. I can't see anything mean about it. I don't like the word either."

"Why, I'll get a stringing-up from Smith, or perhaps Carver will come upon me. Hornby isn't a thing the beaks will let you down lightly for."

"Say nothing about it."

"If Smith asks me to explain this sling I shall tell him exactly how I got it."

"No you won't, young 'un," said Weedon, angrily. "That would bring me into it. I don't want to get into Smith's black books."

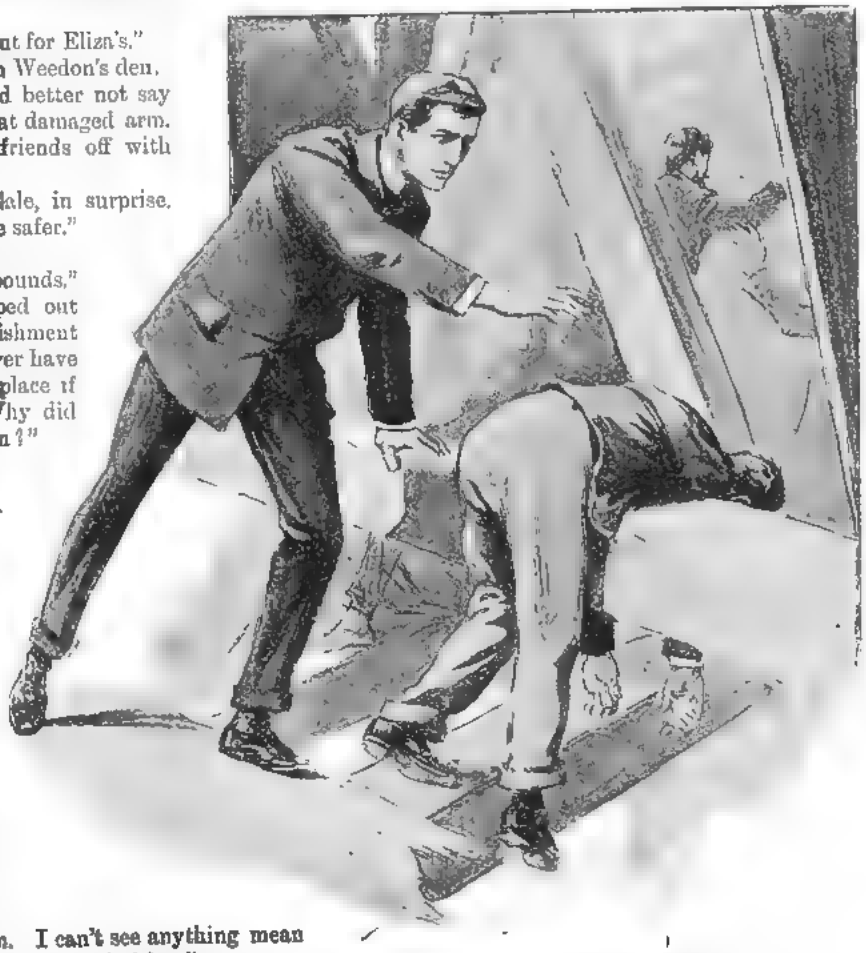
"You should have told me, Weedon," said Gale, angrily.

"Why, you've had some jolly times there—what's the odds? I'd yarn Smith a tarradiddle."

"I don't care for that, Weedon, thanks."

"Well, say what you like if you *will* run your head into the halter, only keep me out of it."

"I'll say nothing about you, Weedon," said Gale, his voice tingling with scorn, "even if he asks, but I'm not going to yarn black lies, that's straight."



HE FOUND GALE HANGING LIKE A LIMP RAG, FACE DOWNWARDS ACROSS A HAULK.

"Very good," said Weedon, airily. "There must have been a Saint Arthur somewhere in your family history. Lie low, Gale, is my advice."

Gale went to his own room, his heart full of very bitter feelings against Weedon. His friend Glyn was waiting for him, but Arthur's face was anything but cheerful.

"Hullo, Arty! You look hipped. What's the matter? Strain of a big fish ricked your arm?"

"I've cut it, Dick. Don't bother, please."

"Serene, Arty. Fred wanted to see you—that was all."

"What does he want?"

"Dunno; to knight you probably."

Arthur never did know why Glyn Senior wanted him, for, when he went to Fred's den, Bradfield said, before Glyn could get in a word, "What's the matter, Gale?"

Arthur was very white indeed. Weedon's announcement re Hornby, rounding off the day's adventures, made him feel sick and dizzy. As the very coping stone to his disasters he felt that his arm was again bleeding.

"My arm."

"Put him in that chair, Fred," said Bradfield sharply, seeing the youngster was about to faint. "His arm bleeds."

The two chums soon discovered what was the matter, and lifted up their eyes in astonishment when they saw that long, business-like cut. They pretty soon had the arm bound up again more comfortably.

"How did you get that, Gale?"

"The grand stand collapsed at Hornby as the soldiers went by, and I hurt my arm as I fell."

"Hornby!" exclaimed Bradfield and Glyn in chorus. "What were you doing there? It's out of bounds!"

"I know that *now*," said Arthur.

Fred looked at Jack meaningly. "Who went with you, Gale?"

"Never mind that, Glyn, please."

"All right," said Fred. "You've paid for your whistle, anyhow."

"It *was* Weedon, Fred," said Bradfield when Arthur had been sent to bed. "His name was on the handkerchief twisted round the youngster's arm."

Glyn's eyes sparkled with anger. "That cad wants to made a black sheep of his fag, but I'll put a stopper to his game to-morrow."

"How?"

"I'm going to thrash him—if he'll fight. The Holden is over, so there's no reason for delay. I'm going to act on what Isaacs told us, and I'll remember, too, what he's done for his fag."

"I'll second you, old man. He dearly wants a drubbing."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN SIN COMES HOME.

THE whole of the seniors of St. Elizabeth's on the morrow were waiting impatiently for Carver's appearance in Big School. As a general rule there was nothing to call for impatience in Carver—except, perhaps, to see his back when the old man took the Prose—but the two hundred seniors were anxious to hear about the Holden, the sole scholastic event of the Michaelmas term.

A voice rose above the murmur of the talking seniors:—

"Ten to one on Ashe's chance for the Holden!"

"Taken!" shouted scores of laughing fellows.

"Taken," cried Ashe himself, looking for the wag, for Ashe didn't shine in the schools.

"In farthings," cried the first voice. "It's the end of the term."

The fellows were enjoying Ashe's blushes, when Carver came in. He spread out his papers on his desk, polished his eyeglass, looking round keenly as he did so, and then gave out:—

"The result of the examination for the John Holden medal and prize is that Frederick Glyn, of Smith's House, heads the list."

The seniors broke out into deafening cheers, for Fred had scored a most popular victory. Smith's House kept up the cheering until Carver began again.

"I should like to make an observation on Glyn's success. I have compared his performance in this exam. with the results of his past efforts, and find a marvellous improvement. The Holden has evidently fallen to one who has realised that any great success entails genuine efforts. I congratulate Glyn—(great cheering)—and his house. The order of the other candidates is as follows:—

Carver read out the list of the Holden competitors.

Weedon was seventh.

Fred Glyn received the congratulations of his house with breezy good nature, and, what he valued far more, the friendly clap on the back from Jack Bradfield.

"Look here, old man, there's to be no falling back now. Excelsior!"

"Why, you seem to think I am an Allen, ready-made, Jack! But Weedon, Brad! Why, old Ashe is only two behind him."

"That will be a bitter pill for J. W. He will be simmering in a broth of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"I'm going to interview the beauty after first school, Jack. Think I'll bring him to book?"

"If you can't, no one else can. By the way, young Gale won't say who went with him to Hornby."

"The arm?"

"Going on all right. I don't think Smith will spot anything."

As Bradfield had said, Weedon felt pretty wretched It was gall and wormwood to him to

see Glyn carry off the Holden, but it was the very essence of bitterness to think that he himself could only achieve the seventh place. There had been a fall indeed!

Whilst Weedon was thus still digesting the venom of his spleen, Glyn's knock sounded on the door.

"Young Gale," thought Weedon, and he said, irritably, "Come in!" When he saw the well-knit figure of his enemy, instead of Arthur, his eyes sparkled viciously. "What do you want?"

"Isaacs came to Bradfield and me a little while ago, and told us that you spoiled the race for me last term. I know all about your chums' betting—their betting for you against me—the whole unsavoury tale, in fact."

Isaacs' perfidy staggered even Weedon. "I told Bradfield last term that he was a liar, and so are you. Isaacs is a pitiful hound. That fellow would hang his father for twopence."

"He was a friend of yours, too," said Glyn, sarcastically.

"He seems to have found more congenial companions now," said Weedon with his bitter sneer.

"You took young Gale to Hornby yesterday, which would mean an awful stringing up for him. The little donkey didn't know that Hornby was out of bounds, but you did."

"Who made you kid protector of Eliza's?" said Weedon, angrily, "and what the deuce has it to do with you, anyhow?"

"That you'll see," said Glyn grimly. "Gale didn't tell me, though. But here's your handkerchief, with which you bound up his arm."

"When is this litany going to finish? You'd better go out, or I'll kick you out."

"I came to say that you had better get a friend and turn out against me behind the boat-house. Perfectly quiet there."

"Mill, you mean?"

Glyn nodded.

"How if I won't?"

"Then I'll cuff your ears before all the seniors to-morrow morning in Big School."

"That would be serious for you," said Weedon, his eyes alive with fury and hatred.

"More serious for you, for I'll explain everything to Carver, and bring your quondam chum to back me up. You'd better fight."

"I will," said Weedon eagerly. "I've felt all along that one day you and I would come to this, and I was right. And all the preliminary palaver for a simple mill! Why, I thought you'd come, with your usual taste, to congratulate me on the Holden!"

"Didn't know you wanted congratulations," said Fred lightly. "Two below Ashe, weren't you?"

Weedon could have slain Glyn for this jeer.

"You won't feel quite so jaunty when you return from the boat-house."

"Well," said Glyn, with a clinching insult, "don't use a knuckle-duster, please."

Glyn had felt that it would be necessary to goad Weedon into fighting, but therein he was mistaken, for Weedon did not shirk the fray in the least. The fellow who lost his nerve when he fell below the ice, and who funked saving a drowning boy, had plenty of that average pluck which can take its share of knocks in average circumstances. Weedon's courage could not stand the touchstone of an act of unselfish bravery, but was quite good enough for a bout of fisticuffs; he was a coward on occasions only.

Weedon thought that Glyn would get more than he bargained for, and he congratulated himself on his forethought in putting on the gloves so often. After Glyn had gone, Weedon went straightway to Burke.

"I'm milling with Glyn—will you second?"

Burke's Irish nature took fire at the idea of a scrimmage.

"I'm your man, Weedon. Count on me. What's the row?"

"Never mind that, Roderick—quite a personal matter."

"Hang the cause then! 'Tis in honour's cause, of course. A good mill, and may the best man win."

"That's me," said Weedon, laughing.

The four fellows filtered down to the boat-house quietly and separately. The school was not to get wind of the affair, but, indeed, they need not have taken precautions. There was a cold, raw, thawing wind blowing across the river, and those fellows who were not just finishing footer were toasting themselves in their rooms.

The few preliminaries over, the two peeled, Glyn very quietly, with a grim smile playing round the corners of his mouth; Weedon as quietly, but with a slow, hateful, sneering ostentation.

There will be no necessity to set down a detailed account of the mill. Weedon's constant practice in the gym. had given him skill and confidence, and he was quite a match for his enemy. Glyn, however, had made up his mind to thrash Weedon or fall in the attempt, and Glyn's determination made up for any comparative lack of science. The pair fought bitterly and doggedly, putting into the efforts all the suppressed hatred and scorn of the past six months, and both were damaged more than a little. Then Weedon forged ahead, and by-and bye it dawned on Burke and Bradfield

that Glyn's luck was out. Something else dawned upon Bradfield at last, namely, that Weedon was nursing Glyn, so that Fred might suffer the maximum of punishment before he was knocked out. This was characteristic of Weedon, but it was a very risky game to play. As he found out. When Weedon neglected an obvious chance of flooring his enemy, Fred profited by this mistake twofold. He escaped the blow, and saw what was Weedon's intention. He steadied himself and waited warily and cautiously for a chance of finishing the duel. When it came, Fred sprang in with a terrific left-hand drive, and the next moment Weedon was on the ground, half his senses beaten out of him by the blow. Burke refused to let him try again, and Bradfield helped Glyn into his coat.

"Near squeak, old man," said Bradfield.

"Rather," said Glyn quietly. "Weedon's no coward, whatever else he may be."

"We'll let bygones be bygones, Weedon," and Fred held out his hand to his foe.

"No thanks," said Weedon shakily; "I hate you more than ever."

Baffled, battered, and bruised, Weedon was escorted to his den by Burke; there his injuries were lotioned, and he was made presentable; as the Irishman figuratively said, "We got order out of chaos." After tea, Burke went out to his own affairs, and then Weedon saw, for the first time, a letter propped up against his clock. He looked at the address, and when he recognised the writing his face flushed scarlet and then became deadly white. He tremblingly tore open the envelope and read the letter.

HE TREMBLINGLY TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND READ THE LETTER.

1052a, Wardour Street,
London, W.C.

Sir,—The stamp (South Australia, 1842 issue, face value 2d.) which you sold me—also guaranteeing its genuineness—I am informed by experts I have consulted, is spurious. It is of no value whatever. I am of the opinion that you must have known this, and your transaction with me simply amounts to a deliberate attempt at fraud.

Unless you return me the full amount I paid you for this stamp—twenty pounds (£20)—within three days, I shall commence proceedings against you.

I shall, of course, keep the spurious stamp until I hear from you.

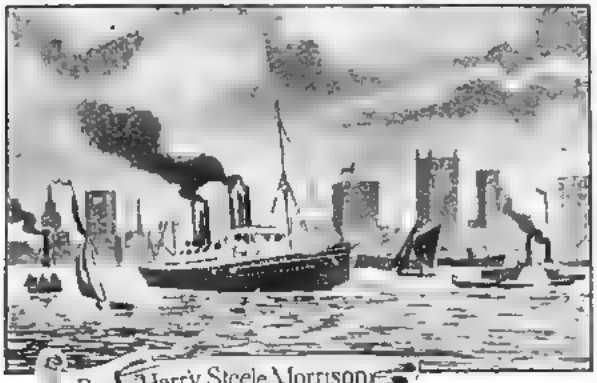
I am, yours, etc.,
Moss Levenstein.

To J. Weedon, Esq.,
St. Elizabeth's Cross.

(To be concluded.)

Fred T. Jane

From New York to Paris



By Harry Steele Morrison
Author of "A Yankee Boy's Success," &c.

When I first heard of the Paris Exhibition, four years ago, I made up my mind to visit it if I possibly could do so. But though I remembered my determination, I found that when spring arrived last year I hadn't money enough to pay the expenses of such a trip. I had just about enough to purchase a steerage passage across the Atlantic, and, once across, I would have to depend upon my own efforts for a livelihood. I have made my own living for several years now, so I didn't think but what I could succeed in finding something to do when I reached Paris.

There was no one whose consent I need ask, so when I had decided upon making the trip I bought a steerage ticket aboard one of the great liners and began my voyage. I made several efforts to get some of my boy friends in New York to come with me, but they were all afraid to attempt so long a journey. So I started alone, feeling sure that when I reached England I could get a boy named Sidney Webb to accompany me from London. I knew he would be glad of the opportunity to have some interesting adventures.

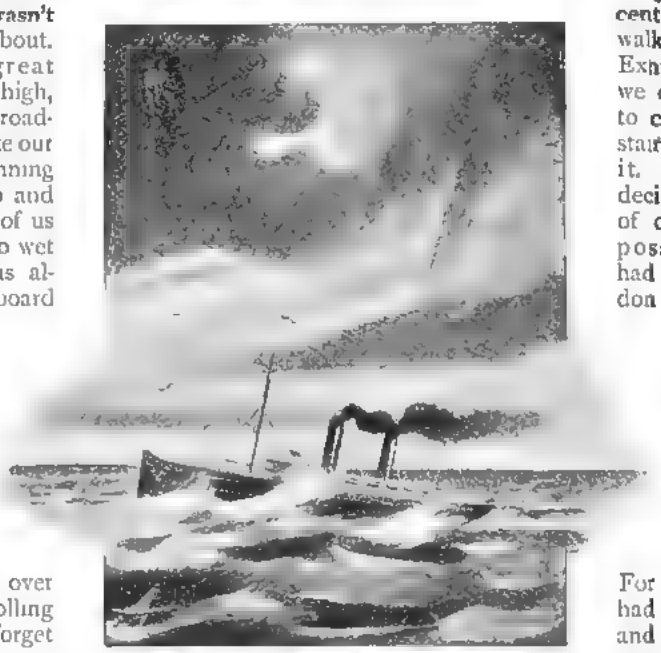
My steerage trip across the ocean wasn't half as bad as I supposed it would be. I thought all the third-class passengers would be a bad lot, and that I wouldn't dare to associate with them, but I was never more mistaken in my life. The majority of them were Irish and Swedish servants who were returning to the old country for a holiday, and they were a jolly set. It didn't take me long to get acquainted with everyone in the steerage. I slept in a room with fifteen men, and every one of us was given a nickname before we were one day away from New York. There was "Klondike," who was on his way back from the goldfields, "Irish Jim," the comedian of the crowd, "Old Mike," "Kruger," "Patsy," and many others of similar sense and meaning. I was, of course, "Reddy," to everyone on board, on account of the colour of my hair, and I didn't mind the name at all. We were all free and easy, and before the eight days' voyage was over I felt that I had known these fellows all my life.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

The only thing I much disliked about the steerage was the food, and that was certainly very bad indeed. We had about the same bill of fare every day, and hardly anything put before us was fit to eat. I lived mostly on bread and soup and bread and coffee, and nearly starved to death. Sometimes one of the stewards from the first cabin would give me something good, and then I devoured it like some savage. Always before this I had been very sea-sick when at sea, and I thought it wouldn't matter whether there was much to eat or not. But I never had a better appetite,

and never did I have less to eat. The first place I visited when I arrived in London was a restaurant.

The only real exciting occurrence of the voyage was when one of the girls in the steerage was washed overboard. It was the fourth day out from New York, and the waves had been rolling very high since morning. Most of the steerage passengers preferred being down in the hold rather than on the wet deck, but some of us enjoyed watching the sea and the great waves. We little knew how dangerous it was to be there, and none of the officers warned us. As usual, they considered that the steerage wasn't worth troubling about. All at once a great wave, 30ft. or 40ft. high, struck the vessel broadside, and in a minute our low deck was running with water so deep and strong as to lift all of us off our feet, and to wet us through. I was almost swept overboard myself, and while I was struggling on the floor I heard a great scream, and, looking up, I saw Anna Sindell, a Swedish girl, lifted from her feet, and swept over the rail into the rolling sea. Never can I forget that scream, or the expression on the poor girl's face as she felt herself going over! There was immediately great excitement on deck, but most of the passengers were below, and the officers did all in their power to keep the matter quiet. Of course, there was no chance at all of recovering the body. The next day a purse was made up among the passengers to send to the girl's parents in Sweden.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC.

Eight days after leaving New York I was in London, having a great time visiting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's, and the many other places which help to make London the most interesting city in the world. I also went to see Sidney Webb, to ask him whether he would go with me to the Continent. He was delighted with the plan, and we decided to go to Paris at once. His mother didn't share our enthusiasm regarding the trip, but she was willing that he should try to get something to do and come back again to England if he didn't succeed. We both determined not to come back, however, if there was any way at all of staying. There was an excursion to the Exhibition when we left, early in May, but we didn't buy return tickets.

It seemed to us that we were fortunate in Paris from the very first. We had heard wonderful tales of the prices charged for rooms during the exhibition season, yet we succeeded in finding a very comfortable one for 10d. a day, or 5d. each. It was centrally located, within walking distance of the Exhibition grounds, and we didn't mind having to climb five flights of stairs before we reached it. We had already decided to get as many of our own meals as possible, and Sidney had brought from London an alcohol lamp, a small skillet, a teapot, some dishes, and knives and forks. We found that we could get along admirably with these few things. For breakfast we never had anything save bread and butter and tea, and we always had our noon meal at the places where we worked within the Exhibition grounds. In the evening we sometimes cooked some eggs, or a piece of steak, and now and again we got our meal at a cheap little restaurant next door to our lodging. Our daily expenses were very low, and we didn't need to earn much in order to live in Paris during the Exhibition season.

But we were fortunate, too, in getting work to do. The very first time we visited the Exhibition we met a gentleman who was in charge of the exhibit of an American firm, and when we told him that we wanted to get something to do he said he could use us both. He wanted me to stand in charge of the booth where the firm served samples of its products, and Sid. was to stand downstairs in another part of the building and hand out cards and *souvenirs* to the passing crowd.

I liked my work very much indeed. In this booth where I was stationed, two girls, one French and one English, served samples of tomato soup and baked beans. It was my duty to stand outside the booth and tell people where they could obtain these manufactures. I couldn't speak any French at first, but as the visitors to this section were mostly English and American, this didn't matter much. Whenever there were some French people, Georgette, the French girl, explained things to them, and I wasn't slow in learning the language.

ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

As neither of us had to begin work until noon we had numerous adventures during our mornings, for we spent them in going all about Paris, and seeing whatever there was to see. Some of our experiences were very funny, because we knew so little French. Sidney was always afraid the Frenchmen were trying to impose upon him because he couldn't speak French, and he always said he would never in the world allow himself to be "taken in." He had a very bad row one evening with a boot-black on the Avenue de l'Opera, which is one of the finest and most crowded streets in Paris. He was going to call on some English friends, and decided that he had better allow a professional to polish his boots instead of polishing them himself, as usual. When the "professional" had finished the job Sidney handed him a franc, which is tenpence in English money. The cheeky fellow pocketed the coin, and refused to give any change. Sid. was determined he wouldn't go away without it, and the two stood there rowing until quite a crowd had collected in the street. Sid. was getting the worst of the argument because he could speak so little of the language, when all at once a young lady came to his rescue. She had been sitting at a table in front of a *café* near by, and had heard the argument. She could speak both English and French beautifully, and demanded of the boot-black that he give Sidney back his change. Thereupon the wretch began to abuse her too, and Sidney couldn't resist striking him. "I had to do it in self-defence, and in defence of her," he said to me later. But the crowd of Frenchmen jeered him, and yelled: "*A bas les anglais!*" which means "Down with the English!" Things were getting serious when Sidney determined to fetch a policeman, and have him settle the affair. He rushed off, and after going about two blocks he found one of the ridiculous Paris *gendarmes*. He took him to the corner, where the crowd was still gathered, and the young lady explained in French how the whole thing had happened. To the surprise of everyone the *gendarme* forced the boot-black to give back eightpence in change. The crowd was angry that the English boy should win, and shouted all sorts of things at Sidney when he walked away. The girl who had been so brave disappeared as soon as the affair was settled, and Sid. never saw her again. He often wished he knew her address, so that he could find out whether she was English.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

The barbers in Paris this summer had a fashion of hoodwinking foreigners which was very simple and highly successful in most cases. Whenever an Englishmen or American entered a shop and asked for a hair-cut or a shave, they not only gave him what he asked for, but shampooed his hair, singed it, perfumed it, and did other things which weren't required. They all had to be paid for when the bill was settled, however, and most foreigners submitted to the imposition rather than raise an argument. One day I went into a hair-dresser's establishment to have my hair clipped. The man began by shaving me, an operation quite unnecessary, and he paid no attention to my remonstrances. I made up my mind that I would teach this one barber a lesson, so when he shampooed my hair and singed it I said nothing. When I was ready to leave he said my bill was two francs. "For what?" said I. "For shaving, shampooing, clipping, and singeing," he replied. I laughed at him. "Why," I said, "I only asked you for a hair-cut. Here is a half-franc for that. I refuse to pay for anything else." The man became much excited, and insisted that I must pay. I walked out of the shop, and left him still gesticulating and insisting at the door. I don't imagine he has tried his lovely scheme on any more Americans.

THE SWISS VILLAGE.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

Inside the Exhibition, Sidney and I found a very great deal to interest us. It was all much larger and more magnificent than we had expected it would be, and we were afraid we would never be able to see it all if we remained in Paris for months. We went first to visit the amusement features, and these were numerous. There were the moving platforms, which never failed to attract thousands of visitors. One of the platforms was arranged to move twice as fast as the other, and it was very funny to see the fat ladies and gentlemen stepping from one to the other. Sometimes they were so careless as to step off backwards, and then they always had to catch themselves to keep from falling. It was great fun to see how frightened they were for the moment, and how very anxious they were to get off the platform; Sidney and I laughed until we were sick, and so did everyone else who was used to the movement.

One of the places we most enjoyed visiting was the "Swiss Village," which was the best of all the "side shows." The imitation mountain scenery was wonderfully natural, and most of the buildings in the village had been transported in sections from various parts of Switzerland. Nearly 300 mountaineers occupied the houses, and to be among them in the long summer evenings was the next best thing to being in Switzerland itself. We made friends with some of the Swiss boys, where we learned to speak French, and sometimes they would come on Sundays, and go with us to Versailles or St. Cloud, or some other pretty place near Paris.

SCENE IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

Of course we went up in the Eiffel Tower, and visited the "Palais de Costume," where they had on exhibition models of the dresses worn in France for centuries past. We saw, in short, nearly

everything there was to see, and when we took our departure, in August, we felt that we knew Paris and the Exhibition pretty thoroughly.

We did not return at once to England after leaving Paris. We made a walking tour through the Tyrol and the Bavarian Alps, visiting on our way the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. When we did get back to London we both felt that we had passed a very pleasant time for very little money, and that it was worth tending an exhibit every afternoon in order to visit the great Exhibition of 1900. I shall go back to New York more than satisfied with my trip, and convinced anew that "where there's a will there's a way."

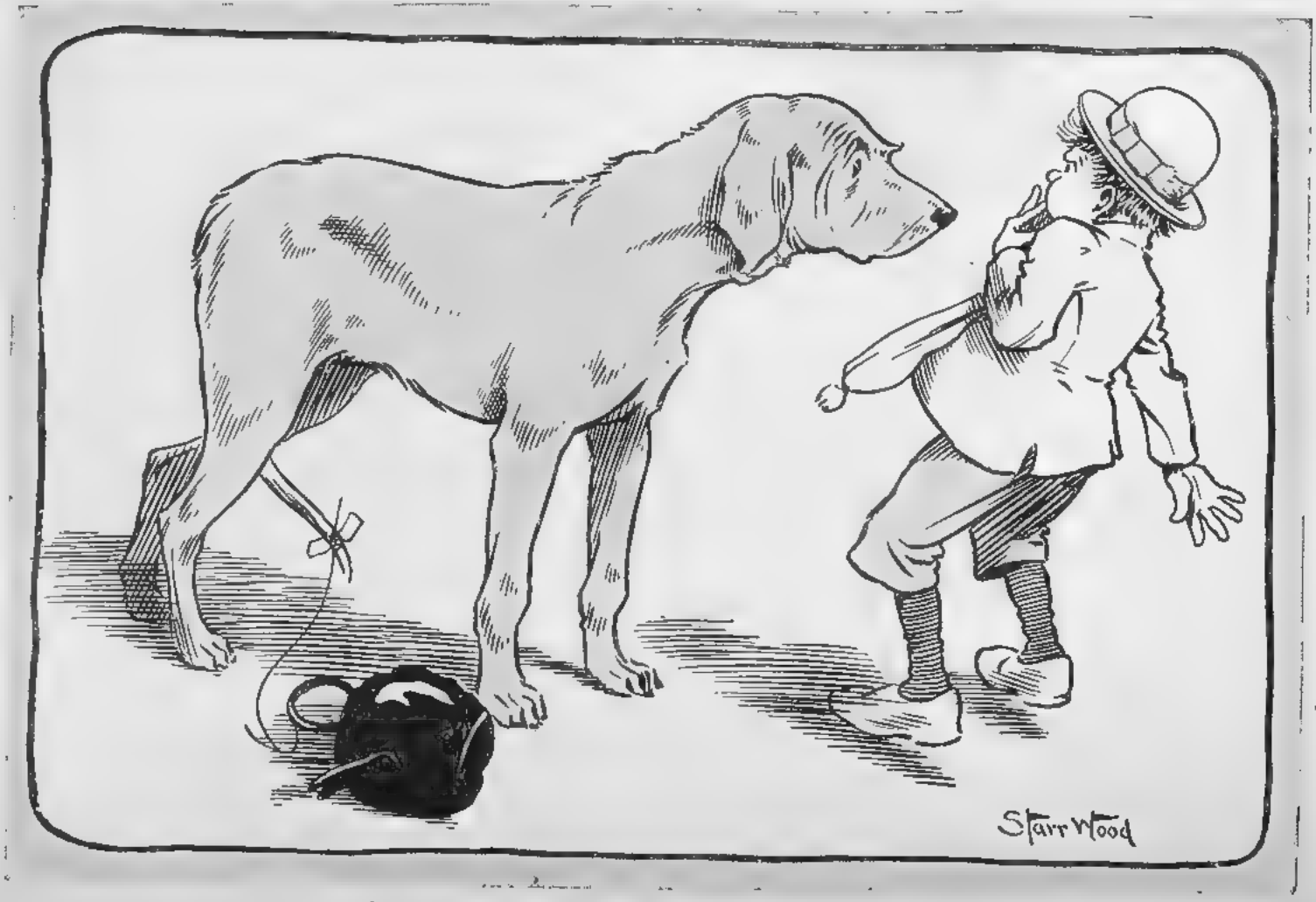
[*On reaching London Master Morrison paid us a visit at* THE CAPTAIN *office, and amused us greatly with an entertaining account of all his adventures. Morrison has been to Europe several times—always "working his way"—and if you want to know all about his interview with the Queen you should buy his sixpenny book, "A Yankee Boy's Success." I have printed his article exactly as he wrote it, as I thought it a pity to spoil his quaint "Americanisms."—Ed.* CAPTAIN.]

SCENE IN OLD PARIS—THE CHURCH.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.

The boy looked at the beetle, and the beetle at the boy—
The sky was very blue, and the grass was very green—
And they both exclaimed together, with astonishment and joy,
"That's the biggest { beetle / boy } I've ever seen!"

A POSER FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON.



Are *you* the boy that tied this on to my tail last week?

Drawn by Starr Wood.

THE OLD PIT SHAFT

by G A Henry

Being a Tale of the Yorkshire Coalfields.

Illustrated by Rex. Osborne.

"BE careful, Mary; it is thick this morning. Thou hadst best keep to the path, lass; it is a bit longer, but thou canst come to no harm there."

"I will be careful, mother; never fear."

The speaker was a girl of eighteen, the daughter of the underground manager in the High-Ground Colliery, and since she had been quite a little thing she had regularly taken her father's dinner out to him. She was the belle of the colliery village, and, young as she was, there were half a dozen young pitmen who had tried to gain her favour. She was wilful and a little spoilt, and most of her suitors had gradually given the case up as hopeless, though it was allowed that the chances lay between Bob Boldero and Will Maxey. The former worked in the pit, and the latter was assistant engineer. He was a clever young fellow, knew his work thoroughly, and had laboured hard to improve himself. All knew that he would have old Tom Thorne's berth as chief engineer when the latter gave up work. Indeed, the manager of the mine had been heard to say that the young fellow was likely to rise a good deal higher than that before he had done. He was certainly a fitter match than his rival, and yet it was agreed in the village that Boldero had the better chance. He was the biggest and strongest man in the village, and women admire strength and stature. At ordinary times he was good-tempered and jovial, but when he took a cup too much, which was not often, he became a savage, and had seriously injured more than one man with whom he had quarrelled. Mary's mother had more than once said a word of warning to the girl, but she had only laughed and replied, "I can take care of myself."

Boldero was working on the night shift, and was lounging at the door of his cottage when Mary passed. He at once joined her.

"It's thick on the hills, Miss Mary," he said; "if thou likst I will walk with thee."

"I am quite safe by myself, Bob, thank you!"

"I will walk with thee all the same, lass. I have done it before when there was no call for it, and I have nowt to do."

"Well, I don't mind," she said. "Mother was late with the dinner, and I must go straight across, or father will be up before I get there."

They walked along without speaking till they came to the point where the path across the hill left the road. It was well trodden, for it was always used by the colliers going to and from work. As they turned off, a man was coming down the road, but the mist was thicker here than it was in the village, and neither of them noticed him. He saw them, however, and stopped at the point where they had turned off.

"It is Mary Wickham," he said to himself; "and it's Bob Boldero with her." He felt a sharp pang at the thought that she had two days before refused his own proffered escort.

"I will follow a bit," he added. "It's so thick that one can scarce see one's hand on the hill, and there is more than one old pit up there."

Waiting till he could only just distinguish her figure, he followed. The couple had not gone far when Boldero took advantage of the opportunity to ask Mary if she would be his wife.

"It is not fair," she said, with spirit, "to ask me such a question now, Bob. When you ask me, let it be in my own house, or, at any rate, down in the village; it is not manly to ask it now when we are alone like this."

"Well, what will thy answer be when I ask thee there?"

"I am not certain what it will be," she said. "I have to think it over."

"Ye might have known by this time," he said. "I have been courting you for six months."

"Well, Bob," she said, "you won't better your case by going on talking now. As I said, this is not the place for it, and now I will thank you to turn back and let me go my own way."

So saying, she turned and walked quickly away. The collier stood looking after her with a savage expression on his face.

"I believe she cares far more for Maxey than she does for me; if she liked me best why shouldn't she have said so! Well, I will have it out with her this evening, and if she says no, I will have it out with *him!*"

Mary had paid no attention to the path while she was talking. She hurried away without noticing where she was going, and it was a minute or two before she recovered her composure and found that she had left the regular route. Another few steps and she crushed into a rotten fence, some loose shale under her feet gave way, and she felt herself falling. A moment later she splashed into water. As she came to the surface she screamed as she struggled to keep herself afloat.

Hardly half a minute had elapsed when two men ran up to the mouth of the shaft.

"Run and fetch help, Bob," one exclaimed.

"It ain't no use," the other growled. "She will be drowned dead long before I can come back; besides, why don't you run yourself?"

The other man made no reply; he was gazing down into the depth, but could see nothing. Again there was a cry, this time a very faint one. With a shout of encouragement he ran round to the other side and then dropped through the fog into the shaft. He had more than once looked down it idly, and knew that the water came to within 30ft. or 40ft. of the top. There was no sensation of cold as he sank deeply below the surface. The shaft had been sunk thirty years before, and had been carried down so far below where they expected to strike coal, that it was evident that at this point there had been a serious fault. They had continued for some distance in hopes that it was merely a slip, and that the coal might be found lower, but they had come upon a spring of warm water which rushed in so rapidly that the pump that had been rigged was wholly unable to cope with it. The work had then been abandoned, and the shaft filled to within 40ft. of the surface. In cold weather a vapour ascended from the mouth of the shaft, showing that the water was still warm.

Two strokes, when he came to the surface, took Maxey to the side of the drowning girl; he threw his arm around her.

"Do not struggle," he said. "You need have no fear. There is a ledge a foot above the water level—put your hand on it."

Mary had kept her senses. She came of a stock accustomed to face death, and, although she believed her fate certain, she had tried hard to keep her head above water. She felt along the face of the rock and found the ledge her preserver had spoken of. When the shaft was first sunk the ground was rough and loose until the solid rock was reached. To prevent accidents it had been bricked from that point to the surface, and the rubbish packed in tightly behind the wall, which was four rings of brick thick. Below, the shaft was 6ins. narrower than the part bricked, a ledge of 3ins. being left upon which beams had been placed across for the convenience of the sinker. Looking down one day Will Maxey had noticed this projection of the rock, and its existence had flashed across him as he leapt.

"Do not try to pull yourself up," he said. "Let yourself sink until the water touches your chin. Then there will be no weight on your arms."

"Who are you?" the girl asked. "You are not Robert Boldero."

"No. I am Will Maxey," he said, "I was a short way behind you, though you could not see me. Boldero and I ran up together. He has gone off to get assistance, so we shall not have very long to wait. It is fortunate that the water feels quite warm," he went on quietly. "Now I must see if I cannot make you more comfortable."

It was quite light enough to see, for the fog had not penetrated far below the surface.

"I am going across to the other side," he went on, "that is, the upper side, as I can see by the look of the bricks that they are soaked with water from behind. If I can get a few of them out, I can make a place where you can

sit comfortably. I will come across to you if you call."

He struck off to the other side. Getting his big clasp-knife out of his pocket, and holding on by one hand to the ledge, he opened the knife with his teeth, and thrust it in between two bricks. As he expected, the mortar had almost perished. He scraped it out all round, but still found it difficult to move the brick, being afraid to use much force, lest he should break his knife. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of pleasure, remembering that he had in the loose pocket of his coat an odd chisel, which he had slipped in there when at work, and had only noticed when he was on his way down to the village. It was some 8ins. long, and of ¾in. steel, and the brick yielded as soon as he thrust it in. He took out two of the lowest bricks, then the two above them. Then, with a considerable effort, he raised himself so that he was able to get his elbow and fore-arm into the hole he had just made above the ledge. He was now able to take down brick after brick. From time to time he spoke cheerfully to the girl, telling her how he was going on:—

"LET YOURSELF SINK UNTIL THE WATER TOUCHES YOUR CHIN. THEN THERE WILL BE NO WEIGHT ON YOUR ARMS."

"I shall soon have a niche for you to sit in," he said. "It is easy work, for the mortar is like putty."

When he had got the bricks out to the height of 3ft., which was as far as he could reach, he began again at the bottom and removed the next tier to the same height.

"Now, Miss Wickham," he said, "I have got your niche ready for you—shall I take you across or will you work round?"

"I will work myself round," she said.

When she got round to the hole he helped her into it.

"Can't you make the hole larger, so that you can sit here too?" she asked.

"No; this brickwork is as rotten as it can be, and were I to move more bricks here, those above might come down with a run. We have done very well so far, so do not let us risk anything. If help does not come soon I will make a place for myself further on."

"But surely they ought to be here by this time," she said. "Boldero ought to have got either to the works or to the village in ten minutes at most. I am sure they would not lose a minute in coming with help."

"You must not build too much on that; I agree with you, help ought to have been here by this time, but he may have lost his way in the fog."

"Then we shall have to wait here all night!" she exclaimed.

"Not as bad as that," he said. "Even if Boldero is really lost, as soon as your father gets back to the village and says you never reached him with his dinner, you may be sure that every man in the place will set out in search of you."

Another ten minutes passed. Maxey was thinking deeply. Presently he moved.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I am going to try and make a sort of ladder by which, even should they not find us, I can get out and fetch help. I don't know that I *can* do it, but I am going to try. I must do it on the opposite side; it is drier there, and the bricks will be stronger. I dare not trust my weight on these."

He crossed and set to work. As he expected, the mortar was harder, but after he had got two or three bricks out, the work became more easy. He first removed two bricks together, then the one above their centre, then two more, and so on. When he could reach no higher from the

water, he shoved his knife deep between two bricks, so as to have something to steady him, and then knelt up, and, holding his knife in one hand, continued the work with the other until he could stand up in the place that he had made. Then he used the ends of the projecting bricks as steps, drove his knife in again as high as he could reach, and so continued the work.

So he toiled on hour after hour. Twice a brick gave way with him and he fell back into the water, and the girl gave a scream of terror, but each time he clambered out again with a laugh. It was autumn, and when he was within 6ft. of the top, darkness closed in.

"Do come down," the girl said. "It must be past six, and help ought to come very soon now; it frightens me to think that you might fall again. Please come down and sit opposite to me."

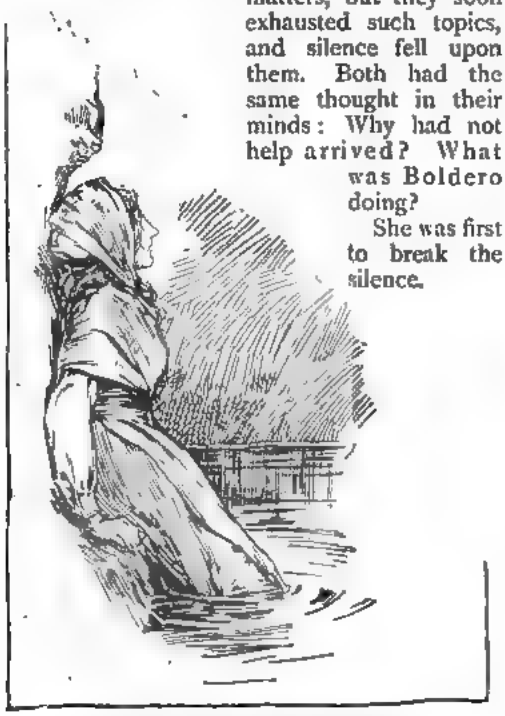
He did as she asked him, not sorry for the rest, for his arms and shoulders ached with the long strain.

"That is right," she said; "now you can talk. In the morning, if help does not come, you can finish the work. I shan't mind stopping here all night if you will talk."

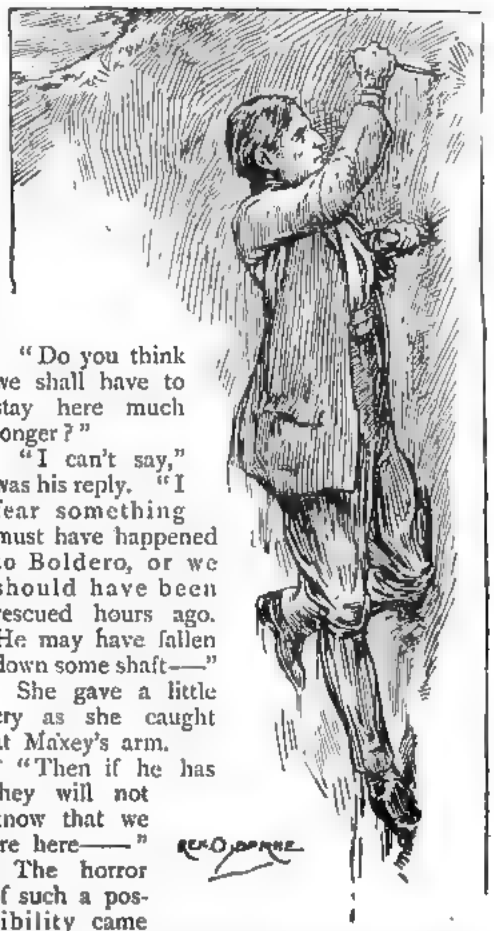
"I am not much of a hand at talking," he said, "but I will do my best."

So he began to chat with her about village matters, but they soon exhausted such topics, and silence fell upon them. Both had the same thought in their minds: Why had not help arrived? What was Boldero doing?

She was first to break the silence.



HE TOILED ON HOUR AFTER HOUR.



"Do you think we shall have to stay here much longer?"

"I can't say," was his reply. "I fear something must have happened to Boldero, or we should have been rescued hours ago. He may have fallen down some shaft——"

She gave a little cry as she caught at Maxey's arm.

"Then if he has they will not know that we are here——"

The horror of such a possibility came full upon her, and her words broke off into a frightened sob.

"They will be sure to find us," rejoined Maxey, in haste. "They are sure to think of this old shaft. All we have to do is to keep up our spirits and wait patiently. If only your strength holds out——"

He stopped speaking. Mary felt his arm drag away from her, and the next moment he fell forward into the water with a heavy splash and thud.

"Mr. Maxey—*Will!*" she cried, "what is the matter?"

There was no answer. Something moved by her feet. She leaned down and grasped at it—'twas Maxey's coat.

Clutching the coat with all her strength she screamed. Maxey had over-exerted himself and fainted. She screamed and screamed again for help. Suddenly, as she, abandoning all hope, felt a dreadful, chilling despair paralysing her mind and body, there was a shout and a bright gleam of light at the mouth of the shaft.

Next she heard her father's voice.

"The lass is down there. Tie the rope round me and give me a torch."

"Oh, father, come quickly—quickly! I can hold him no longer."

"Aye, lass," as they began to lower him, "I'll be quick. But who is it?"

"Will Maxey!"

"*Will Maxey!*"

A few seconds, and he had relieved her of her burden. Another rope was lowered, and Maxey's inanimate body was quickly hauled up. Then Wickham and his daughter followed, many willing hands helping them up to the shaft's mouth.

The torches displayed to those above what sort of work Maxey had been at. When they had brought him to his senses with brisk rubbing and brandy, he told them of his intention.

"I'd have finished it first thing in the morning," he muttered in a dazed way, as they were looking at the ladder he had begun to build. "I had got to within 6ft. of the top."

The men were incredulous, and it was not until they had fastened a torch to a rope and lowered it down that they were able to understand how he had managed it.

"Thou hast got thy head on the right way," one of them said. "If I had been there a hundred years I should never have thought of that plan, though it is simple enough when one sees it."

"I suppose Boldero has not been heard of?" asked Maxey.

"What has Boldero got to do with it?"

"He was here when I jumped in, and I sent him off to get assistance, and, as he did not come, we supposed that he had got altogether lost in the fog."

"He is on the search somewhere," the man said. "We found him in the village when we got back, and he never said nowt about it."

A threatening growl rose among the men.

But Boldero was not found, nor did he ever appear in the village again. He had run off, at first, at the top of his speed, but presently found that he, too, had lost his way, and had no idea of the direction in which he was going. Gradually his pace slackened.

"It's no good," muttered he to himself. "They are both drowned and dead by this time. If I tells about it they will call I a coward—best hold my tongue. Some of them must have seen me go out with the girl, but I shall say that she would have nowt of my company and went on by herself. I don't suppose they will ever find the body. When Maxey is missing they will suppose that she has run off with him."

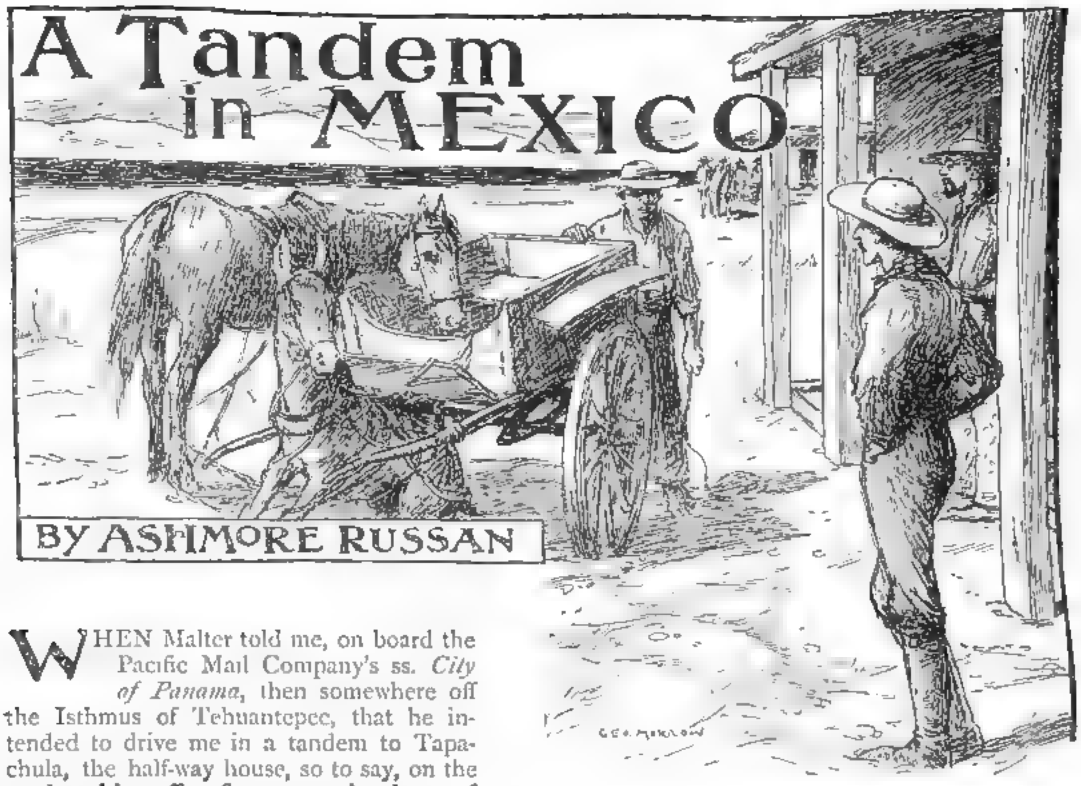
It was, indeed, two hours before he struck the road, and was on his way back to the village. He turned in at once to bed, as he was on a night shift, and lay there until the alarm was given, when he joined with the searchers, taking care, however, to keep as far away as possible from the fatal shaft.

When the cheers told him that those he supposed drowned were found and alive, he extinguished his torch and went off to find work in the Stafford pits.

This was twenty years ago. Will Maxey is now manager and part owner of large engine works in Manchester, and his wife and he sometimes talk over the hours they spent in the old shaft, and thank God for the accident that brought them together.

"HOW'S THAT?"

A Tandem in MEXICO



BY ASHMORE RUSSAN

WHEN Malter told me, on board the Pacific Mail Company's ss. *City of Panama*, then somewhere off the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that he intended to drive me in a tandem to Tapachula, the half-way house, so to say, on the road to his coffee *finca* upon the slopes of Mount Tacana, I looked forward to a new experience.

Having ridden on horseback and muleback, in ramshackle *diligencia* drawn by nine mules, three leaders abreast, four *machos* in the middle, and two at the pole, and in solid-wheeled, springless ox-cart, very many miles in Mexico, I imagined that I was familiar with most methods of travelling in that country, but so far I had seen nothing that could be called a tandem turn-out. The new experience was not long lacking.

In her own good time, the *City of Panama* anchored off the port of San Benito, close to the Guatemalan frontier, and we were presently being pulled ashore in a huge surf-boat, or *lancha*. The crew, a dozen or so of Sambos and Indians, started with oars, but when we reached a buoy just outside the breaking rollers, the sweeps were shipped, and a stout rope, running in a pulley attached to the buoy, was lifted aboard, and secured in a sort of rowlock in the bows.

Thenceforward our progress was a tug of war between the rollers and the crew, the latter assisted by a steam-engine on the beach. The engineer on shore, with his hand on the lever, watched the great waves narrowly, but not more so than the *patron* of the *lancha*, for a mistake might have resulted in a capsize, when passengers, crew, and cargo would have been flung amongst the sharks. But all went well. Each time that a returning foam-capped roller seemed about to swamp us, the *patron* shouted his loudest, the engineer promptly set his engine in motion, the crew tugged at the rope with a will, and over we went into the trough beyond, there to await the next swell, until presently, with one last plunge and kick, the unwieldy *lancha* drove her broad bows into the sandy beach.

We were carried shoulder high on a *silla*, or chair, through the spent but still foaming rollers to the shore, and deposited safely where the sand, dirty and ankle-deep beyond the limit of the waves, was at least dry. Being hungry, we plodded along the beach to the only hotel, which might have made a tolerable barn, but as a guest-house left much to be desired. Judging by the pictures of Garibaldian heroes on the bamboo walls, the proprietor at one time or other had been an Italian; the cooking was Indian, of the *tortilla-frijoles*-capsicum type,

an *olla podrida* of beans and chili pods, with a sprinkling of chicken (so called) and pancakes.

The meal was hardly finished when a great shouting of "*Mula! Caballo!*" (She mule! Horse!) drew us to the door.

"It's the tandem," said Malter. "I guess Antonio and the team have been having a free fight somewhere."

"It looks rather like it," said I, as most certainly it did.

On, or rather in, the sand outside stood a two-wheeled trap, with a small mule between the shafts and a rather tall horse as leader. The mule, with her head up and her forelegs stretched in front of her, was sitting well down in the stern part of the harness. Her attitude said plainly: "If this foolery doesn't end soon, I'll soon end it!" The horse had turned round, and was apparently trying to discover whether the cart contained anything edible. I noticed that the harness was in a dilapidated condition, that the leader's traces were tied to the wheeler's with frayed rope, and that the whip-lash was only about a foot long. It was probably the only tandem turn-out within a thousand miles, and it had been sent to the port to do honour to the stranger—myself. The intention, therefore, was of the very best, but the new experience from the first certainly looked rather alarming.

As we left the hotel, Antonio, the grinning Indian mule-driver who had brought the turn-out to the port, straightened the team with another outburst of "*Mula! Caballo!*" and as soon as the animals were fairly in a line, we scrambled into the cart. Malter took the reins and whip, and added his voice to the Indian's, but the mule refused to move, and the horse, shaking off Antonio, turned short in his tracks and faced us.

"Shoo—shoo!" said Malter, waving the whip in the horse's face.

"*Carramba!*" yelled the Indian, rolling up the right leg of his dirty trousers to the knee. "*Carramba!* Your mothers were pigs!"

That insult, or the whip, started the horse. Standing on his hind-legs, he wheeled, and we went off with a jump, the trap passing over the cable on the beach just as the engine tightened it to haul in another surf-boat. We were lifted up a foot or so, but that was nothing. His head once turned towards home, the horse began to gallop, and at that speed we dodged the scattered Indian huts and gained the track leading to the usual evil-smelling lagoon.

In the dry season the Port of San Benito, like many of the ports on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, is cut off from the interior by a lagoon, alligator infested and most malodorous, for the river, lacking strength to force a way through the bar of sandy beach, and too shallow to flow over it, ends in a stagnant pond of great extent, which can be smelt two or three miles out at sea. Soon after the annual rains have begun, the many similar bars on this coast are generally cut through, and the waters allowed to flow out into the ocean. But the lagoon behind San Benito is spanned at its narrowest part by a plank bridge on trestles. It cost a great many dollars, doubtless, but in Mexican fiscalisation maintenance is frequently ignored; nobody seemed to know, and nobody seemed to care whose business it was to keep the bridge in repair.

We raced up in style, only a post-horn being required to complete our outfit, but just as the leader's hoofs began to pound upon the planks, Malter pulled up with a jerk.

"Somebody'll have to say something sweet to our *Jefe Politico*" (chief of the district), said he. "The bridge has broken down again. I guess we've got to drive through the *laguna*."

An unmistakable gap showed near the middle of the span. Half a dozen ox and mule carts and a score of half naked Indians had halted on the farther side.

"Is the water deep?" I asked, for a huge alligator sprawled on the bank not a hundred yards away, and the snouts of others dotted the yellow lagoon here and there.

"Can't say," Malter answered dryly. "I haven't been in it—yet. I guess we'll soon know, anyhow."

We did, but not immediately, for Antonio, who had come to see us safely over the lagoon, and had kept pace with us somehow, pointed to a dug-out canoe, and volunteered to lead the team across. The fisherman in charge of the dug-out, which was only about 2ft. wide, spread some banana leaves on the bottom for us to sit upon, and we embarked. The cockleshell had no keel, of course, and when, before we had gone fifty yards, Malter jumped to his feet with a yell—it was just touch and go.

"What's the matter?" I cried, striving to keep balance.

"Ants, confound 'em!" was the reply. "There's a big hole in the bows here, and it has been filled up with dirt and leaves; some ants have built a nest in it, and I've been sitting on them!"

He shouted to the Indian, who promptly paddled to the broken bridge, where we scrambled out of the canoe. A boat swarming with angry Central American ants, nearly half an inch long and with jaws to match, was not the sort of craft in which to make even the shortest voyage.

Antonio, holding the leader by the head, floundered up, and we got back into the cart,

ANTONIO DISAPPEARED IN THE MUDDY WATER, KNOCKED OVER LIKE A NINE-PIN, AND THE HORSE STARTED TO PULL HIS HARDEST AT RIGHT ANGLES.

into which the water was running freely.

"Are you sure you know the shallowest part, Antonio?" asked Malter, as he took the reins.

"*Si, señor,*" the man answered, and we started anew. Close to the bridge the water reached to the Indian's waist; it was soon up to his arm-pits, and the mule had only her head, neck, and withers above the surface. I put my feet upon the splash-board. Malter yelled at Indian, horse, and mule indiscriminately.

His Spanish was most fluent and free, but I derived no satisfaction from learning that all three had canine ancestors, more especially as I had seen a big alligator, not many yards away, show its hideous snout for an instant and then disappear without causing a ripple.

Suddenly, just as we reached a shallower part of the lagoon, the mule stood still, laid back her ears, and began to tremble. Malter put away the whip he had been brandishing. He had a pack train on his *finca*, and he knew his mule from A to Z.

"The brute's going to sit down," he said, resignedly. "I'd thrash her, but

she'd only sit down quicker and stop down longer."

The mule sank down in quite a leisurely fashion, and squatted with only her head and neck above the surface. Had the lagoon been less filthy and no alligators about, the situation would have been laughable, but we did not smile even when the horse took it into his head to turn short round once more.

"Oh, you beast!" yelled Malter, striking at him with the whip just as Antonio seized him by the bridle. He plunged, Antonio disappeared in the slimy water—knocked over like a ninepin—and the horse started to pull his hardest at right angles to the proper direction. Had the mule being less obstinate and tried to rise, we must have been overturned. The Indian struggled to his feet, covered with mud, but the horse would not let him approach. Malter dropped the reins.

"Come along!" he cried. "I reckon we've got to take the plunge, and we might as well do it of our own free will. We shall get no wetter and no dirtier."

We were just about to leave the tandem to its fate, and wade or swim to the bridge, beyond the broken part, when we heard a voice urging us to sit still. It was the manager of the *Lancha* Company. Word of our plight had been passed to the port, and Don Bruno had mounted his horse and galloped to our rescue.

He rode into the lagoon, and, coming up, dismounted to save the mule, for though her head now alone remained visible, she showed no sign of getting upon her feet. But the horse was in the way. Don Bruno seized the bridle, and was immediately served as the Indian had been. He rose spluttering, and spitting the filthy water out of his mouth, but good-tempered as ever, and again essayed to save the mule. But in the meantime Malter had caught the bridle of Don Bruno's horse and scrambled out of the cart into the saddle. He promptly rode for the shore, and Don Bruno and I were left alone with the tandem in the lagoon.

The next five minutes were pretty bad ones for me. The noise we made had frightened away the alligators, but I did not know that. The water stank horribly, and every moment, while Don Bruno struggled with the mule, I expected to be flung into it. Great was my relief when an Indian brought back Don Bruno's horse. I left that unlucky cart quite as speedily as Malter had done.

Hardly was I in the saddle when the mule struggled to her feet. She had evidently made up her mind to get rid of us somehow, and having done so, she was perfectly satisfied. But it was a very unlovely team and turn-out that presently clambered up the bank of the lagoon, for horse, mule, and trap alike were thickly coated with black mud.

Don Bruno assisted to mend the harness, which had broken in a great many places, then with a cheerful "*Adios, señores! Hasta mañana!*" (until to-morrow) he rode back through the lagoon to the port to change his clothes, with our heartfelt "*Muchas gracias*" (many thanks) ringing in his ears.

Malter and I wiped the mud from the seat with leaves, and once more essayed to drive the tandem to Tapachula. The road being fairly good at first, we got the team into a gallop, and, urged by various Indian yells, they kept it up for about two miles, when our troubles began again.

The track suddenly became a bog, apparently impassable. To avoid it we left the path and entered the forest, following the trail of travellers who had preceded us. But they most certainly had not been driving tandem. Almost before we were aware of the difficulty of steering our untrained team amongst trees, we came to a stand with a stout sapling wedged in between the step and the offside wheel, and the near wheel hard against a huge wild fig-tree. Round this the horse promptly turned. The tree acted as a lever, and, as the cart could not be moved, something had to give way. The beauty and utility of fastening the leader to the wheeler with frayed cords then became apparent. The ropes broke, and the horse was free except for the reins, which, of course, were also round the tree.

We were at least half an hour in extricating our turn-out and getting back to the road, which we determined not to leave again if all the bogs in Mexico had to be negotiated.

That slough was a mile long, at least. Many a time a capsize was imminent, and often we stuck in the mud, but we reached a fairly good road at length, where Malter firmly declared that our troubles were over.

"I guess we'll have to hurry up, though," he added, looking at the sky, which had grown ominously dark. "The rainy season began a fortnight ago. It starts raining every day at about one o'clock, and sometimes doesn't stop for a week."

Before I could ask how that were possible, Malter looked at his watch.

"Why it's nearly two o'clock now," he cried, and burst into an Apache yell that started the team into a gallop once more.

The yell was followed almost immediately by a thunder-clap, which seemed to shake the earth; then, with no further warning, the rain

came down. There was no shelter. The track now lay over a sort of prairie, bare of trees. The tropical downpour fell in a solid sheet, as if a million buckets of water were being emptied at once. In a moment, almost, we were drenched.

"It'll wash the mud off us, anyway," Malter shouted above the roar of the storm, "but we'll both have fever to-morrow!" He tried to urge on the team, but it was useless. The mule, after the manner of her kind, wanted to back her stern into a bush, and as there was no bush handy, she hung back and thrust it under the splash-board. We allowed the animals to go as they pleased. It was not possible for us to get any wetter.

"How far is it now to Tapachula?" I shouted presently.

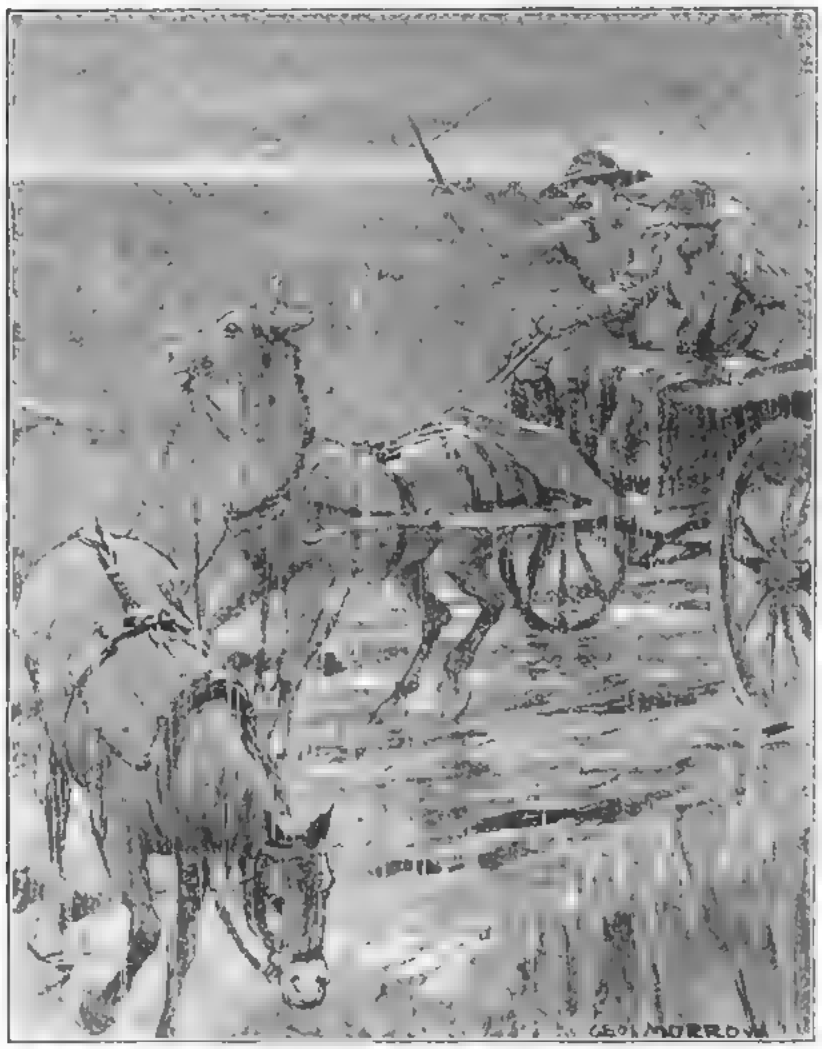
"Under four leagues," was the answer.

Four leagues may mean almost any distance in Mexico—twelve miles, fifteen, or even twenty miles. One so-called league that I have ridden over could not have been less than eight miles long. The native who will tell the rider of a good horse that it is three leagues to a given place will tell the next traveller, mounted on a donkey, that it is six. As Malter generally rode pretty good cattle, he would be sure to under-estimate the distance, and I judged that we had at least fourteen miles to cover.

"There's an Indian *ranche* half a league ahead," he went on.

"Then for goodness sake let us get there!" I cried.

By dint of screaming ourselves hoarse, the whip being too short to reach the horse, therefore almost useless, we got the team into a jog-trot, and in about half an hour arrived at the *ranche*, a cluster of three bird-cages, thatched with fronds of the cocoanut palm. Leaving the cart under a big mango tree we ran for better shelter.



BY SCREAMING OURSELVES HOARSE, WE GOT THE TEAM INTO A JOG-TROT.

When the traveller in Mexico needs food or a roof to rest under he will seldom lack either if he can strike an Indian *ranche*. Not that the Indian is more hospitable than the white Mexican or the Spaniard. Everywhere the best that the house contains is the stranger's; and "All is at your disposal, sir," is no mere form of speech meaning little. But the Indian is nearly always poor, and the parable of the widow's mite applies.

The *ranchero* was not at home, but his wife

hastened to light a fire and cook a meal of eggs and chicken. While the meal was being got ready she gave us *aguardiente* and cigars. We sat on low stools, each rudely carved in resemblance of a horse. The floor was of earth, the walls of sticks, and, save the stools and a hide bed, there was no furniture except a rough table strewn with flowers, above which hung, nailed to the wall, a gaudy picture of the virgin—"Maria Dolorosa." This was the altar of the household. The meanest hut is seldom without it.

The *ranchero* came in while we were eating, and asked a great many questions, not very practical, but his proposal to lengthen the lash of our whip by adding thereto about four feet of deerskin thong was practical enough, and instantly accepted.

At the first pause in the downpour we made a fresh start, and, as Malter could now reach the leader with the whip, our prospects of arriving at Tapachula before night seemed greatly improved. But we had scarcely proceeded a mile when the rain came on again as bad as before, half blinding us, so that it was impossible to see the track more than a few yards beyond the leader's head. Descending a rather steep hill, we were brought to with a jerk. A friendly tree had intervened just in time to save us from a struggle for life in a swollen torrent. With difficulty we found the ford and got across. But there was no life left in the team. It was impossible to get them to trot, so, at a funeral walk, with drooping haunches and noses almost touching the ground, they plodded slowly on mile after mile, until we arrived at a big *hacienda* on the roadside a league or so short of our destination. Malter steered the leader through the gateway into the yard.

"I've had enough of this," he said. "We're at Los Cerritos, and I guess we are going to stop here for the night."

Asking no one's permission, we just ran into the big *casa* as we had done into the Indian's *ranche*. In hospitality Mexico is, indeed, hard to beat. No one demanded our business. The manager of the *hacienda* sent our worn-out team to the stable, and without more ado conducted us to his chamber, where he placed the whole of his wardrobe at our disposal. Not content with this, Señor Grice despatched an Indian *vaquero* to Tapachula. The man galloped off through the blinding rain, and in a very short time returned accompanied by a friend of Malter's carrying in his saddle-bag a bottle of "Martell's" brandy.

At sight of the bottle Malter's face lit up.

"We're saved!" he said. "I guess we'll have no fever to-morrow, after all."

Our aspect, as we climbed the verandah steps to dinner was not picturesque, for Malter's trousers were about a foot too short and mine many inches too long, but we were dry, happy, and grateful.

In the morning I borrowed a horse from Señor Grice for the remainder of the journey. Malter, who on the road had vowed again and again that he would drive the tandem to Tapachula or die in the attempt, got into the cart. He arrived safely, but if through some catastrophe Mexico should be suddenly swept bare of all means of locomotion, except tandem horses and mules, I think Malter would travel on foot for the rest of his days.

THE YOUNG MAN OF TO-DAY.

By a Young Man's Sister.

On the whole, he is rather nice. I mean the young *man* of to-day, not the conceited fop, whose whole interest in life is centred in having his collars as high as possible, nor yet the conceited genius who is above wearing any collar at all. I speak of the young man whose collars and whose brains are of medium extent and amount, with nothing abnormal about them.

The modern young man is a healthy animal. It is a pity to censure him too severely for his weakness for sport. It at least leads him to spend a certain amount of his time in the fresh air, and so is an excusable weakness in these days of crowded workshops and stuffy offices.

The young man of to-day not only likes to watch the development of other men's muscles, but also likes to develop his own. In any place which boasts both a reading-room and a gymnasium, you will find the latter patronized much more extensively than the former by the young men of the neighbourhood. This is natural and as it should be. The young man finds he can "rejoice in his youth" much more effectively by attending to the cultivation of his biceps, than to that of his brain. He tries to obtain a healthy body, and then, of necessity, his mind is healthy, and therefore capable of being broadened in the after days, when his affection for exercise shall be subordinated to a love of study.

If you are to believe all you read and hear, the young man of to-day is not nearly so prone to falling in love as was the young man of yesterday. It can well be understood that the girl of to-day has something to do with this. I should say it is not so easy to make love to the girl who plays cricket and tennis and golf, as it was to the young lady with the drooping ringlets and the champagne bottle shoulders. Fancy whispering tender nothings to a girl whose conversation is not entirely free from a hint of her school-boy brother's slang! It must indeed be a very discouraging business.

The young man of this generation is not a particularly thrifty individual. If he thinks less about love, he thinks less about marriage, and therefore less about the necessity of saving his money. Modern young men—those of the middle class, at least—do not marry at nearly so early an age as the men of yesterday did. Besides, nowadays there are so many things a young man can spend his money on—pleasures and hobbies, for instance, which, if they do not necessarily lead to vice, yet involve great expenditure. As a rule, the modern young man believes in enjoying his youth to the utmost—a laudable principle indeed, but one which is very apt to become outrageous. The modern young man would take it as a greater insult to be called a "miser" than to be called a "spendthrift," and he does not always see that there is a happy mean between these two extremes.

His own nature, and the fashion of the times, both tend to make the young Britisher hide his true feelings to an extent which excites the horror and astonishment of romantic females and gushing foreigners. But his feelings are there all the same, and on the rare occasions when he condescends to display them, they are much more awe-inspiring than they would be if he were always frittering away his tenderness and enthusiasm on unworthy objects. The young Britisher of to-day is every bit as brave as were his ancestors. He is, as a rule, too cool and level-headed to actually wish to court death, but when it is his duty to face it, he advances to meet it gallantly.

The modern young man has his faults, and they are really too numerous to be mentioned in detail. He is often thoughtless, dogmatic, inconsiderate of the feelings of others, ashamed, to a degree which is almost cowardly, of showing tenderness and affection, extremely apt to laugh at the outward indication of virtue, although he honours it in his heart of hearts. Sometimes, also, he is sadly deficient in moral courage. He, perhaps, would not tell a lie, or do anything actively dishonest; but he is mortally afraid of being laughed at for having done any good action which his companions might consider quixotic; and he would rather tacitly deceive them than confess. But, as I said before, the young man of to-day is rather nice, and I for one would be charitable, and would heartily acknowledge his virtues, while I ascribe his faults to the exigencies of the times.

JUNGLY ACHIEVES THE IMPOSSIBLE

Written and illustrated by **E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS**

WHILST out shooting we see a strange fakir. Jungly declares him to be an Englishman disguised. Having made his way through an almost impassable morass to an island in the centre, the fakir is unable to find his way out, and is dying of hunger when Jungly and myself rescue him. He is still with us, and convalescent, when two sergeants come into our camp on the look-out for a deserter. The fakir disappears; the sergeants suspect him, and want me to take them to the island on which we found him. I make the attempt, and am engulfed in the morass.

PART II.

WHEN I came to, it was with the indistinct impression that I was sitting in a tub of ice-cold water—a punkha playing on a damp skin can produce the sensation.

I opened my eyes, and they rested on a large red face, with purple blotches floating in a misty atmosphere. Where was I? Oh! of course—South Kensington Art School, looking at an impressionist sketch by that ass Jenkins—he never saw anything but the ugly blotches in nature. I closed my eyes as a relief—then I heard voices and started up: Jenkins's sketch became a reality in the person of Sergeant Topman.

There were also Sergeant Burke and Jungly alongside my bed, and I was in my tent. Then the whole horrible business of being suffocated in that bog came back to me. I wanted to sit up and ask questions, but, at the first effort, the faces before me smudged together like a spoilt canvas, and a steady click, clack inside my head was all I could hear. Two days after I was much better, and learnt that it was Sergeant Burke who had saved my life. Topman was close behind me, when he saw me suddenly swallowed up by the ground under my feet. Starting back in terror, he slipped, and narrowly escaped a similar fate. Burke, however, leaped across his prostrate body, and, making a grab at my field-glass case, clutched the strap. Then it was as much as those two strong men, aided by Jungly, who apparently dropped from the clouds, could do to tear me from the death embrace of that murderous slime, which clung to me like a black shroud, even after they succeeded in dragging me forth.

After dinner, in the evening of the third day, when the sergeants were sitting outside beyond hearing, and smoking, I beckoned to Jungly to come near me.

"What have you done with the fakir?" I asked.

"The soldier sahib is quite safe, sir," he answered. "He is now hiding in the tomb upon the island, and I take him his food every night."

"At night!" I exclaimed, aghast. "Impossible! You, with all your cleverness, could never manage to find your way over that awful morass on these dark nights."

"I of myself could not, sahib," he replied, "but there are the little people who help me with their lanterns, for I could not take one of ours without the sergeants seeing it from afar. The red-faced one is always watching me, for he suspects something."

I knew Jungly did not believe in spirits or fairies, so I was still more puzzled.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Who helps you?"

"It is a simple matter, sir. Since the last rains there have been thousands of glow-worms in the ravine near the camp. These I collected

in a basket—many hundreds—and, going by stealth early the next morning, I left them on the path through the morass. It is a sticky place, where they can't crawl, so that at night they shine and show me the way. But it is still dangerous, for they die quickly and leave gaps, and I have to put fresh ones every night to make sure."

"Well done!" I exclaimed, but I wondered in my mind whether there was anything so utterly impossible which Jungly couldn't find a way to accomplish.

While we were still speaking I heard stealthy footsteps by the tent wall. Somebody was standing very quietly close against it, evidently trying to hear what we were talking about. Jungly lifted the edge of the canvas a couple of inches, and discovered the fat ammunition boot of Sergeant Topman, who, therefore, heard nothing for his pains.

That evening the rain came down in torrents, and I thought of the poor glow-worms floating about in the jheel.

The sergeants were seated at the table near the lamp, and Jungly sat in the darkness near the tent door. I looked at him meaningly, but Topman was on the watch. Jungly caught my eye, then looked away immediately; but a moment after, the little finger of his right hand rose slowly, which meant—in that universal language of signs which is known to the savages of both hemispheres alike—"It is impossible." Topman's eyes were fixed on him, but fortunately Tommy Atkins does not understand these things.

The rain fell heavily all night, and a great fear began to rise in my mind. Should a few inches be added to the water in the jheel it would submerge the morass, and how would Jungly take food to poor Leonard, or get him off the island? In the morning my worst fears were realised, for the water covered all the bog. Sergeant Topman saw it also, and it seemed to afford him much satisfaction. Evidently he thought it was the next best thing to a rope for Leonard to be starved to death on the island.

"It's a murderous place," said Burke, pensively, as he looked at the Kala Jheel - now a lake of ink with black vegetation struggling through the water.

"There'll be no path through that bloomin' jheel for another week, I bet," remarked Topman, and then, speaking as if he were thinking aloud, he said, "'E's done it this time, 'e 'as. By the time 'e's nearly starved to death the flood will come and finish 'is business, for there's going to be a thundering lot more rain yet."

"Whom are you speaking of?" I asked.

"Oh, nothink, nothink!" he answered. "I was only thinkin'. And now, sir, as the rain is like to 'old off for to-day, I think we'll make tracks to the cantonments; to tell yer straight, we should 'ave been there by this. I've got to guard some treasure—a few lacs of rupees that the Maharajah of Lal Kundar is lending the British Government. But it's on the strict Q.T., and I, with ten men, 'ave got to fetch it along in grain carts."

"Take care of the dacoits," I said, laughing. "Ghazee Khan has been very active lately."

"I ain't afraid of any bloomin' niggers; I could settle a dozen of them single 'anded, I bet."

I wished them good-bye, and once again thanked them for pulling me out of the bog, and their kindness to me after. But my thanks would have been more heartfelt if I could have dissociated Topman in my mind from some hungry tiger baulked of his prey I knew his suspicions almost amounted to a certainty that we were hiding Leonard in the Kala Jheel, and his silent rage was obvious to everybody. I doubt if he could have torn himself away when he did had he not been assured that it was all up with anybody on the island.

The sergeants out of sight, I turned helplessly towards Jungly, but the fixed expression of his face made me fear that the case was hopeless.

"Can nothing be done to save the poor fellow?" I asked.

But Jungly still remained silent.

"Couldn't we make a raft?" I suggested.

"The water only covers the bog by an inch or two," he replied shortly.

For half an hour Jungly sat with his eyes fixed on the flooded marsh without speaking a word. Then he asked suddenly:—

"Could the sahib hit a flying bird with his rifle so as not to hurt it beyond breaking a wing?"

Now, of all the questions in the world, this was the last I would have expected from Jungly—to have asked me anything so trifling and remote from the serious matter in hand.

I did not answer, but my face must have betrayed my thoughts, for Jungly added, "It may perhaps help me to liberate the soldier sahib."

So utterly hopeless seemed the matter that I did not care to ask what he intended doing, but mechanically I took up a rifle and a few ball cartridges, and followed Jungly down to the edge of the jheel; and not without an effort, for I was still feeling far from strong. He there selected a spot where a few bushes, thinly growing, formed a screen, behind which we stood. Then Jungly, putting his hands to his

mouth, produced the call of the sarus—the red-headed crane. The plaintive cry rang over the waters again and again, and there was no result. Jungly paused, disheartened; then again he gave the cry, with a slight variation, and, looking through my glasses, I saw a sarus leave the island and fly in our direction.

"Keep close to the bush," said Jungly. "Don't let the bird see you, and fire when it is overhead, but only break a wing."

Attracted by Jungly's imitation of the male bird's cry the female came on straight to us. It was an easy thing to hit the broad mark of those wide-spread wings, and I lightly touched the shoulder of the bird, so that it fell stunned, though the wound was only skin-deep. Jungly immediately seized it and tied its wings to prevent it flying, and also tied a string to one of its legs.

"That was a clever imitation of yours," I said.

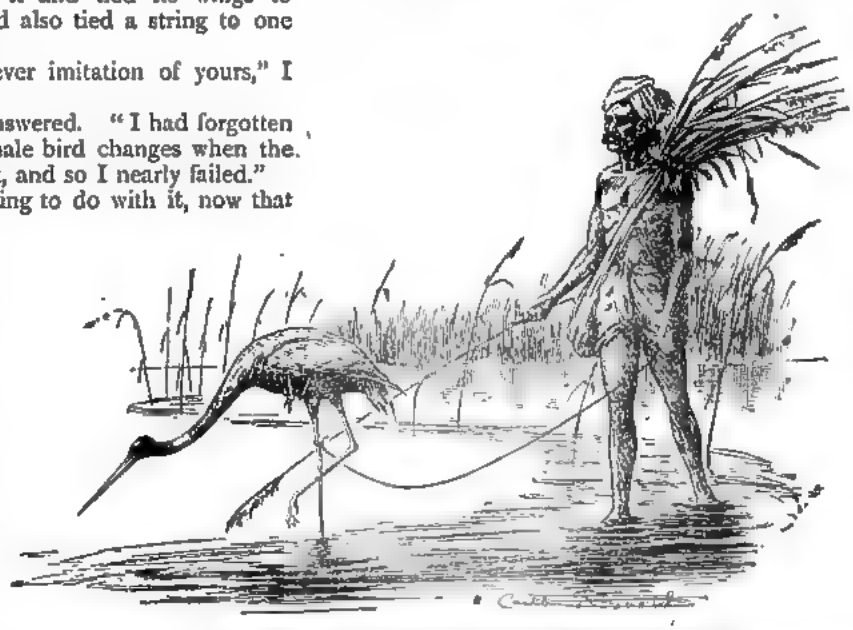
"Not very," he answered. "I had forgotten that the cry of the male bird changes when the female is on the nest, and so I nearly failed."

"What are you going to do with it, now that you've caught the bird?"

"I think, sahib, as it has its nest and eggs on the island, perhaps it can show me how to wade there."

So impossible did it seem to me that anyone could reach the island in the present state of the bog, that Jungly's marvellous ingenuity in devising such a scheme never occurred to me. It appeared one of those wild, impracticable things people will sometimes suggest as a forlorn hope, and I offered no comment. Jungly quietly tethered the sarus to a bush, and began collecting the silver-tufted reeds of the surput grass, till he had a bundle of some hundreds. These he slung over his shoulder, and, taking the sarus to where the path began across the jheel, he attempted to drive it forward, but the wild bird broke back in terror, and would not face the water. Jungly then picked it up, and, wading out some distance to where the path narrowed, he put it down before him and drove it forward. The bird, finding it was impossible to get to land in one direction, now seemed to think it could escape in the other, and began very slowly and cautiously to wade through the water. With its long neck outstretched it advanced, its crimson head and ivory bill poking from right to left in close investigation as it went; occasionally it thrust its bill into the black water, as if to make sure there was ground beneath. Jungly followed closely, and at every few feet stuck a reed upright into the hidden path, till his progress across the lake was marked by a long line of silvery flags waving in the breeze. The water did not reach to his ankles, and it looked from a distance as if he and the sarus were walking on the surface of the inky lake.

By degrees my disbelief vanished, and suddenly the magnificent daring of the man struck



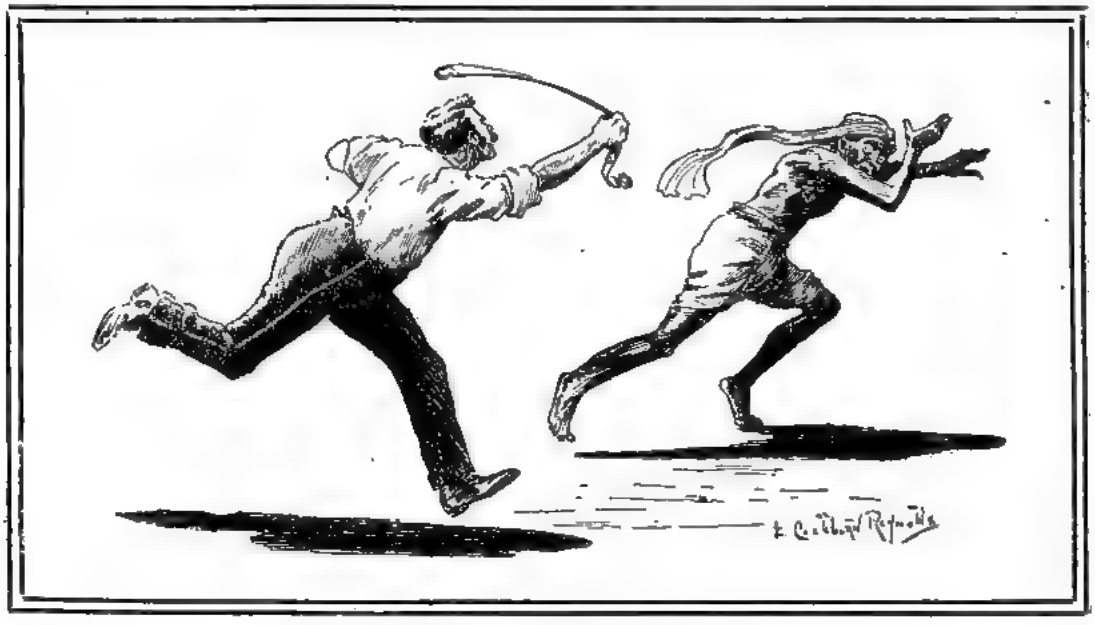
IT BEGAN VERY SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY TO WADE THROUGH THE WATER.

me. To think he was jeopardising his life to save a compatriot of mine, and that his existence hung on that thinnest of threads—the instincts of a bird! But Jungly's belief in the superior reasoning powers of the animal was implicit, and the result of the experiment showed he was right. Yet I stood watching them with my heart in my mouth, expecting every moment to see one or the other disappear into the grave I had escaped from.

By slow degrees they crept across the Kala Jheel. When they were more than half across I saw Leonard, through my field glasses, come to the edge of the island and wave a piece of cloth in the air, to encourage Jungly, no doubt. But Jungly signed him to retire before the bird took

fright, an event which would, no doubt, have given a most disastrous ending to the relief expedition. Eventually they reached the island, where Jungly gave the bird its well-earned liberty, and, after a little rest, set out on the return journey with Leonard, who brought his bamboo cash-box with him.

We were seated outside my tent after dinner in the early night, and smoking. Leonard had transformed himself from a Hindoo fakir into a private of Her Majesty's army. The long beard had been shaved away, but the brown stain of the walnut was not so easily got rid of. He was delighted to throw off his turban for



TOPMAN WAS AFTER HIM WITH A BELT.

a forage cap, and don his tunic again, which, together with shirt, trousers, and ammunition boots, formed the contents of his precious bundle.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of my servants to see the fakir disappear in the English soldier.

"From the beginning, sir?" asked Leonard.

"Yes, from the very beginning," I answered. "I am sure I have not been screening a would-be murderer from justice. Yet, until I hear all the facts of the case, my mind won't be entirely easy on the subject."

"Well, sir, it was my bad luck to upset Sergeant Topman one day, when he was thrashing a poor punkha coolie to death," commenced Leonard. "The poor fellow got away, but Topman was after him with a belt, swacking into his naked back as hard as he could with the buckle end. As the poor wretch ran past us, hollering for mercy, I stuck out the toe of my boot—as it might be done in turning to see the row—but it brought Topman down with his face in a heap of kunkur, and you know that gravel bites sharp.

"Topman's purple face was no prettier for them perforations, and the claret ran from his nose fast. He was that furious he came for me like a mad dog. But my pals held him off, and said it was done accidental, as no doubt they thought. I never said anything to excuse myself. So he was obliged to slink off, threatening to have vengeance some day. After that he put his spite on me, and tried to bully me whenever he had the chance, but I always spoke up for myself, and that only made matters worse, and riled him till he could hardly keep his hands off me at times.

"One very hot day I was on sentry outside the guard-room. The sun was that hot I couldn't touch the barrel of my Martini, and I wondered the heated powder didn't go off of itself. The dust covered my accoutrements till they were all khaki colour, and my throat was as dry as a lime kiln. I thought to myself I would

just step into the shade of the verandah—which you know is not against regulations—and cool down a bit. I had hardly been there a minute when Sergeant Topman comes along.

"'Get out o' that, yer lazy, skulkin' hound!' he yells at me, and worse names that I couldn't repeat, in his Whitechapel talk. 'Yer beat's out 'ere, an' if you can't stand the sun, go to the colonel's ayah and get a parasol, and I'll 'ave yer photigraff took when yer 'ave got some of the muck washed off your face and clothes.'

"When a man's been on beat three hours in a July sun, and his head and eyes seem bursting with the hot blood in them, he can't think very calmly, no matter what the subject. So when Topman brought his ugly head round the corner, and started badgering and snarling at me, his words maddened me like boiling oil poured on my head. I jumped off the verandah and faced him.

"'Look here, sergeant,' I sez—but what I was going to say I can't remember, for I grounded my Martini with such force that the heel plate rang on the kunkur, and the next moment I was stunned by the report of my rifle and the flash of the powder in my eyes. The next thing I knew was Topman lying on his back in the roadway, yelling '*Murder!*' his face all black with powder. At first I thought he had been hit by accident. The guard turned out, and Topman swore I had tried to shoot him, so I was arrested. But one of the men picked up Topman's helmet, and there was a hole through the rim, just over the eyes, showing that the bullet that did it must have travelled straight upward, and, as I was not more than two feet from Topman the powder blackened my tunic a bit also, which should have proved the position of the rifle when it went off. But Topman swore I pointed it at him and fired, and, as all knew there was bad blood between him and me, he was believed. So I was put into the guard-room to await court martial.

"Now it happened that a couple of days before we had captured a band of dacoits, and it had taken every handcuff and leg-iron we had to make them safe on their trip to the district gaol. There was just one pair of handcuffs left, and that was out of order. So, while they went to the farrier's shop to be repaired, I had my limbs free, at least. The room I was in hadn't a window, and it was stifling hot that night; and the heat must have turned my head a bit, for all I could think of was getting out into the cool night air. The place once belonged to the commissariat sergeant, who had used this room as an office, and the punkha ropes were still hanging there. Suddenly it struck me they were the road to liberty and cool air.

"It would have been better for me if I had let them alone, and faced Topman at the court-martial, for I might have now been a free man again, and not being hunted about like a mad dog, and dreaming of nights of standing blindfold before the muzzles of a dozen rifles, waiting to hear the report of my own death. But bad luck was uppermost, and, without waiting to think, I seized the loose end of a punkha rope and climbed up hand over hand. I reached the ceiling cloth and slashed it open with my knife, then, creeping through, found myself on the main joist. It was as black as the tomb above the ceiling cloth. I lit a match, just to get the hang of the beams and the direction of the wall-tops, for as you know, sir, it is only one wall that runs up to the thatch in a bungalow—the others stop at the ceiling cloth. Then I sat there a moment to think. If I cut my way through the thatch on the side nearest me I would be nabbed by the sentry. The drop from the edge of the thatch was about 16ft., and the noise of my boots on the gravel would be heard a long way. Then I remembered on one side of the bungalow there was a mango tree, and its branches almost touched the thatch. It would be easy to climb into the tree, and to slip down when the sentry was at the other end of his beat. To get to that side of the house I had now to creep along a joist just over the guard-room, and I could hear the chaps talking and skylarking under me, as I crept along a beam about 10ins. wide in black darkness—for I daren't light a match, as it might be seen through some hole in the ceiling cloth. Just one slip, and I would have plunged through the cloth and on to the heads of the fellows 18ft. below.

"Suddenly one of the chaps called out:—

"'Hist! What's that noise?'

"My boot had scraped loudly against the wooden beam.

"'Only a rat on the ceiling cloth,' said another. 'Heave your boot at it!' and the next minute a heavy ammunition boot came tearing through the cloth within an inch of my head, and fell back into the room again through another part of the rotten canvas.

"They yelled and laughed at the school-boy prank, but they didn't know how nearly that shot had done for a pal. I crept along again, very slowly and carefully—that beam seemed a hundred yards in length. At last I got to the wall; then I turned at right angles, and went along the top of it till I came to the thatch. It wasn't an easy matter cutting through the network of bamboos, on which the straw was laid,

but at last I got my head out of the roof and looked round. There was a thick branch of the mango tree within easy reach, but I could hear the steady footstep of the sentry. Presently he stops and challenges. 'Bombay,' said the

THERE WAS A BRANCH OF A MANGO TREE WITHIN EASY REACH.

man—an officer coming home late from the civil lines, and passed along.

"'That will be useful,' thought I. When the sentry went to the other end of his beat I crawled through the thatch, and, seizing a branch of the mango tree, I climbed up into the foliage, and then, when I got the chance, I slipped down and ran along the cantonment road, stopping in the shadows to make sure the coast was clear. As I passed the cavalry lines I saw a light in the farrier's workshop and looked in. There were two blacksmiths hard at work, one shoeing a horse and the other forging a shoe. This was exceptional, as it was about 12.30. Then I remembered there was going to be a review early next morning, and as there had not been sufficient warning the shoes were being fixed at this late hour. One of the farriers had left his forage cap on the post to which one of the horses was tethered, and I bagged it, for I was bareheaded. I also noticed something else that made me feel inclined to laugh, and that was the handcuffs—to which a new head had been forged—lying beneath the anvil. Outside the workshop half a dozen horses were standing, whose shoes wanted looking to. One, an officer's horse, had saddle and bridle on, while the syce in charge of it lay snoring on his cloth. The temptation to jump on its back and ride hard for freedom was very strong, only I knew that I would soon be nabbed. Then an idea occurred to me, and, taking a horse blanket, I cut out four squares from it and some long strips. Then I fastened a square of blanket on each hoof of the officer's horse and led him away, without more sound than a camel would have made. Then, jumping on its back, I cantered off, while the syce slept on soundly. I had to pass a sentry on the bounds of the cantonments, and, putting the blanket round my shoulders to hide the infantry uniform and to look like a cloak, I passed him safely, giving the countersign. And now the seriousness of what I had done came home to me all of a sudden. I had deserted, and could never get straight with the regiment again, but my thoughts were cut short when I heard the quick trot of Colonel Branscombe's Burmah tat approaching. He would discover me in another minute. I was in the black shade of a mango tree, but that was not sufficient. I jumped off in a second, and growled at the horse to lie down, and struck him behind the knees. He obeyed immediately; he had been taught that trick in frontier warfare. Throwing the blanket over him I crept under it also. The trap came up at a spanking pace.

"'See that buffalo?' cried the colonel to the friend with him, as he passed within ten feet of me. 'I ran over one in this same place one dark night, and lamed my pony. Its owner should be horse-whipped for his carelessness.'

"He was soon gone, and I looked round for the buffalo, but, of course, there was none. Then I removed the mufflers from the horse's feet and set off at a gallop, not thinking where I was going or what I intended to do.

"The moon shone splendidly, and there was a gentle breeze. Before long, however, I heard the hoof-beat of a horse galloping behind me. I listened intently, and then I was sure there were two. Then, suddenly, the great fear of capture came upon me, and I galloped my horse as fast as I could make it go. It was a fine-spirited half-Arab, and for two hours it kept up a wonderful pace. Then its breathing became sharp and painful; it began to limp, having a loose shoe, and I reined up. My pursuers must have been left miles behind.

"I now thought it was time to form some idea of where I should go and what I should

do. This was difficult, as a deserter would meet with little sympathy at the hands of natives always ready to get on good terms with the Government.

"The best plan I could devise was to go to the Independent State of the Rajah of Lal Kundar, and see if he would employ me to drill his army. Of course, I wouldn't let on I was a deserter, but say I had completed my service in some regiment at the other side of India. Then, if this failed, I might sell my horse, and, disguised as a native, travel to Bombay, and try and work my passage home.

"I had five whole rupees in my pocket—a wonderful thing for me. I had sold a bull pup to a young sub the day before for ten rupees, and that was all which remained. I hid in the day, and at evening went into the nearest village and bought a few chappaties or hand-cakes and a lump of gur or coarse sugar, or sometimes kabobs, and travelled all the night. The Rajah's palace, as you know, is about four days' journey on horseback from our station. The third night, as I was riding along, a horseman suddenly barred the road and cried:—

"'Halt!—who com dar?' and before I could answer half-a-dozen mounted men came out of the jungle on either side of the road. The moonlight shone on their rifles, and I was fairly nabbed by a band of dacoits. Their chief seemed a fine, soldierly looking chap.

"Having heard that their leaders are often chivalrous fellows, I told the jemadar the facts of the case.

"'It was well done, my brother,' he remarked. 'A thousand times better to have thy freedom than die at the hands of the sweeper hangman, or eat thy heart out behind the bars of a cage. But now what are you going to do?'

"I then told him my plan of going to the Rajah of Lal Kundar.

"'Alas!' cried the jemadar, 'the jackal and lion are great friends this season, and the Rajah would give you up to the Government at once.' This rather bowled me over. 'What do you advise?' I asked.

"'Brother, as you have laid your heart bare to me, I will do likewise,' he answered. 'I, too, was a Sepoy of the Government, and I, too, deserted because of striking my sergeant, who disgraced me in the eyes of the whole regiment. But he is toasting in the fires of Jehunnum this moment, for my blow was with a knife. So I took to the road, and if my brother is wise he will join me, and earn an income twice that of a colonel sahib. I have a band of sixty jawans, who are all picked men,' he added, 'good horsemen, and good shots, and if the sahib, my brother, will take joint command with me, we will become invincible.'

"I was now in such a hopeless fix that I was thankful to find any refuge open to me, and I at once agreed to become a captain of the dacoits.

"We travelled along the road a bit, and then struck out across country, through thick jungle and rocky defiles. On the evening of the next day we emerged from a gloomy gorge to find ourselves in a valley, in the centre of which a huge square rock rose above a hundred feet from the plain, isolated on all but one side from the hills surrounding the valley. We came close to the face of the rock, and then dismounted; when the jemadar said to me:—

"'The sahib will take no offence if we blind-

"HALT! WHO COM DAR?"

fold him for a short space, for until we are of one blood it is wise to keep secret the entrance to our fortress.'

"A cloth was tied over my eyes, and I felt we were forcing our way through bushes; then we entered the rock by a narrow passage that widened into a large room, to judge by the sound. This was a stable, I was soon informed by my nose. Then again we climbed through a narrow passage and reached another large

cavern. Then there were a good many more rough-hewn steps, and I felt fresh air, my eyes were uncovered, and I found I was in a little village of stone-walled huts, at the top of a table rock, connected with the hills on one side by a narrow neck of land. The rock was a natural fortress, but the genius of the dacoit leader had made it a second Gibraltar. Suddenly a story I had heard of a similar place came to my mind, and I asked :—

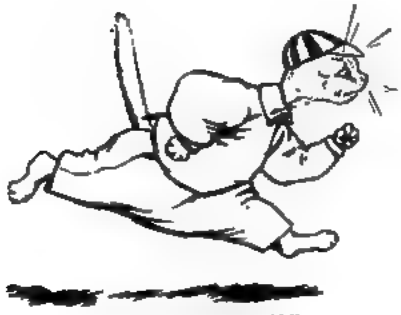
"'By what name am I to call my brother?'

"He answered simply, 'Ghazee Khan.'

"*Ghazee Khan!* The notorious outlaw whose name made men tremble from Pindi to Bombay, from the Hindu Khush to Benares—the terror of the Punjab, whose sagacity had outwitted the Government times without number, who had committed uncountable robberies and murders, and on whose head there was set a reward of ten thousand rupees.

"Imagine my horror at finding I had allied myself with such a man!"

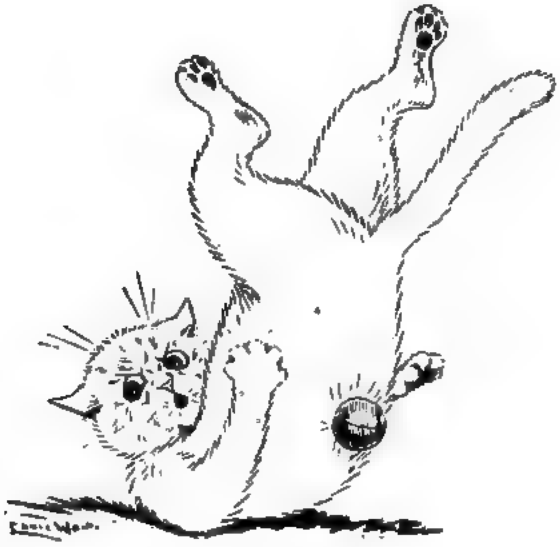
(To be concluded.)



SAVING THE BOUNDARY.

WHO SAID BREAD-BASKET?

PAW BEFORE!



WELL STOPPED, SIR!

THE EGG OF DUCK.

A PAGE FROM MR. LOUIS WAIN'S SKETCH BOOK.

"HALL'S MOTHER."

An Oxford Story.

By A. Grozier Herbertson. Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

THE HON. HUGH DEAN-HEDLEY was packing. The process was a simple one, as performed by him. A massive travelling-trunk stood in the middle of the room, and round this he moved in an irregular circle, pitching into its yawning mouth such articles as he fancied were his property, as he went.

The afternoon light, striking in clear flashes through the narrow windows, fell upon a disorder of garments, pipes, sheets of music, photographs, and other objects of a similar description. It fell, too, upon the owner's young face, which was lit up with a boisterous delight, and yet now and again touched with a quick regret, as he pilgrimaged about his apartment. For him, life in the old university city was over, and he hailed the fact with satisfaction. When a twinge of regret caught him he was surprised. The best of life was before him, he decided, and he could not see why he should experience a qualm in turning his back for the last time upon the grey old city with its sleepy streets and ghostly glooms.

DEAN-HEDLEY STARED AT HER

He tossed a delf tobacco jar in the direction of the débris in the middle of the room, but it struck against the side of the trunk, and shivered into fragments.

"Well, I'm hanged! That's the fifth!" said the Hon. Hugh Dean-Hedley.

Indeed, the various articles upon the floor were strewn over with portions of chinaware of various shapes and colourings. The packer regarded them with some rue.

At that moment a white-aproned maid appeared at the door.

"There's a person wishes to see you, sir. I told her you were busy; but she seems anxious."

"Oh, hang! Who is it? I can't have her in here, you know." He rumpled his hair irritably.

"I don't think she would mind, sir. Mrs. Hall, her name is. She seems anxious to see you."

"Hall? I don't know any Mrs. Hall! Who is she? Oh, well, show her up. I suppose I'll miss my train, anyway." He began to regret that he had elected to do his packing himself, and in his sitting-room.

When Mrs. Hall appeared, he felt angry. She was a grey-haired woman in deep, but dowdy, mourning. She dropped him an old-fashioned curtsey on entering, to the great amusement of the maid-servant, and seemed uncertain how to address him.

Dean-Hedley wondered if he had forgotten to

pay his laundress, so that she was honouring him with a visit in consequence. It seemed unlikely, but he could think of no other niche in which to place his visitor.

He paused with his arms full of miscellaneous garments from the floor.

"I don't know what you want," he grumbled, "but you had better be sharp and out with it. I haven't a second to spare." He threw his load into the trunk, and crushed it down crossly.

His visitor did not reply at once, and he saw with more surprise that she was trembling with nervousness. He pulled out a chair curtly, and beckoned her into it.

She sat down, after some hesitation. The rusty plumes on her bonnet were dancing with the tremors that shook her. "I'm sure it's very kind of you, sir, to see me, seein' you didn't know who I was. I couldn't explain to the gel. You see, I'm 'All's mother, sir."

Dean-Hedley stared at her. He wondered who the deuce Hall might be, and why his mother had come to see *him*.

"Hall?" he said hazily. He was trying to conjure up some memory in connection with the name.

"Yes, sir: Frederick 'All, sir, as you knowed at your college." She peered up at him from out two little brown eyes which were misty with coming tears. "When they told me as he was drowned, my 'eart broke," she added unsteadily. Then her fortitude gave way, and she fell to sobbing in a quiet, painless fashion.

The young man stared at her in discomfiture and alarm. He remembered Frederick Hall in an uncertain kind of way—a thin, hungry-looking youth who had entered the college through a scholarship, who was expected to do something, and who, instead, lost his life in an attempt to fish a child out of the river. Of course, he had not known the fellow. He remembered with a quick flush that report had given Hall a washerwoman for his mother, and realised that this was the woman.

He had been right in a part of his surmise; but what in the world did the woman want with him? What should he know of her son? He shovelled his belongings into his trunk with a renewed feeling of irritation.

The little woman recovered herself, and began to talk in a quiet, resigned fashion. "It were a hard thing for me to do to give 'im his schoolin', and spare 'im for to come to college," she said. "You see, sir, at that age we expects them for to be bringin' in a bit; and I 'adn't got but 'im. My man died a matter of fourteen year ago; then he were so clever, an' set, too, on bein' a doctor, or somethink as needed schoolin'; and when he got that scholarship, it were just the gladdest day of his life, poor lad."

There came a murmur from the lips of the Hon. Hugh Dean-Hedley. It sounded like "I suppose so," and it gave evidence of embarrassment on the part of the murmurer.

She mistook the cause of it. She imagined he found it difficult to speak of his dead chum, and her heart warmed towards him.

"It don't seem much good now; but I suppose it ain't lost—what he done. I suppose there's a reason why he was taken away, and 'im so clever; and just when he was so 'appy. Though it do seem 'ard to understand."

Dean-Hedley cleared his throat.

"I suppose there is a reason for everything," he said awkwardly. He foresaw he was going to miss his train.

She nodded her head. Then she cast a glance from her quick brown eyes at the boyish profile of the face which was turned slightly from her. "I'm sure it done my son good to know you, sir," she said impulsively. "Of course he were only a poor lad, but he knowed as brains were everythink at Oxford. When I said to 'im as I 'oped he'd be 'appy 'mong all them swells, he laughed at me. 'Why, ma, if you'd just read one of them books of mine,' he said, 'you wouldn t talk so silly! It don't matter what you are at Oxford so long as you's got brains. Why, you can rise up from anythink. It don't matter. Clever men don't think of no such things as you bein' poor.' Even then I didn't quite b lieve it, and I was in a way lest the lad should be mis'rible; so when I wrote I always ask' 'im. Then he told me it was so—just like he said. He told me how kind you all was to 'im and it took a load off of my 'eart. I did worrit over 'im at first. He told me about you, too, sir, and how good you was. He didn't say much, but I knowed his ways. He thought a heap of you—but I'm keepin' you, sir, and you so busy."

Dean-Hedley sank into a chair. "It doesn't matter. I am not in such a hurry after all," he said confusedly. He was wondering if he were in quite his right mind. Was the little dowdy woman with the keen eyes really sitting in the chair by the window, or was she merely a creature of his brain?

"It's good of you to listen," she said gratefully; "but he always said as you was good. I remember when he knowed you first. I sawed your name, sir, in the paper, as belonging to his college, so I ask' 'im whether he knowed you yet, and if you was kind to 'im. He said you was nicest of 'em all. He told me 'eaps of kind things of you—what you said and done. I liked your name some'ow, and I always ask' after you, so I got to know what friends you was with my poor lad. So I thinks—

afterward, after he were gone, I mean—the first bit of money I 'ave I'll take the excursion to Oxford and get the Honourable Dean-Hedley to tell me about my Frederick."

"I see—so good of you!" the young man muttered mechanically.

"So I come to-day, and I just caught you afore you went."

"Just caught me," he muttered.

"You ain't comin' back, sir?"

"No; my grind's over."

She looked at him hungrily. "The times I've laid awake thinkin' of the day 'e schoolin' would be over!—and now, well, it won't never be over—the day'll never come. 'Ow proud I'd a been of 'im—my poor boy! There weren't never one like 'im." Her eyes filled again.

Dean-Hedley bit his lips. His silence seemed almost brutal. He looked straight in front of him, and cudgelled his wits. Hang it all! there was something like pathos in the situation, and something like gentlemanliness in the deception the washerwoman's son had practised upon his mother. He wondered what would be the "right thing" for him to do. He had never before found himself in such a plight.

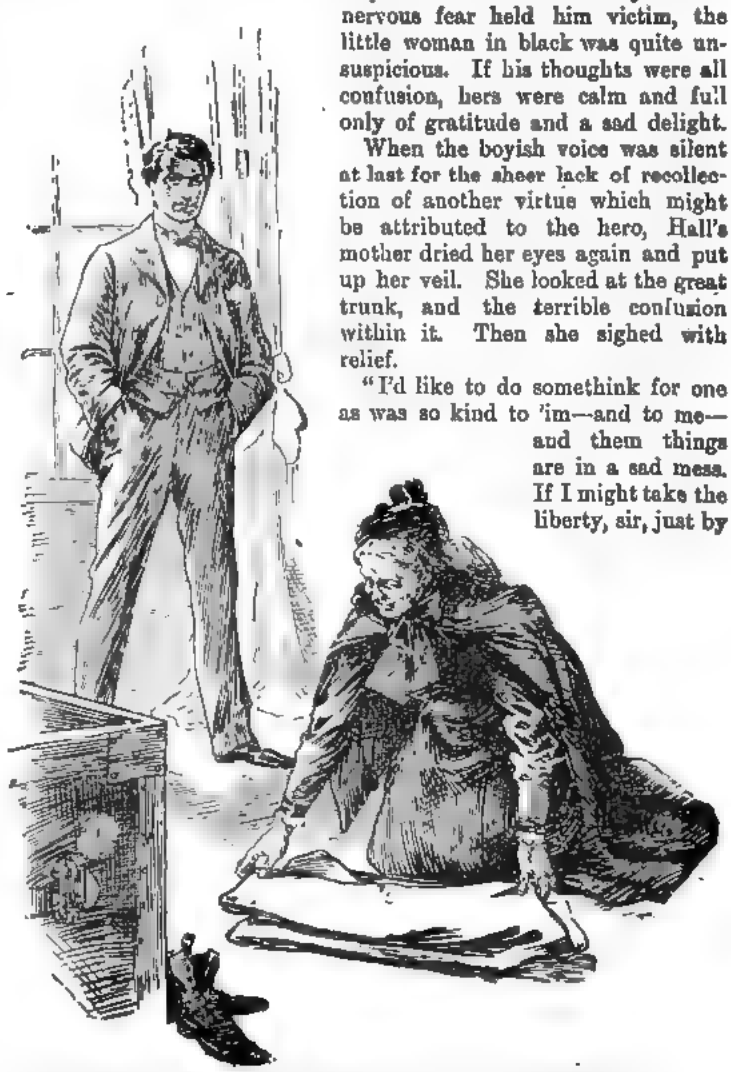
Hall's mother was drying her eyes quietly. "Aye, he were a good lad!" she repeated.

"Indeed he was—a right down good chap!" Dean-Hedley said earnestly. What impulse, good or evil, prompted him he did not know; but he was suddenly determined to carry out, with body and soul, to the bitter end the dead lad's purpose. He cast a thought to what the boy's life must have been: one of loneliness—of worse than loneliness—a path strewn with little slights and great scorns. Of course it could not have been otherwise, but it was plucky of him to write those letters, and to walk the way—not quite to the end, as it happened—without comfort, and without a confidant: to walk it quite alone. Good stuff had gone into the river on that day. Oh, hang! he must not go on in this strain! He must begin.

He did begin, singing, at first in a somewhat strained tone, the praise of the dead. Later, leading the widow not unskilfully into the position of unconscious prompter, his accents became freer and more natural. An indrawn breath now and again testified to the tensity of the situation, but on the whole the Hon. Hugh Dean-Hedley acquitted himself not badly. If a nervous fear held him victim, the little woman in black was quite unsuspicious. If his thoughts were all confusion, hers were calm and full only of gratitude and a sad delight.

When the boyish voice was silent at last for the sheer lack of recollection of another virtue which might be attributed to the hero, Hall's mother dried her eyes again and put up her veil. She looked at the great trunk, and the terrible confusion within it. Then she sighed with relief.

"I'd like to do somethink for one as was so kind to 'im—and to me—and them things are in a sad mess. If I might take the liberty, sir, just by way of thanks, and I'd dearly love to do it——" She was down on her knees before the trunk, and her hands were busy.



HE STOOD WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW, AND WATCHED HER FURTIVELY.

Her host flushed hotly. Here was a case of misplaced gratitude indeed; yet he could not undeceive her. He fidgeted nervously at her side. Then he rang the bell, and ordered tea. His tone was lordly, and the girl who took the order did not

dare to smile or wonder. Dean-Hedley crossed over to the window. He stood with his back to it, and watched Hall's mother furtively. He watched the horny red hands moving deftly in and out among his belongings, touching each article with a lingering tenderness which he knew was inspired by the same misplaced gratitude, and perhaps, also, by a remembrance of the days when they packed for the dear, dead lad. He coughed uncomfortably, then began to wonder at the swiftness with which chaos was turned to order, and to doubt the wisdom of his own packing methods.

When she had finished he poured out tea for her, and wondered again that the deft hands should be so clumsy over the fragile cup. He sighed with relief that his visitor did not talk again about her son, and winced at the tentative questions she put about his own career, these being inspired, he felt, by the same instinct of gratitude.

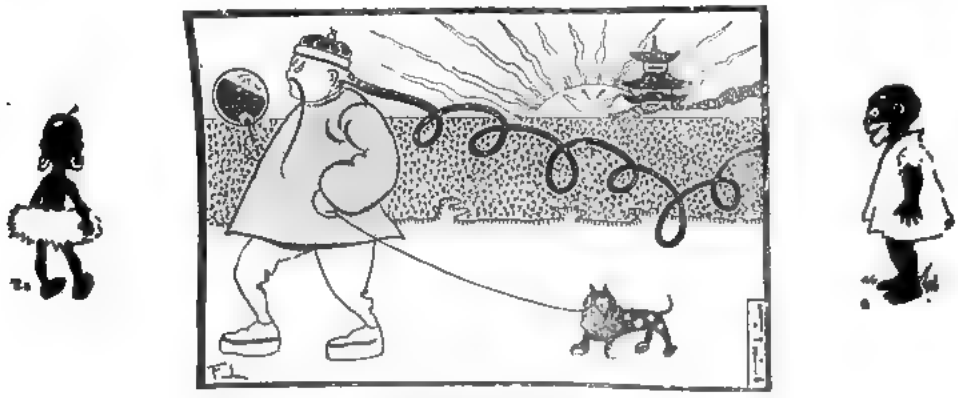
He would not shirk any of his duty. When she was ready he accompanied her to the dreary little Oxford station, in spite of her protests. He was absurdly fearful lest by some miracle she should be brought into contact with some other fellow of his college and be undeceived. He actually found himself sweeping the dim platform with anxious glances to see whether any suspicious person, from this point of view, were in sight. The appearance of his companion, and the comments his presence with her might excite, did not trouble him at all, which ought to be accounted unto him as righteousness.

When the train steamed out of the station it left him tingling with the force of the little woman's last expressions of gratitude, rating himself angrily for his hypocrisy, yet asking himself at the same time what other course he could have taken.

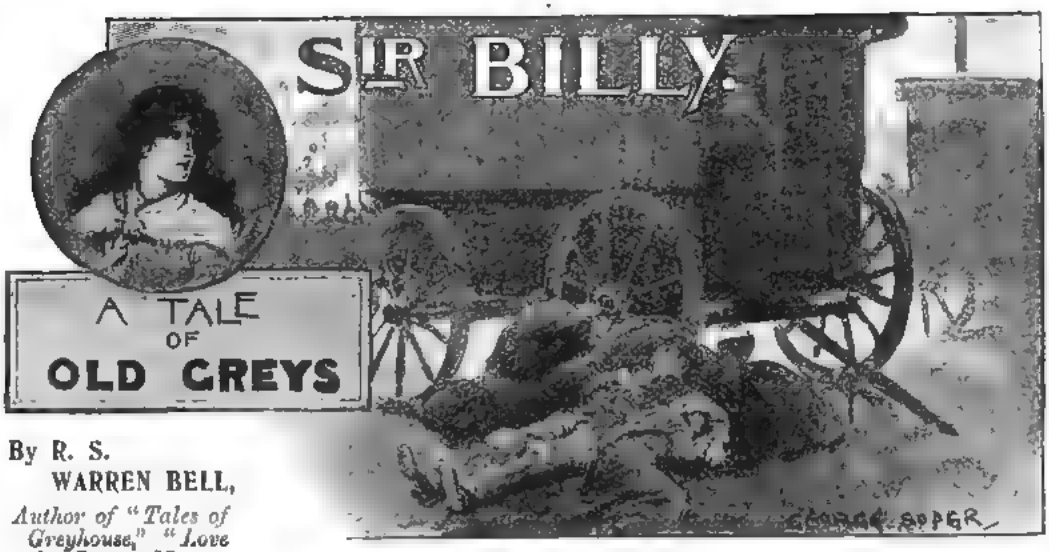
She had thanked him for the pleasure she would associate with her one visit to Oxford—although not in these words. She had never before been in the classic city, and she had said she would never come again. Well, that last assurance was something. It would have been a trifle hard had there been a prospect of the afternoon's torturing work being in vain.

Dean-Hedley sighed. His anxiety to hasten his own departure was forgotten. He lounged dreamily out of the station and into Hythe Bridge Street. At the bridge he paused a moment to glance at the gloomy river and think of the young life which had ended in it—nobly. It might have ended another way—in the same river. Stranger things had happened. He wondered vaguely if Hall knew what he—Dean-Hedley—had done. Then he laughed softly to himself at the thought of it. What had possessed him? He did not know. He sauntered lazily on. The mists were thickening. The day was nearly done—his last day at Oxford. His thoughts flew to the future.

Dean-Hedley is given to telling little stories of his Oxford days. Some of these stories are somewhat amusing, for he was not what you would call a quiet young man. There is one story, however, which he does not tell; he does not know why. It is the story of Hall's mother.



THE END OF THE TALK.



By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

SIR CLAUDE TRAVERS, an impoverished baronet, dying in Egypt, Mr. Soames, his solicitor, takes charge of his only child, William. "Sir Billy"—as he was nicknamed at Greyhouse School—on arriving at man's estate, continues to regard Mr. Soames's house at Petershall as his home, though he spends the greater part of the year in London, where he practises as a barrister. Sir Billy and his friend Carew (otherwise "Parsnip"), whilst staying at Petershall one October, are instrumental in stopping a fight between a tramp and a showman. On the following day the showman is found dead, the tramp having disappeared in the night. Mrs. Soames having taken a strong fancy to Josie, the tramp's daughter, the girl becomes her "companion." At Christmas-time Sir Billy and Carew, going down to Petershall for a short holiday, observe that Josie has "improved" out of all recognition—in fact, they find it hard to believe that she and the tramp girl of the previous October are one and the same person. Meanwhile O'Malley—Josie's father—has obtained employment at Noahbury in Kent, under an adventurer named Dipper, a previous admirer of Josie's. Whitsuntide arrives, and, just as everything is going on smoothly at Petershall, Josie's father suddenly appears, and takes his daughter away to Noahbury. After several weeks have elapsed, Josie reappears in the Temple, and calls at Parsnip's chambers.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR PARSNIP.

MRS. VAVASOUR encountered Parsnip halfway up the passage, and informed him, as directed, that a young lady named Miss O'Malley was awaiting him in the sitting-room.

Parsnip's reception of this news was peculiar. For a few seconds he gazed open-mouthed at the laundress, and then, wheeling rapidly round, darted off at a tangent into his bedroom, and Mrs. Vavasour could hear him belabouring his head with his brushes. So Mrs. Vavasour crept back into the sitting-room.

"'E's a-doin' of 'is 'air!" she said, with a half-suppressed chuckle.

Josie sprang up.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, and then, after a moment's hesitation, tripped out of the room, and down the passage to the door of Parsnip's bedroom.

"Mr. Carew!"

"Yes, Miss O'Malley! Oh, I say, I'll be out in a minute. I've been boxing with a fellow——"

"Oh, it doesn't matter *how* you look!" retorted Josie, impatiently. "I want to see you very, very particularly. Please come at *once!*" she concluded, with a touch of command in her tone, which manifested how completely she considered Parsnip to be immeshed in that net which young ladies sometimes intentionally, and sometimes unintentionally, spread for susceptible young gentlemen.

Parsnip obeyed with alacrity.

"This is awfully good of you——" he was beginning, when Josie seized his sleeve in a manner that silenced his greeting.

"Mr. Carew—I want you to be my friend—I am in danger—*will you?*"

"I'll do anything in the world for you," was Parsnip's simple and comprehensive reply.

"Thank you! Well then, I must tell you as quickly as possible what has happened. My father, as you know, took me away, as I supposed, just to keep his house and look after him. When I reached Noahbury, whom should I find there but *that man*——"

Her bosom heaved, and her eyes flashed at some remembrance.

"Excuse me," interrupted Parsnip, politely, "but—er—*what* man?"

"Oh, of course you don't know—how should you!" returned Josie, "but I cannot tell the whole story now. It is sufficient for you to know that I found, living in my father's house, a man who has for some time persecuted me with his attentions."

Parsnip nodded. Evidently there was a little something for him to do here if the gentleman referred to happened to be in the vicinity.

"I put up with his odious attentions as long as possible," continued Josie with rising colour, "because, you see, the man is my father's employer. My father is dependent on him for everything. And then—and then—after I had borne this person's society and conversation for *weeks*, and had managed, while keeping him at arms' length, to be pleasant to him, I found that my father was unworthy of what I was undergoing for his sake. Oh, Mr. Carew," concluded Josie, leaning her head against the wall (and in this attitude looking, as Parsnip did not fail to note, more exasperatingly pretty than ever), "what can a girl do when she finds that her own father is willing to sacrifice her happiness for money—to marry her off to a villain just to secure a comfortable living for himself?"

And she uttered a sob which went to Parsnip's heart.

"If I were the girl," said Parsnip, bluntly, "I should cut and run."

"That," cried Josie, "is exactly what I determined to do—and what I have done!"

"Well," said Parsnip, "it seems to me that you had better go back to Petershall. Mr. and Mrs. Soames will be delighted to have you with them again."

"That won't do, I'm afraid," said Josie. "My father would only go down there and demand me back again."

"But you needn't go with him."

"Think," said Josie, "how unpleasant it would be for Mr. and Mrs. Soames. They would begin to repent ever having befriended me."

Parsnip gave himself over to deep thought. Here was a young lady, very fair to look upon, whom he admired very much (had he not told her so?) actually looking to him for protection! Parsnip told himself that it would go very hard indeed with any man who tried to interfere with her *now*. Still, that was not the question. What was to be done? Suddenly, in the midst of his painful pondering—for Parsnip was not intellectually fitted for deep thought—an idea struck him.

"I've got a plan," he told Josie. "Do come in, and I'll tell you what it is. Let us have some tea please, Mrs. Vavasour," he added, and then, when Mrs. V. could be heard rattling among the cups in the kitchen, he turned to Josie:—

"Now for my plan. I will give up my rooms here to you until you have settled what to do."

"Oh, I couldn't think of staying *here*, Mr. Carew!" cried Josie, considerably taken aback by the proposition.

"Why not? I will tell Mrs. Vavasour to stay here and look after you. It will be quite safe. The Temple is one of the safest places in the world for anyone to live in."

"But what will *you* do?"

"I shall go home for a bit. They won't be surprised—I often turn up at home for a few days just to give them a treat, you know. My people live only about two miles away—near Lancaster Gate. You won't be inconveniencing me, I assure you."

"Why don't you live at home altogether, Mr. Carew?" inquired Josie, in a reproving, sisterly tone; "it would be *so* much better for you."

Before Parsnip could reply there arose in the kitchen a curious uproar. First came a sharp, high-pitched caterwaul, and then a savage exclamation from Mrs. Vavasour, the thud of a blow that had missed its mark, a *crack-crack* of falling crockery, again a cat's voice raised in anger and reproach, again fierce feminine ejaculations, and then sounds of a prodigious scuffle to an *obbligato* of breaking cups and an over-boiling kettle remonstrating with a restless rise and fall of its lid and dense outpouring of steam. In the midst of it Mrs. Vavasour gave a piercing cry, which was drowned by a still more shrill outburst in cat language. Bang, thump, wallop, a swish and patter of feet, and then into the sitting-room—the door of which was slightly ajar—burst a long, mangy-looking black cat, with Mrs. Vavasour, her eyes blazing, her face purple, upraised broom in hand, in hot pursuit.

"Stop 'im, sir!" she cried. "'Ang on to 'is tail! The nasty thing 'as bit an' scratched me something crool. Whoa! Ah, would you? Take that, you evil-lookin' beast!" and a well-directed blow fell plumb on the cat's back, whereat the cat dived under the sofa, and there steadfastly remained in spite of much progging from the laundress's weapon. At length Mrs. Vavasour relinquished the attack.

"Oh, sir!" she breathed, shaking a grimy forefinger at her master, "these cats you bring up 'ere will be the death of me. There's a different coloured one givin' me fits an' starts every day of my life almost. I shall be sorry to lose such a good and kind master, but I shall 'ave to give you

notice, sir, if you keep on bringing these 'ere stray animals 'ome!"

And with this Mrs. Vavasour stalked out of the room to relieve the neglected kettle of its contents.

In spite of her troubles, Josie was convulsed with merriment. Parsnip, however, looked quite serious, which added to the humour of the situation.

"There," he said, indicating the scared creature beneath the sofa, "that's the answer to your question. That's one reason why I have moved to the Temple—they don't like my being kind to animals."

"Do you mean that your people don't agree with your taking stray cats home with you?"

"Precisely. Just because I have befriended a few poor lost cats, which, finding themselves in a strange place, have kicked up rather a row, the gov'nor told me that I had better take some rooms of my own, where I could keep as many cats as I liked. So I came here. Of course, I'm not a barrister or bar student, but Billy took these chambers for me from a man who has gone abroad for a year. And now here's Mrs. Vavasour threatening to leave—I suppose I shall have to engage a woman who doesn't mind cats."

"I should never have thought, Mr. Carew," said Josie, in as serious a tone as she could assume, "that you were so fond of animals. I have never heard you speak of your liking for cats."

"No," replied Parsnip, gloomily, "it's a sore point with me. I've been a good deal chaffed about it, you see. Never mind—I suppose every man has his weaknesses. After all, it's better to take a stray cat home than to turn up at home drunk, as some fellows I know do."

"That is a very horrible habit," said Josie, who had had experience in the past.

"It is," said Parsnip. "I know, because I've often helped chaps home—and a fine job it is when you can't get a cab for love or money. I know a man whose knees always give way when he's worse for liquor. Another fellow and I practically carried him all the way to my place near Lancaster Gate, one frosty morning, when all the cabs had gone home because the roads were so slippery. We took him in and got him upstairs, and he slept in my bed. The next day the gov'nor, when he heard of it, simply laughed. Now, if he had been a *cat*——"

But Parsnip could say no more, too full of indignation was he. When Mrs. Vavasour brought the tray in, he poured some milk into a saucer and pushed it under the sofa. Josie watched him curiously, feeling rather puzzled. She had never

"STOP 'IM, SIR!" SHE CRIED. "'ANG ON TO 'IS TAIL!"

imagined that Parsnip had such a soft spot in his heart. She had considered him rather silly and rather vain, but good-natured, and, of course, gentlemanly, and had felt somewhat surprised to find that he and Billy were such close friends—on account of the very considerable mental gap between them.

Half-way through tea the strange cat, having polished off the milk, put its head out and surveyed Parsnip with an uncertain glance. Parsnip, bending towards it, coaxed it still further out, until

at last the wild creature actually came forward and rubbed itself against his leg, purring loudly the while. Josie, looking on with interest, became possessed of a womanly desire to see Parsnip engaged to "some nice girl." True, she did not wish to marry him herself—indeed, she often told herself, as girls will, that she didn't want to marry anyone—but for all that she liked Parsnip so well that she felt some concern for his matrimonial welfare. Evidently his heart was in the right place, and although the world, judging, as the world will, superficially, might dub him a bit of an ass, yet there was a good deal of the man in him, and he was not unworthy of a good woman's love.

"But I was forgetting my plan," said Parsnip, as the cat, hearing Mrs. Vavasour's footsteps without, hastily retreated to its stronghold under the sofa. "Well, shall we look upon it as settled? You will remain here until you have decided what to do, and meanwhile I will stay with my people."

"What about the cat?" demanded Josie, breaking into dimples.

Parsnip put on his thinking cap.

"If," said he, at length, "I was to confine it in the coal-hole, it couldn't annoy you."

"Perhaps it would be safer there," said Josie, "though not very happy, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'll come up and let it out for a run every day," said Parsnip, "and perhaps it'll get tamer in time. I don't see why it should be afraid of *you*—you're not likely to hurt it."

"No," said Josie, demurely, "I'm quite harmless."

"I'm not so sure of that," thought Parsnip, calling to mind a series of fascinating pictures of this young lady—under a sunshade; at the piano; presiding over the breakfast table; and elsewhere in various moods, generally delightful ones—to him, at any rate. "As I can see that you're going to honour me by accepting my offer," he added, aloud, "I will give Mrs. Vavasour instructions."

While he was out of the room, Josie, inspired by something like rivalry, endeavoured to make friends with the cat. But the cat evidently had a wholesome horror of anything in skirts, and come forth from beneath the sofa he would not.

"So that's all settled," said Mr. Carew, presently returning. "Mrs. Vavasour will make you quite comfortable."

Josie was silent for a moment; then she rose from her chair.

"Mr. Carew, I don't know how to thank you—this is so very kind of you. I have been so battered and tossed about that—that—it is rather upsetting when people are so good——"

She sat down, turning her head away from him. Parsnip's honest heart gave his ribs a great thump—she looked so sweet and so forlorn, so altogether womanly and lovable. When at length, with glistening eyes, she faced him again, he had to move away and make some excuse to go into the adjoining room, lest he should babble out something foolish to her and so spoil his pretty plan for her welfare and happiness.

He was moving undecidedly about in the cupboard-like apartment that he used as a dressing-room, when there came a knock at the front door, and then footsteps in the passage. He recognised them—they were Billy's.

Parsnip, reaching the threshold of the sitting-room at the same time that Billy entered by the other door, was in time to note the deep blush that overspread Josie's face as she shook hands with his friend, and he saw, too, the mingled look of delight and surprise that came into Billy's face.

Parsnip saw this, and, turning on his heel, went back into his dressing-room, closing the door very gently behind him.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRACK.

THE little garden behind O'Malley's cottage at Noahbury was full of roses, and other sweet children of the summer. But the two men who paced up and down the narrow patch of lawn had no eyes or thoughts for the fair blooms which seemed to crane forward to them, as if asking to be taken notice of. In two testy sweeps of his arm, as he dislodged the ash from the end of his cigar, Mr. Dipper shattered a poor old fading rose, and bruised one that was still in bud; but still the others, swayed by the light evening breeze, seemed to bow a welcome to Mr. Dipper as he approached them, or curtsey him a farewell upon his retreat.

"Well," exclaimed Dipper at length, in a tone of extreme irritation, "hasn't she come in yet?"

O'Malley, smoking his pipe in his customary don't-care-what-happens fashion, was understood by the other to say that his daughter, up to that moment, had not put in an appearance.

Dipper seized the other roughly by the shoulder.

"Man, I believe she has given us the slip."

"Very likely," was the short reply.

"Very likely! You take it coolly; it will be bad for you if she has."

O'Malley treated this threat with the utmost indifference. Seating himself on a green little garden bench at the end of the lawn, he leaned back and surveyed his patron with a slight smile.

"I don't know what you're grinning at," snapped

Dipper, "but I can assure you that you won't grin if I happen to make a few remarks about you to the Petershall police."

O'Malley blew several rings of smoke at the nearest rose tree.

"Isn't it about supper-time?" he observed.

Dipper threw his cigar away and came up to the seat.

"See here, O'Malley, I am going to be plain with you. I have a shrewdish idea that that girl of yours has gone off, and I must remind you that your part of the bargain was to keep her here. I hold you responsible for her."

"You can't say," said O'Malley slowly, "that you haven't had your chance. She has been here a month, and you have had every opportunity to make friends with her. You told me you wanted to marry her; well, you've seen plenty of her, and you ought to know now whether she wants to marry you or not."

"Did you ever express your wishes in the matter to her?" inquired Dipper.

"Several times," grimly answered Josie's father. "I told her you were the best fellow in the world, and that I should be delighted to have you as a son in-law."

"And what did she say?"

"I must confess," was the reply, "that she did not hail the suggested alliance with enthusiasm."

Dipper turned savagely on his heel.

"She's gone—I'll ask at the station, to make sure."

While Mr. Dipper was absent making his inquiries, O'Malley proceeded to lay the supper. The ups and downs he had experienced had hardened him to such a degree that his present existence was to a large extent mechanical; his conscience, too, had been blunted, else he would never have brought himself to accept this phantom job from Dipper. He knew as well as Dipper did that Dipper hadn't the least intention of setting up in Noahbury as a market gardener; yet, engaged by Dipper to look after the horses and carts which had not yet been bought, he drew a generous weekly wage from Dipper, which provided him with a sufficiency of clothes, food, and tobacco, in addition to a roof to live under. The future possessed no hope for O'Malley; he just "lived on." Now that his daughter had disappeared he felt pretty certain that his association with Dipper would cease—and then, the generous wage having stopped, he supposed he would go back and work as a Covent Garden waggoner again. As for the Petershall police threat—he could afford to laugh at Dipper on that count. When a favourable opportunity arose he would tell Dipper why.

When he pleased, O'Malley could still speak and look like a gentleman—but it did not often please him so to do. At Covent Garden he had never been called "Gentleman Jim," or anything of that sort, simply because he found it expedient to make his general demeanour harmonise with that of his fellow-workers. So he was never called "Gentleman Jim," although he had once held Her Majesty's commission, which, after a somewhat reckless career, he had been forced to resign on being unable to refute a charge of larceny which had been brought against him. The considerable sum subscribed for the annual regimental steeplechases had been stolen by degrees; marked money was found in O'Malley's possession. He swore that he was innocent—that he had won the money at cards. Other marked coins were found in his quarters—in other clothes. The card theory was disbelieved—the matter was kept quiet for the regiment's honour's sake; the deficit was made good; without fuss or gossip O'Malley sent in his papers, and went forth into the cold world with a broken heart.

Had the small committee which condemned him watched his after-career, they would have had cause to say: "Is this the conduct of a sharper?" Had O'Malley been a thief, he would have continued to be a thief, and eventually he would have found his way into a felon's cell. For some years he existed on his private means, and continued to educate his only child. Then he speculated and lost all, and then Josie and he became wanderers on the face of the earth.

When Mr. Dipper got to Noahbury station he was informed that a lady answering to the description he gave of Miss Josie O'Malley had caught a train for London shortly after noon.

"When's the next train for town?" he inquired.

"There's one in ten minutes, sir."

"Then I fear," said Mr. Dipper, "that friend O'Malley will have to sup alone."

"Beg pardon, sir?" said the porter.

"Nothing," said Mr. Dipper; "I was talking to myself."

"Funny 'abit," said the porter, going off to stick a label on a domestic servant's tin box.

Mr. Dipper economically took a third-class ticket, and patiently waited for the train to come in. The idea of a chase raised his spirits, for he loved excitement and change. If, when he had first met Josie, she had received his overtures favourably, he would soon have ceased to take any interest in her; but she had piqued him by summarily rejecting his advances; her haughty manner had goaded him on to fresh efforts just as anchovies stir a flagging appetite. She was a prize to be won, and well worth the winning.

The compartment Mr. Dipper got into contained a very wide-awake old peasant woman and a sleepy old man, apparently her husband. The young woman whose tin box the porter had labelled also chose this carriage to travel in.

Being in a sociable mood, Mr. Dipper entered into conversation with the wide-awake old woman, but, failing to extract much entertainment from their talk, turned his attention to the young woman, prefacing his remarks with the offer of a paper he had purchased at the station. After a time she handed it back to him with a timid: "Thank you, sir!"

"Going to London, Miss?" inquired Dipper.

"Yes, sir."

"Fine place, London—ever been there before?"

"Yes, sir. I was born there, and lived there all my life till six months ago."

"Um! What part?"

"Near Drury Lane, sir."

"Rather close quarter to live in, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said the maiden, encouraged to confidences by Mr. Dipper's friendly manner, "but mother 'as to live near the Temple, cos she works there. She cleans out rooms, and gets breakfisses for young gentlemen."

"Ah!" said Dipper, "works in the Temple—barristers there mostly, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, very nice gentlemen. Mother works for a *baronet*," she added proudly, having read of the greatness—and, alas! villainy—of such in penny novelettes so often that in her estimation a baronet had come to be something almost as important as a king.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dipper. "And what may his name be?"

"Sir William Travers, sir——"

"Eh?" cried Mr. Dipper, bending forward, "*Travers!*"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, in some surprise.

"Ah—just so!" said Mr. Dipper, and relapsed into silence.

After a time, assuming his most genial tone, he renewed the conversation, and it was not long before he discovered that the young woman's name was Pix, and that "mother" had a friend called Vavasour, who worked for a gentleman named Carew, and that Sir William "'ad no ma or pa," but "went 'ome to Petershall for 'is 'olidays," with various other items which Mr. Dipper drank in greedily without in the least appearing to be doing so. Indeed, by the time the train pulled up at Charing Cross, Miss Pix had put him in possession of some information which he saw would be invaluable to him.

"It's funny," said Mr. Dipper, "how one falls across things by chance. I meant to go down to Petershall, but it's on the cards that Miss Josie has called on one of her young gentlemen friends in the Temple. An excellent young woman, that Miss Pix! If I were a rich man I'd do something for her—get her into a home, or something."

Feeling much pleased with the result of this chance conversation in the train, Mr. Dipper strolled amiably up the Strand. He duly reached the Temple, and sauntered down its principal thoroughfare, keeping a very sharp eye about him as he went. And presently he fell a-chatting with a policeman, who seemed to know the Temple and its residents very well indeed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORLD IS VERY SMALL.

Parsnip's rooms looked on to Garden Court, in whose west corner is situated that fountain which was immortalised by a master weaver of stories who fell asleep on a June day some one-and-thirty years ago. To the benches by this fountain—one facing it, one turned from it—come, with the twilight, humble lovers, who sit hand-in-hand and talk soft nothings until ten o'clock arrives, and the seven entrances to the Temple's precincts are closed to the world without. After ten, and, indeed, after midnight occasionally, you may observe residents of the Temple, in dinner coats, sprawling over the seats and smoking thoughtful cigars, for after ten the Temple is sacred to Templars, who may soothe their souls by the fountain's moonlit playing, undisturbed by strangers from the dusty Strand. On Sundays, too, you may find young men stretched full-length on the benches, dozing over novels or day-dreaming of forensic triumphs which Dame Fortune may give opportunity for if she be wooed with patience and industry.

Mrs. Vavasour had cooked and served dinner to Parsnip, Billy, and their fair guest, and had gone home to inform her husband that she would be spending the night at Mr. Carew's rooms, "lookin' arter as pretty a young lady as you ever set eyes on, Joe."

Joe—otherwise Mr. Vavasour, chimney sweep—never exhibited any surprise or interest in anything his wife said. Had she told him that she was starting on a voyage to China in the morning he would merely have grunted and refilled his pipe. Mr. Joseph Vavasour was not a demonstrative gentleman, except when he was underpaid for cleaning a chimney, when his language, to use the vernacular of the district, became distinctly "'ot."

Mrs. Pix was airing herself in the street and

chatting with her neighbours only a few yards from Mrs. Vavasour's residence, but Mrs. V. did not indicate, even by the slightest turn of the head, that she was aware of the other lady's proximity.

But Mrs. Pix did not particularly mind. Had not her daughter come home from service in the country that very evening, dressed in a smart new frock and hat! Why, compared to Mrs. V.'s daughter, who worked in a biscuit factory, Miss Pix looked a lady—a real lady!

About nine o'clock Billy suggested a stroll through the courts.

"We will be your body-guard, Miss Josie," added he, gallantly.

"Just about now is the best time to see the Temple," put in Parsnip; "makes you feel quite poetical, you know. There's a fellow near here who sits at his open window and scribbles verses by the yard."

"What does he do with them?" inquired Josie.

"Sends them to papers, I suppose. Several times, when I have been out late, I have met him doubling along to the pillar-box in the Lane, to catch the 3.15 post."

"What an unearthly hour for posting letters!"

"Very convenient though," said Parsnip; "a letter posted then is delivered anywhere in London by breakfast-time. I know a man on an evening paper who sends post-cards to himself, so that they will be delivered at eight o'clock."

"But why?" demanded Josie; "is he mad?"

"Mad! No. The postman's knock wakes him up, you see, and is more dependable than an alarum clock. His laundress can't be at his chambers as early as that, so he either has to post post-cards to himself or pay a policeman sixpence a week to call him, and he finds the post-cards the cheaper method, because a sixpenny packet covers ten mornings."

"But didn't you say he was on an evening paper?"

"Yes, but as his paper comes out at eleven in the morning, he has to be at the office soon after eight, you know."

"You are very peculiar people in the Temple," said Josie. "I hope nobody very eccentric lives on this staircase."

"Just opposite me, across the passage," was Parsnip's comforting rejoinder, "there is an old chap who experiments with chemicals. He has been there for thirty years. He has blown two fingers and most of his hair off, and has lost the sight of one eye in the course of his investigations. Every now and then I hear a loud bang, but I only turn over in bed and say, 'Another finger!'"

MR. DIPPER WAS CLOSELY OBSERVING THEIR MOVEMENTS.

Josie was looking genuinely horrified; involuntarily she put her hand on Billy's arm, as if asking for his protection. Then, noticing what she had done, she drew her hand away sharply.

"Well," said Parsnip, "talking about the post reminds me that I have to write a letter or two, so if you and Billy will make your way to the fountain I will join you there soon."

Josie would have objected to this plan had she been able; but she couldn't very well, so she and Billy descended the broad staircase side by side.

When Parsnip could no longer hear their voices

he threw himself upon the sofa with something that sounded very like a sigh.

"This will give old Billy a chance," he muttered. "I'll swear she likes him. She doesn't care tuppence for me——"

But here he got up and lit his pipe, and then doggedly sat himself down to write his letters.

Billy and Josie had to traverse a narrow, paved alley before they arrived in the neighbourhood of the open space where the fountain plays. Parsnip had found an opportunity to inform Billy of the circumstances which had led to Josie's visit to the Temple.

"Miss Josie," said Billy, as they strolled along in the moonlight, "I am sorry you did not write to Mr. Soames or myself when you discovered why your father took you away from Petershall."

"I had given my promise that I would not communicate my address to you," she said; "but, if you don't mind, I would rather not talk about it. It is very good and kind of Mr. Carew and yourself to befriend me in this manner; as soon as possible I shall get some work."

"You must go back to Petershall," said Billy firmly.

"No," she replied with a shudder; "that man would follow me there—would stay there—would watch me——"

"I think," said Billy, "that you may safely leave him to Mr. Soames and myself. We may find a way of compelling him to cease his attentions."

"How can you?" said Josie; "he has a perfect right to visit Petershall if he likes."

"For certain reasons," said Billy, recollecting his adventure on Christmas night, "he does not wish to encounter me. I have every reason to believe that this man robbed my father in Egypt, some twelve or thirteen years ago. If I can obtain absolute proof of this, Dipper will cease to annoy you or anybody else for a considerable period. I was only a little chap at the time, but I well remember him."

Before Josie could make any comment on this entirely new view of the matter, Billy turned round sharply, and stood in a listening attitude. Presently he came back to Josie's side.

"I fancied somebody was following us," he said. "I suppose my nerves are a bit out of order."

They walked on in silence.

"Miss Josie," said Billy, at length, "I am at least as old a friend of yours as Carew is——"

"Oh, yes," she replied, hurriedly, "of course you are."

"Then," he proceeded, "I do not quite understand why you conferred this honour on him."

"I had a reason," said Josie.

"What was it?"

"A woman's reason."

"But that is no reason at all."

"Oh, yes it is, but it cannot be explained. Now please don't ask me any more questions. I regard you both as very dear friends of mine, or I should not put such absolute confidence in you as I am now doing. Oh," she concluded, with a touch of irritation, "I *wish* Mr. Carew wouldn't be so long over his letters!"

"Here he is," said Billy, noting Parsnip's approach, it must be confessed, with very little pleasure.

"Look here—I have an idea!" cried Parsnip, cheerily. "It's dull work moping round this old place, so let's put in an hour at the exhibition. We can get there in twenty minutes."

Josie agreeing, Billy was obliged to fall in with the plan, and so it happened that a minute after Parsnip had taken tickets at the Temple Station, Mr. Dipper, who had been closely observing the movements of the trio from a point of vantage near by which lay well in the shadow, also booked to Earl's Court, and, moreover, travelled by the same train which carried Josie and her devoted escort.

There were twenty thousand people at the exhibition. The pleasant warmth of the summer evening seemed to have attracted all the world and its best girl to the band-stands, to the Chutes, to the switchback railway, to the Great Wheel, to the Empress Theatre, and to the numerous side-shows whose proprietors were vociferously inviting the patronage of the passing multitude. Wide-eyed visitors from the shires gazed with wonder upon sights which the accustomed eyes of Londoners fell upon with unconcern. The exhibition cad—the very lively young gentleman with the empty head, the loud cackle, and the ogling eye—was fortunately not in considerable evidence, and for this mercy all comers felt thankful. The Grenadiers went through their programme with unerring military precision and sound musicianship; the saloon rifles kept up an unceasing crack and bang; much shouting and laughter announced that the Chutes were attracting much custom; the good-humour and enjoyment seemed to be general—on the whole, 'twas an excellent evening for a visit.

Mr. Dipper, keeping our three young people well in view, stole softly after them round garden and hall, a smile on his lips and evil in his heart. Come what would, he was determined to inform himself of Josie's address and obtain an interview with her. What did he care for those cubs now in attendance upon her? It would be perfectly easy, for a man of his ingenuity and strategic ability, to outwit such youngsters. At present

it was his intention merely to shadow Josie and her friends out of the exhibition and home again. Some time that night possibly, or possibly in the morning, he intended to give Josie her choice: would she return to Noahbury with him, and once more take her place in the home she had deserted; or would she compel him (Dipper), by her perversity in this matter, to expose her father's villainy to the world, and with a few words snatch from him that sweet possession called liberty?

Such was the worthy Dipper's programme; but man, after all, can only propose, and Mr. Dipper little imagined that by coming to this exhibition he was about to fall into the arms of a very old enemy.

"ROBBER! I HAVE YOU—AT LAST!"

Josie and the others, after walking round the band-stand in the Western Gardens, and listening with amusement to the shrieks of the switch-backers, proceeded in the direction of the "Street in Cairo." At the entrance to this thoroughfare stood a gigantic Arab, dressed in a long brown gown, which, fitting closely to his figure, showed off his brawny neck and huge shoulders as no other costume could have done.

As Billy and Parsnip, with Josie between them, passed into the street, the Arab turned and watched Billy with a curious expression on his face—an expression of vague recognition.

Half a minute later, while the Arab was still gazing in the direction the trio had taken, Mr. Dipper came dawdling along. But although his limbs appeared to be lazy, his eyes were very busy, for his gaze did not leave Parsnip's tall hat, which towered above the throng around.

On catching sight of Dipper, the Arab's gaze left Billy's retreating form, and fixed itself on the new-comer. But this time there was no uncertainty about his glance.

Striding up to Dipper, he placed his hand on the ex-card-sharper's shoulder.

"*Robber! I have you—at last!*"

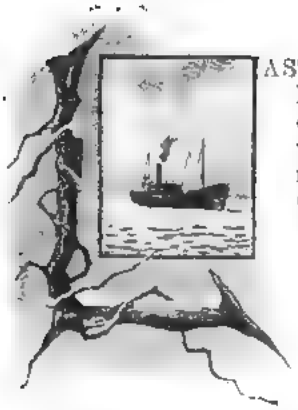
But Dipper was full of resource. With a sudden movement, he slipped out of the big man's clutch, and dashed down the street, the Arab, with loud cries of rage, in close pursuit. Sir Billy, hearing the noise, wheeled round, and recognised Dipper clearly enough. So, getting right in Dipper's path, he collared that gentleman round the legs and brought him neatly to the ground. In a bound the Arab was alongside his quarry, upon whom, this time, he fixed a grip of iron.

"Ha! I have him! He is a robber—a villain—he rob your father, Sir Travers," cried the Arab, turning to Billy.

"Hold on tight to him, then, old chap," said Sir Billy, joyfully, "while I fetch a policeman."

(To be concluded.)

BERGEN.



LAST year summer holidays I spent two days at Bergen, which is a great fishing centre on the west coast of Norway. One of the sights there is the fish-market, where most of the fish are kept alive in tanks. They (the fish) are brought to shore in cigar-shaped cases, with holes in the tops, which are towed under water to the quay by the fishing-boats. Then the fish are put into baskets and turned into the tanks, where the marketers inspect them at leisure. The larger fish, however, such as halibut, are placed on stalls and cut up to order with a large cleaver. Bergen has many museums and art galleries, and among the former there is one called the Hanzeatic Museum,[1] a curious memento of the days when German merchants got the whole trade of Bergen into their hands. There you can see the old account-books, the double set of weights (one for buying and one for selling), and many household utensils. These merchants inhabited a whole street, and they would not allow any woman to live in it. Those that made the beds had to come up a back staircase, and make them through holes in the walls. The apprentices were locked up every night in little cupboards just large enough to contain them. Bergen possesses a fine bank, post-office, and telegraph-office, as well as a railway and a tramway. Speaking of the railway, I must explain that this is no ordinary one. It is called the Vossebanen, and the line runs nearly all the way on the edge of a precipice; and, indeed, in many places the rock has been blasted to make a ledge for it to run on. It is true the service is not very good (there are two trains a day, one at 7 a.m. and the other at 4 p.m.), but to make up for this the officials are politeness itself.

Do you feel tired and hot? At the next station you may get out, walk to the lake, have a refreshing wash, admire the scenery around, and stroll back to find the driver awaiting your pleasure on a seat, the only one on the station. But one can have too much of a good thing, and when we arrived at Vossevangen we found that, through the driver's politeness, our average speed for a distance of sixty miles had been ten miles an hour! After lunch at the hotel close by, we went *vid* Stalheim to Gudvangen, in *stolkjœrres*, the national conveyance.

FANTOFT KIRK.
This is a wooden church near Bergen, Norway. An American Consul brought it there in pieces, and had it set up in the park.

I am sending a photograph of the Fantoft Kirk, a wooden church situated a few miles out of Bergen. It is the property of an American Consul, who had it brought there in pieces and then put together in the centre of the small park where it now stands.

"A. PAULINE."

A TRICK OF TRIXIE'S.

By Harold Montague Butler. Sketches by Dudley Cleaver.

ALL day long a blazing July sun had beaten down on the Chartonby cricket field, and in the late afternoon its scorching rays still lingered in hot patches against the grey walls of the school buildings, and caught the gilded figures of the chapel clock so that it looked nothing but a dazzling disc of light.

From under the shade of some spreading chestnut trees hundreds of eager-faced boys, and a fair sprinkling of their sisters, cousins, and aunts, were watching Ransome Major batting for the honour of the Chartonites as if his very existence depended on the issue of the match. In a few minutes the stumps would be drawn, and the game looked uncommonly like going in favour of the visitors. Ransome was the last man in on his side, and worst bat of the team, whilst facing him stood a bull-necked youth, with fiery hair, whose whole attitude was suggestive of self-confidence, combined with not a little swagger. This was the Malchusian captain, the Hon. Ralph Travers, more familiarly known as "Rufus," and to a man the Chartonites expected to see Ransome Major dismissed with a "blob," especially as in the first innings he had been bowled by a full pitch.

Great, therefore, was the howl of mingled surprise and execration when he made two easy runs off Rufus's first ball, sent in with an off-hand air which gave the impression that the Honourable Ralph thought uncommonly small beer of Ransome's skill.

Next ball, however, he changed his tactics, and tried one of his tricky lobs, which broke at least a couple of feet, and totally confused the hapless batsman. A feeling of positive hate had sprung up in the breast of Ransome Major, as he looked across at the red-haired bowler; half closing his eyes, he managed somehow to pull the ball round to leg. Despite the badness of the stroke, a huge shout went up from the excited spectators.

"Well done—Ran—some! Buck up—Ran—some!"

At that most thrilling moment there emerged from the chapel Ransome Minor and his cousin, Trixie, a pretty girl of sixteen, who, with her mother, had come to spend the afternoon at Chartonby. However, she had soon grown tired of watching the match when her elder cousin ceased to take any prominent part in it, and had then elected to be "shown round" by Jack, who would have far sooner remained on the field, but thought it would hardly be polite to tell her so. Neither of them had found it very amusing strolling in and out cloisters,

"I HATE THAT RED-HAIRED FELLOW," SHE WENT ON.

libraries, and "long" rooms, nor had a final inspection of the deserted and dimly-lit chapel tended to raise their spirits.

As they came out, a fellow passing called out to Ransome Minor :—

"Isn't it a shame! Our side's being beaten, and only by three measly runs, too!"

"But it can't be six yet!" Jack said, blinking at the clock just above their heads. "Here! What's the time, Trixie? That thing is a brazen fraud when the sun's on it!"

She glanced at the little watch which she wore in a leathern strap round her wrist.

"Just eight minutes to six—and oh, Jack, isn't that cousin Alan batting now?"

"Yes, worse luck; and we shall lose the game for a dead cert," Jack replied. "Alan can't bat for nuts, much less put together four runs in eight minutes; it was only a fluke his getting his colours at all."

"Then the Malcbusians will win?"

"'Fraid so!"

"Perhaps they won't notice the time; the sun's full on the clock, and one can't see the hands distinctly," she suggested, hopefully.

"But it will strike at the hour loud enough to wake the dead. Wait till you hear it, that's all!" he added, warningly, with retrospective memories of when its striking had meant to him some five hundred lines or so.

His cousin tapped her foot impatiently on the gravel path, and said: "I am sure I don't want to hear the stupid old thing strike!" Then, looking up at its shining dial once more, she asked: "If Alan had more time, do you think he might do it?"

"Shouldn't wonder!" Jack replied. "He's playing up like a brick now."

"I hate that red-haired fellow," she went on. "He looks so conceited, and I'm sure that he is in a bad temper from the vicious way in which he is throwing at poor Alan!"

Another roar went up. Ransome had been missed in the deep field.

"If only I——" Trixie commenced, and then broke off to glance nervously into her cousin's face.

"Could what, Trix? Surely you're not frightened to say anything to me."

"If I could only hold back that wretched old clock from the inside just for a few minutes, it would give Alan a chance. Oh, Jack!" she added, impulsively, "won't you help me? No one will know, and we need never tell Alan, and it *would* be such a lark!"

Now Ransome Minor dearly loved adventure of any kind, and he had had what he inwardly anathematised as a "beastly slow half hol." So, after only a moment's deliberation, he exclaimed:

"All right, Trixie, come on! I'll do it!" And, before the girl could fully realise what it was that he was going to do, he had drawn her back into the gloomy chapel and stealthily closed the door behind them.

But a short time before they had been examining the clock. Now they quickly retraced their steps up the stairs which led to the platform, from which, by means of a ladder, the works could be controlled. They felt that no time was to be lost if the match was to be won, and Trixie made a feint as if she were about to lay violently restraining hands on all the cogs and weights which she could reach, but her cousin, who, like Helen's babies, had early developed a taste for seeing the "wheels go wownd," got quickly in front of her, seized the heavy lead pendulum in both his hands, and held it. The clock at once made a dangerous whirring sound, as if noisily objecting to being tampered with, and ceased to tick.

"There!" cried Trixie, whose courage had oozed out at her finger-tips now that her wild plan was to be consummated—"There! Now you've broken the whole thing, and you'll be expelled."

"Nonsense! It will be all right if only you'll come up another rung or two of the ladder and keep me from toppling over; it's jolly uncomfortable up here!"

Having done as she was bidden, Trixie grabbed Jack firmly round the waist. "They'll find it out—I know they will," she said distractedly, "and you should just see what a state my white dress is in."

"Well, don't howl about your frock now; I'll brush you down presently; besides, you are timekeeper, you know—oh, look out! If you take both hands away at once I shall come an awful cropper!"

"It's six minutes to, now, but you might as well let go for all the good it will do. Alan will never make those runs," Trixie said, becoming pessimistic as she gazed ruefully at her soiled dress.

"If you're so jolly sure, why did you suggest it?" Jack inquired, beginning to lose his temper, and already tired of clutching nine or ten pounds of solid lead in a strained position.

"You wanted to, too," she retorted.

"If you would only leave off too-tooing down there, and take away this spider which is dangling in my eye, there would be some sense in you—*I* can't let go!"

She withdrew one hand from clutching at her cousin, and with an hysterical little shriek swished nervously at the spider, which promptly descended by an invisible aërial ladder to the

floor below; but on resuming her former position Trixie jerked both Jack and the pendulum, at which the clock again seemed to undergo symptoms of violent mechanical convulsions.

"Oh, please let it go on!" Trixie pleaded. "It seems to hurt it so, and, after all, what's the good?"

"What's the time is the point," growled Jack, getting hotter and more ill-tempered every moment, owing to incipient cramp in one arm and an unappeased irritation of the nose.

"Four minutes to."

"We will give him another eight as a last chance," he groaned, "but I can't stand holding this blessed thing much longer."

A seemingly interminable 240secs. had passed in a silence that was only broken by sundry weird clicks from the works of the clock, when there came a mighty shout from the field. At the same moment a big mouse skurried out from somewhere close to Trixie, and she, with a startled scream, loosed her hold of Jack, and fell with a noisy flop on to the platform beneath, whereupon he too lost his footing, and, like his namesake in the nursery rhyme, "came tumbling after."

"WE WILL GIVE HIM ANOTHER EIGHT MINUTES AS A LAST CHANCE," HE GROANED.

The instant that he let go of the pendulum the clock gave one wild click of emancipation, and commenced striking with a triumphant clang, whilst Trixie sat on the floor, rubbed her ankle, and bleated complainingly.

"There! I knew that you were hurting it. It was wanting to strike all the time. My watch must be eight minutes slow, and it was already six o'clock when we got here, and it's all of no use, for poor Alan won't have made his runs, and now I've fallen on one of my feet!" she added with feminine inconsequence.

"Are you really hurt?" Jack asked, anxiously getting on his legs again and going to her aid.

"No, not much; but I do wish we could have held on for another five minutes; now that horrid red-haired boy will be more conceited than ever."

Jack admitted that it was hard lines, but that if the match was lost it certainly wasn't Trixie's fault, because she had behaved like a jolly little brick about it. So then, having tried to make amends for his previous ill-temper, he held her up and brushed her down, and on finding that she was not much the worse for her tumble, they hurried away from the chapel before the people should be returning from the cricket-field to the school.

Outside everyone was cheering lustily, but they could not fully grasp the fact that it was a Chartonby victory after all, until Ransome Major, the hero of the moment, came up flushed

and excited to receive his pretty cousin's congratulations.

"I hit four to the boundary not a second before the clock struck six," he explained to her in undisguised glee. "Wasn't it a rare bit of luck, Trix?"

When Trixie was leaving, Jack managed to say to her in an agitated whisper:—

"Don't you ever split to Alan about the clock. If he thought the game wasn't won squarely he'd never forgive us as long as he lived."

"I'll be as silent as a mouse," she replied. "It's terribly on my mind already that we've cheated, or something dreadful."

However, by the first post the next morning Jack got the following effusion, marked with a very big "Private" in one corner.

"Hurroo, also hurrah! When I got to the station last night I went to set my watch by the clock there, and what do you think? IT WAS RIGHT TO THE SECOND, and so it was your stupid old chapel clock which was wrong, and the game was fairly won after all.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"Trixie."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 12th.

The Results will be published in October.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Four Towns."**—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. The number of letters in each town is indicated by its initial letter and dots to the number of letters required to complete the word. All these towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Spelling Mistakes."**—Make out a list of the spelling mistakes in this number of THE CAPTAIN—including advertisements. Don't put down words which are intentionally misspelt, as, for instance, in "Sir Billy." The three prizes will be goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Drawing."**—Make a study of flowers or foliage in pen, pencil, water or oil colours. Prizes will be THREE SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS or BOOKS to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Sentence out of 'Captain' Headings."**—THREE FOUNTAIN PENS will be presented for the best three sentences made out of the words composing the titles of the stories and articles in this number.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—**"Essay on 'Cousins.'"**—Three prizes of BOOKS—to the value of 6s.—will be awarded to the senders of the three best essays on "Cousins." Limit of words: 400.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 6.—**"Snap-shots."**—Three prizes of 7s. will be given to the senders of the three best snap-shots of moving objects—railway trains, motor cars, steamboats, horses, etc.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.

THE prize of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to HAROLD J. BLACK, The Athenæum, Glasgow, for his two photographs—"Performing Elephant and Horse at the Zoo, Glasgow."

The "Penny Hedge."

A QUAINT, and I think quite unique, ceremony takes place every year on the morning before Ascension Day, at Whitby.

Several hundred years ago—I did not obtain the exact date—three huntsmen, the then owners of all the land about Whitby, were hunting wild boar. In the course of the hunt a certain boar, which was hard put to it to escape, took refuge in the hut of a hermit, who, entertaining feelings of pity for the beast, closed the door. Eager in their sport, the huntsmen forced an entrance, but before they could achieve their object the boar died. Being baulked of their prey in this manner made the huntsmen so angry that they struck at the hermit with their spears, and he died of his wounds.

PING PONG, AS PLAYED BY OUR ANCESTORS.
(Drawn by Kenneth M. Davies.)

For this crime they were ordered to be executed, but before he died the hermit pleaded for them, so the sentence was repealed to the following penalty, viz.:—Once a year, on the morning before Ascension Day, they were to go down to the beach and fix a hedge or barrier. To fix it they were to use no tool valued at more than a penny—hence the name "Penny Hedge." If this structure failed to stand the force of three tides, they were to forfeit all their lands; but, on the other hand, if on that particular morning the tide were full at nine a.m. exactly, they could discontinue fixing the hedge. Ever since that time, once a year has the hedge been fixed. Each time has it stood its three tides, and never has the tide been full at nine a.m. on that morning.

I saw the "hedge" fixed on the last occasion—May 15th, 1901. It was fixed by the agent of the lord of the manor, and while it was being erected a man blew a horn and shouted, "Out on ye! Out on ye for this hideous crime." The horn is said to be the same as used on the first occasion, and I should say it is highly probable, judging from the frightful shindy he made with the same. The "hedge" was not fixed on the beach, however, but up the river just within reach of the tide.

First of all they fixed hazel rods vertically, in a row measuring about 6ft. long and 2ft. high. These were then intertwined with others at right angles, making a sort of network of hazel wood.

Of course, when this was first instituted, if the lands had been forfeited they would have gone to the Abbey grounds, but now I think they would go to the Crown. I could not say, however, if these conditions could be strictly enforced, or whether this little ceremony is now just gone through for custom. Anyway, the ceremony was watched by a lawyer and the chief of police. They do not now, also, keep them literally to the value of a penny, because of the relative value of money then and now.

As I have written this exactly as it was told me, any error will, I hope, be excused.

"SCARDEBERG."

The Home of Gainsborough.

No little stir was caused earlier in the year by the romantic discovery in America of that masterpiece of the painter's art—"The Duchess of

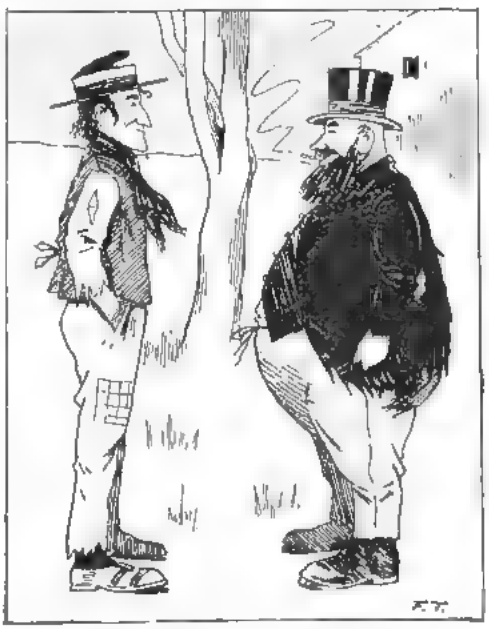
Devonshire." In view of the widespread interest which the finding of the picture evoked, some few particulars of the famous artist's birth-place may prove interesting.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the year 1727, and some of his best work was done in and around that borough. Visitors to the National Art Gallery will not need to be reminded of his picture, "Little Cornard," which hangs there. Little Cornard is about three miles from Sudbury, and the scene depicted in the picture is but little changed since the artist's time.

Sudbury, or, as it was originally called, "Southburgh,' is one of the oldest towns in East Anglia, and in times of yore was a place of some importance. It was formerly a parliamentary borough, but early in the present century it was disfranchised on account of the notorious bribery carried on at elections.

From time immemorial Sudbury has had a mayor and corporation, and a local historian has published an interesting account of the "Election of Mayor at Sudbury in 1665."

A somewhat ghastly relic is to be seen in St. Gregory's Church. This is the skull of Simon de Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was killed in Wat Tyler's rebellion. The head, although shrivelled by age, is in a good state of preservation.



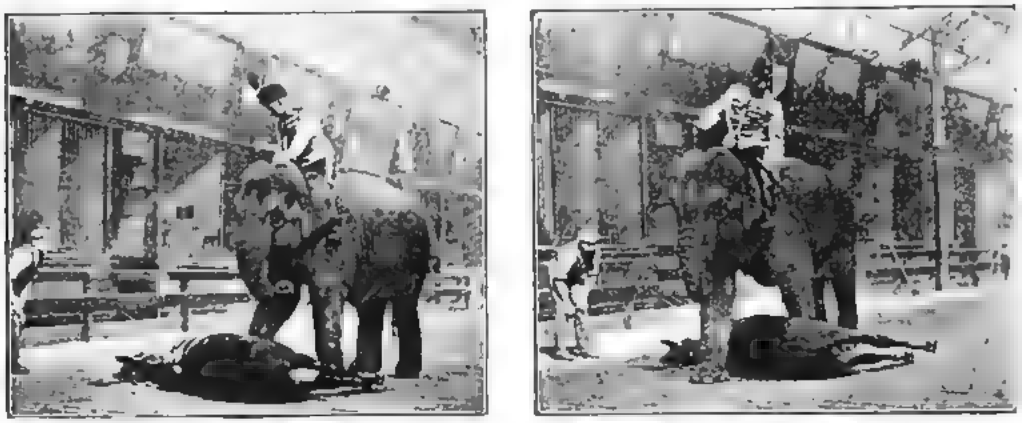
"'ELLO! 'OW MUCH VOS DAT NEW 'AT?"
"DUNNO; DE SHOP-KEEPER WASN'T DERE!"
(Drawn by Fred Thompson.)

Sudbury is at the present time a thriving and progressive town. It is to be regretted that a place so intimately associated with Gainsborough should contain no permanent memorial to the great artist. The only memorial of any kind is a small tablet on a house in Gainsborough Street, which erroneously states that "In this house was born Thomas Gainsborough." As the house was most improbably built before the nineteenth century, this inscription is apt to be misleading to the casual observer.

"SUDBURIAN."

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

W. C. W.—You have a sense of humour of a rough-and-tumble order. If ever you get a really funny idea there's no harm in writing it up and sending it in, but mind the idea is *good*. **Scardeberg.**—Accepted. A very curious old custom that. "Acton's Feud" will appear in book form this autumn. **A. J. Judd.**—You have the critical sense. I shall keep your essay by me, and perhaps some day I shall write to you for a comprehensive article on the subject. You don't mention "Fred Swainson," by the way. I myself think that "Acton's Feud," as a tale of a great public school, is hard to beat. **J. S. Cox.**—Go on trying, and I shall some day. **W. C. H.**—Send your full name, if you want to be clubbed. All right, painless process; simply our abbreviation. The last word of your poem is bad rhyming as well as bad language. **G. Jackson.**—A pretty touch of sentiment in your verses. Sorry no space. **Gildart Walker.**—"Peterhead" too guide-booky. Tell us something about those 444 storms! **Jugga-balk-balk.**—To be frank, I think you had better try me next with an *essay*, serious or humorous, as you please. **M. K. S. Edwards.**—Rather too much like a newspaper report. The fire, too, was of local rather than of general interest. **G. O. Teichmann.**—Send something else of that sort. Pity the dialogue between the magistrate and the witness wasn't longer—it was getting very amusing. **M. J. G.**—Try again; not bad. **E. R. Simmons.**—"Naples" is not so good as "Southampton," although it shows you to be observant and to have a knack of describing what you see. **Cycling Hints.**—You write in a practical, workmanlike way. Sorry no room for "hints." You didn't put your name on the manuscript. **S. L. Langlois** (VALPARAISO).—Glad to hear of those new readers. The O.F. wafts his kind regards to you all. **C. E. Furze.**—Not quite up to our standard—but I hope you'll get your bicycle all the same. **C. F. Knowles.**—Your composition is good, but your subject a somewhat well-worn one. **A. H. Eustace Jones.**—Try a fresher topic. The ordeal of prize-receiving is a matter that everybody is acquainted with. **A. K. H. Wyndham.**—Parodies of hymns—or, indeed, of anything sacred—are not welcomed here. Parody songs or poems if you like, but leave hymns alone. **James Jarvie.**—Not quite enough in "The Adventures of an Academical" to merit publication. Next time, friend James, write your contribution on nice white sheets of foolscap, and pay strict attention to composition, punctuation, etc. This story of yours before me is cramped up on small sheets of notepaper, unconnected by any fastener. I hope other contributors, as well as you, will take these hints to heart. **H. S. Foster.**—An amusing little contribution; you are clubbed. **A. T. Belfrage.**—A mere diary isn't enough. You should send a short, crisp little essay (four hundred words), describing an interesting experience. **John Garratt, Junr.**—Try something "on your own," *i.e.*, be original in metre and theme. That is so

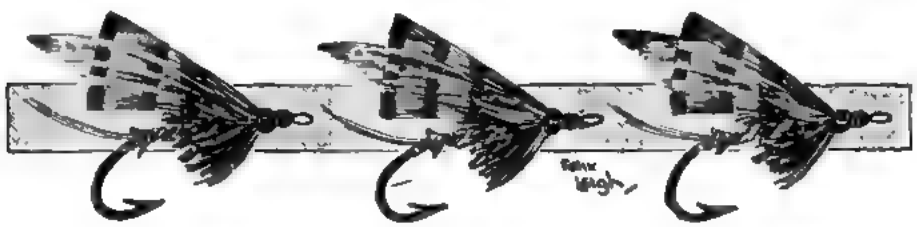


PERFORMING ELEPHANT AND HORSE AT THE ZOO, GLASGOW.

(Photos by Harold J. Black.)

much more interesting than a poem written, as the phrase is, "after" Kipling. **Mexican Joe.**—Hope to use your essay, "Mexican Recollections," in some future number. But, by the way, I should like to put your real name on such a capital piece of work. **Frank S. Penney.**—Your two photographs of Grinstead Church do you great credit. You evidently use your "Brownie" to some purpose. **Sydney Daines.**—I don't advise you to take up black and white work as a profession. Stick to shipbuilding or farming. **E. H. Overton.**—Photograph, "Feeding Time," very clever and particularly well finished off. Not sure we can find space to use it. **J. L. Rayner.**—Clubbed. Your "Ugly Duckling" shows good promise. Read my suggestions in last three numbers of THE CAPTAIN on drawing for the Press. **H. Platt.**—When you are using your "Swan" fountain pen to sketch from Nature, fill it with Bourgeois' *encre de chine*, which can be obtained in shilling bottles from any good stationer. This will last you a long time, and if necessary the ink can be diluted with water. **Owen C. Rolley.**—You show a fair power with your pen, but don't break up your lines so much. **R. F. M. and E. A. M.**—I'm sorry, but—— **John Garratt.**—Don't be in such a hurry next time, I say, and perhaps you'll do better. **F. Nicolet** (Bavons).—Regret I cannot give you the prize. You write English remarkably well. **S. G. Dutton** and many others who only get acknowledged in the "Contributions received" corner are asked to bear in mind that the space in THE CAPTAIN is limited; and, to be candid with you, "S. G. Dutton," your drawing doesn't show much ability. You are evidently too young for me to give you a more serious answer. **William Duncan.**—Your drawing of the concert hall at the Glasgow Exhibition is a very worthy attempt, but since we may be illustrating the Glasgow Exhibition from photographs, I cannot use the sketch you send. Your lines are not quite firm. In architectural work you should use a rule in making straight lines. Your perspective is splendid. **D. English** has our thanks for sending two photographs of Harrow, but the subjects have already appeared in Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN. **Bertha Harvey.**—I don't know how old you are, but at present would not venture to say you stand much chance of becoming a prominent black-and-white artist. Your letter was amusing, and twice over in questioning the personality of the editor and staff were you correct, but that is all I can tell you. **Know All.**—The cost of posting THE CAPTAIN to you for one year would be 8s. 6d. I cannot promise to publish the photographs you sent of Greenwich observatory and hospital, but I may find room for them at a later date. **Arthur H. Wilson.**—From the designs you send I should think you are admirably adapted for a lace curtain designer; as to whether you would succeed in black-and-white illustration, I don't know, as you do not submit the right specimens. **Fred C. Owen.**—The drawings you send this month are far too niggly, and not good enough for publication. Still, don't be despondent.

Contributions also received from: R. C. Tharp, A. E. Olley, J. H. Skuse, D. Newill, A. G. Scott, E. G. Boreham, Rube D. Grey, Fred Thompson, W. M. Wace, "Mudge," K. M. Davies, Reuben Cohen, Herbert Hanson, "Mac," B. H. Blanshard, G. Harper, C. F. Knowles, A. H. Wilson (who is clubbed), G. H. Lugadin, "Geo.," Pierce B. Wooster (Natal), Penn Wright, "Chérie," and others.



A FLIGHT OF FLIES.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Taking of Pains.—The late Sir Walter Besant won his position not so much by the brilliancy of his work as by his infinite capacity for taking pains and the enthusiasm he invariably displayed over his labours. He did not know what it was to regard a task as "too much trouble." So, although Besant may not have had the genius of Kipling or Meredith, or some other great writers of this era, we shall always remember him for his big heart, his energy, his vitality, and his efforts to promote the welfare not only of the London poor but of the followers of his own craft—many of whom, though none too rich in this world's goods, became considerably richer by virtue of the friendly advice and assistance Sir Walter was always willing to give to his lesser brethren. You who compose essays and spin sonnets, remember Besant and his life toil, and never shirk writing your work over and over again until you are satisfied with it—until you are sure that you have put your "best" into it.

Extra Consolation Prizes.—I don't know whether it is the warm weather which has produced a lazy feeling amongst CAPTAIN competitors, but the fact remains that in some competitions several prizes have been gained rather too easily of late, while in others the entries have been very large, and consequently those prizes have been hardly won. Now, just to encourage competitors to try for everything, I am going to award three prizes of one guinea each to the three Captainites who earn the greatest number of "Honourable Mentions" in our next volume—that is to say, in the *results* announced in October, November, and December of this year, and January, February, and March of next. The three awards will be consolation prizes well worth having, so competitors will be working with a treble object, viz., to win the prize offered in each competition, a consolation prize, or, at the end of six months, an extra consolation prize. All competitors honourably mentioned will receive a mark for each mention; at the end of the six months the marks will be added up and the three competitors heading the list will receive a guinea each. I shall restrict the number of those to be honourably mentioned to twelve in each class, though sometimes it will be found necessary to mention less. Now, I must point out to you that the results of the competitions set for August will appear in our October number, so that the struggle for the guineas commences THIS MONTH.

How to Win Prizes.—I am afraid a good many competitors are far too apt to let lack of success dishearten them. Now, you know, it stands to reason that if a fellow leaves off trying because he doesn't win a prize with, say, half a dozen or even a dozen attempts, that fellow, it is to be feared, will pursue the same policy throughout his life, which is a policy that doesn't answer in these overcrowded days of keen competition. The great thing in competitions is to keep on pegging away. After all, even if you don't get a prize, a good deal of pleasure results even from the trying. A good clear brain likes to pit itself against other brains. If prizes were to be won easily, competitions would soon lose their spice. Again, a prize should not be fought for merely on account of its cash value; it should be regarded by the happy winner as a trophy showing that he *was the best* out of many hundreds, or even thousands!

New Comps.—To you, no doubt, it seems easy to think of new competitions when

you see them in black and white before your eyes. I assure you that such is not the case; indeed, with six new comps. to set each month, we have to tax our brains considerably to scheme out fresh trials of skill and knowledge. I hope, therefore, that every reader of THE CAPTAIN within the age limits will, by way of appreciating our efforts, have a try for as many competitions as possible. I must again urge competitors *not to send letters or applications for club membership with competitions.* In future all club applications sent with competitions will be ignored; they should be forwarded separately, with "CAPTAIN CLUB" on the envelope, and addressed to the editor in the usual way.

"Captain" Stamps.—You will find on page 479 a facsimile of the stamp which we have had designed specially for THE CAPTAIN. To anybody who cares to send a stamped addressed envelope we will forward a few dozen of these stamps, which, being gummed on the back like postage stamps, can be stuck inside books, and on letters, or on the top of sheets of notepaper, or, indeed, anywhere you like. If you examine the design, which is by that clever artist Mr. Walker Hodgson, you will find that it is a wonderfully clear example of *multum in parvo.* Well, here are the stamps—many sheets of them—and they can be had for the asking! Mark letters "CAPTAIN Stamp."

"Captain" Club Members.—We are providing extra pages among the advertisements for CAPTAIN Club lists. When all the lists have appeared, we shall issue a handbook containing all the names, with officers, official representatives, rules, and other particulars.

"H. O."—This is the printer's contraction for "held over." Of the tales I announced for August I have been obliged to keep back "A Siege of Fire" and "A Tale of a Sleeping Car," owing to lack of space. They will appear in September instead.

"Captain" Authors and Artists.—As a great many of you are no doubt interested in the work of these gentlemen, you may like to know that you can obtain these pages, printed on glazed paper suitable for framing, price three penny stamps each page. This includes postage.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Bit of an Accent."—My recent remarks on provincial accents seem to have attracted a good deal of attention. A young lady, who lives up North, writes to say that her parents are always rowing her for having "a Glasgow accent." Once when they were gently chiding her on the subject, she informed them that the editor of THE CAPTAIN'S opinion was that there was no harm whatever in an accent—in fact, that it was rather nice to have one. Whereupon, mamma replied, "Not if it is *a Glasgow one!*" Is this Glasgow accent, then, such a terrible thing? I am not acquainted with the brand. My fair correspondent doesn't spare herself; she informs me she is "a mongrel"—that is, half English and half Scotch—and as her name is distinctly Welsh, I suppose her speech, being a mixture of English, Welsh, and Scotch (Glasgow brand), doesn't altogether satisfy her parents. After all, what matters is not so much the accentuation of her speech as the character of the speech itself. If it is good-natured and thoughtful, it will always be welcome to the little world in which she lives, and moves, and has her being.

Dulcie.—I hope this answer will be in time for you, but if it is not, you can make a note of it for next year when you want to testify by your costume that your sympathies are with Cambridge or Eton. Our "Lady Fashion Fag" writes: "Tell her to wear a pale blue muslin dress, prettily trimmed with lace and insertion and many little tucks; black picture hat covered with black tulle and black feathers; dainty biscuit-coloured gloves; little black shoes with big steel buckles and French heels; white ruffle with long flowing ends, and white silk parasol with lace edge and smart black velvet bow." There, I hope that will be of use to you. Our "Lady Fashion Fag" doesn't write very distinctly, and I may have made a mistake or two, not being what you would call a millinery expert; in fact, I know more about dogs than dresses. However, I hope it will prove to be what you want. Good-bye.

"A Holiday Map."—A correspondent, "S. J.," begs my assistance. He has got to put something in the album of a young lady friend, and cannot imagine what to put in, as he is not a poet nor yet a draughtsman. Will the O.F. oblige? He will. I advise "S. J." to draw a little outline map of this country on one of the pages of the album, and insert the names of places where he has spent holidays, connecting each place with his home by a railway line, by the side of which he might mention the number of miles he had to travel. Then, if this young lady has ever spent a holiday in any of these places with "S. J.," his little map should revive pleasant memories.

P. H. Lewis.—A most worthy ambition, and I hope you will realise it. You can go up at any age. I have seen white-haired men walking about in undergraduates' gowns. The usual age to enter is eighteen or nineteen. You can live there comfortably on £150 per year, although it can be done on considerably less with economy. Get the "Oxford University Handbook," price 2s. 6d., from any bookseller, and you will find all the information you want about the entrance examinations, fees at all the colleges, etc. You want to be pretty well up in Latin, and the elements of mathematics. Any decently smart Fifth-Form boy can pass the college entrance exam.

Preserved Walnuts.—(1) I wonder who that friend of mine is. You are sharp. I had not noticed before that Mr. Swanson had given his hero his own name. Curious how anxious people are to be called by certain Christian names. The other day I was on the pavement near Charing Cross Station when two 'buses drove up. The conductor of the front 'bus, a sallow-faced, grimy little cockney man, looked up at the driver of the 'bus behind, an old fat-faced

sullen sort of gentleman, and observed: "Augustus, will you in future call me *Harold?*" The reply of Augustus was brief and unparliamentary. (2) I will certainly write in your autograph book.

E. George Boreham (Sydney, N. S. W.).—I agree with you that this matter ought to be cleared up, viz., how best to send money from Australia to this country for such things as badges, back numbers, volumes, etc. Your best plan would be to find out about half a dozen other fellows who want badges, and send all your money together in a money order, and have the badges sent to yourself for distribution. As for back numbers, it is best to get them through a local newsagent, who will include your wants in his monthly order. If you send Australian stamps you must understand that we only get two-thirds of the value. Have "clubbed" you.

GEORGE HAWLEY,
Our Marine Artist.

W. P. C. (Ramsey, I.O.M.).—You should address your essay on Manx Customs (keep it quite short) to Captain Club Contributions. If you want to consult our specialists you must address a separate letter to each. Did it not strike you as being rather absurd to send queries to Mr. Fry, Mr. Nankivell, and Mr. Foster all on one half-sheet of notepaper? They don't attend at the office. Mr. Nankivell lives at Croydon, Mr. Foster down by the river somewhere, while Mr. Fry, during the cricket season, is here, there, and everywhere, making centuries for Sussex.

"**Bunny.**"—The word "bun" is derived from an early Greek word used to describe a sacred cake, *with a cross marked upon it*, which was given as an offering to the gods. In the early days of Christianity cakes marked with a cross, and called "buns," were given by the priests to the people at Eastertide. In "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1753 is this couplet about hot cross buns:—

"Whose virtue is, if you'll
believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like
the common bread."

Kullers.—(1) No time this summer to get out club colours. We shall turn our attention to this matter early next year, so as to be well in time for the spring and summer. Meanwhile I am open to consider suggestions. (2) The Queen's Westminsters and Artists are two excellent volunteer corps. (3) Some corps of Middlesex volunteers can be found in Camden Town High Street. I forget which. Walk down that way and see.

DUDLEY CLEAVER.
Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

H. Keyworth (Harringay).—Your best plan will be to join a cricket club that is run in connection with a church or institute up your way. Local branches of the Y.M.C.A. generally have cricket and football clubs attached to them. You would meet fellows there of your age. Why not join the Polytechnic, in Regent Street? Entrance fee, 1s.; yearly subscription, 4s.; cricket club, 5s.

"The Harrogate Herald" (reviewing our June number) says: "Mr. Fry, in dealing with the Yorkshire County cricket grounds, deals with Harrogate in the days before the local club had made its enlargements. When Mr. Fry next sees the Harrogate Cricket Ground, he will find it nearly twice as large as it was when first he played upon it."

Paddy (St. Ives).—(1) An excellent letter, frank and sincere. It is wonderful what a lot of readers have first made acquaintance with The Captain during "seedy" attacks, or lengthy periods of illness. (2) As to poetry, Shakespeare and Tennyson cannot be bettered. (3) Send Hazel's photograph (and your own if you like) for the O.F.'s portrait gallery.

W. J. Corke wants to make a heliograph, and has asked me to tell him how to do it. He cannot do better than buy a copy of the latest edition of "Signalling Instructions," published by Messrs. Gale & Polden, price 9d. This will fully explain to him the mechanism of the heliograph, which has been of such great service to our army in South Africa.

H. F. Smith.—(1) Have cages about 2ft. square, and if you can keep them separately it will be much better. (2) The best food is barley-meal, mixed with crushed hemp seed, moistened with a little water. (3) Put plenty of coarse sand on the bottom of cage. A few worms can be given occasionally.

F. A. G. N.—Tylar's "Tit-Bit," costing 12s. 6d., and the "Falcon" Kodak, price 16s., are both excellent cameras. The former is manufactured by Walter Tylar, Aston, Birmingham; and the latter is made by "Kodak," Ltd., but they are both stocked by good photographic dealers.

J. A. R. (Adelaide).—Tennis—by which I presume you mean lawn tennis—is played at our schools, but not by the majority of boys, the courts being generally very limited in number, and other games claiming most of the time allowed for recreation. Have "clubbed" you.

Girl-Reader.—I only accept school stories from skilled and practised writers. A good school story is the rarest article that finds its way into this office. Young writers like yourself should confine your

efforts to CAPTAIN Club Contributions—as far as this magazine is concerned.

D. L.—There is not the slightest harm in your writing as often and as much as you like. Am very pleased to hear from you, because yours appears to be precisely the kind of family that THE CAPTAIN is chiefly intended for and most appreciated by.

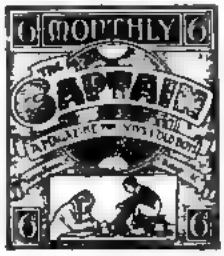
East Anglian.—"The Public Schools Year Book," price 2s. 6d., published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., and obtainable at any bookseller's, will give you all the information you can possibly want about public schools scholarships.

E. A. Megginson.—(1) Capital! Yes; will consider you an official representative at Bromley. (2) A lawyer should be well posted in both history and geography. (3) A successful lawyer can rise to the peerage.

E. Gledhill.—(1) Perhaps the editor of the *Navy and Army Illustrated* can tell you about any other periodicals dealing with the navy and ships. (2) CAPTAIN volumes are 8s. 6d. each, post free.

Constant Reader.—(1) You will find hydroquinine a very good snap-shot developer. (2) Many people separate their pigeons, but I do not think it is necessary if the nest boxes are taken away.

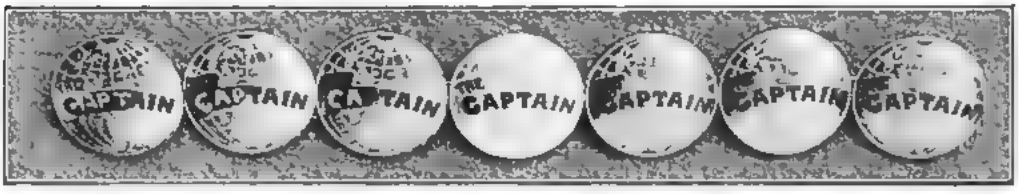
E. Gall.—Change of address noted. The largest steamer afloat is the White Star Line boat, *Celtic*. **Nancy.**—Photograph charming. A good dog that. Ask a doggy friend whether he is too fat. **Paul Prosser.**—The "O. F." doesn't feel complimented when people write to him in *pencil*. You'll remember next time, won't you? **L. M. N. O. P.**—"Clubbed." Writing very neat. Back numbers can be obtained through any bookseller for 6d., or direct from this office for 8½d. **L. A. W.**—"Night on the Waters": you have a good negative here, but the masking spoils the print, and it is rather too deeply printed. **M. A. P.**—You will observe that I have touched upon the subject of the winning competitions in my editorial this month. **W. H. K.**—Your writing might certainly be improved. Use ruled paper; this will be a great help to you. **Clifford Duff.**—(1) Mr. Nankivell replied to you last month. (2) You may consider yourself an official representative of THE CAPTAIN in Winnipeg. **"N. M."**—The best food for young rabbits is bran and oats, with plenty of cabbage leaves and turnip-tops, care being taken not to have them too wet. **F. Hughes.**—Tame white rats will eat almost anything, but oats are about the best. Care should be taken to keep their cages clean. **Provincial Pupil** (ARCHITECT).—Will keep your letter by me and see if I can use a bit of it in a future number. **Joan of Arc.**—If both doves "coo" I should say that they are both male birds. **M. Sunderland.**—That 21lb. pike must certainly have been a rare catch. I will think over your suggestions re picture puzzle competitions. **Jas. Lindsay-Oliver.**—Will consider suggestion. **Office Boy.**—I don't suppose it is anything to worry about, but if you feel uneasy, consult a doctor. **Winnie Morris.**—You can get THE CAPTAIN at Vancouver. We have a good number of readers there. **Entomologist** (JERSEY).—I have arranged for a practical article on entomology. **Ret.**—You can purchase a book on the management of love birds at almost any bird fancier's. **E. J Penrose.**—Yes, send the photographs you mention for me to see. **Miles.**—You will find what you want among CAPTAIN Advertisements either this month or in back numbers. **E. G. B.** (SYDNEY).—A very sensible letter. **Member of Club** (GLASGOW).—Yes. **"How to Make a Tent"** (JULY).—The measurements should read "14ft. by 6ft. of canvas," instead of "14ins."



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED AD-DRESSED ENVELOPE

Letters, Calendar Events, etc., also received from. Charles T. Hunt, Camelot (clubbed), E. A. Leigh, W. C. Belfrage, Colin A. Arrol, A.B.C., H. L. Dobrée (glad the arm is better), E. Robinson, "A Colonial Admirer" (newspaper), and many others.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"My Favourite Heroine in Fiction."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GEO. H. C. MANNING, 31, Claremont Road, Rugby.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HARRY PAYNE, 14, Dryden Street, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest A. Taylor, W. J. White, J Harold Round, Gertrude Sterling, H. R. Bishop.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JAMES MUIR BORTHWICK, 27, West Blackhall Street, Greenock, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to D. NEWILL, The Homestead, Winchester; and A. M. WAUGH, 69, Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Rainey, William Vaughan, Harold K. Lloyd, G. H. Palmer, G T Atkinson, May Stafford, J. C. Rollo, Anna S Pole.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM, 4, Maley Avenue, West Norwood.

No. II.—"Calendar."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: ERNEST A. TAYLOR, Hill House, Sudbury, Suffolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Johnson, Ethel Walker, Hilda Peiser, Elsie Simmons.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: JOSEPH W. CONNELL, 26, Finkle Street, Selby.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GEORGE H. DAVIS, 28, Silver Street, Kensington, W.; IRENE RAINEY, 6, Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. White, Grace Eyden, William Harley, Gwynedd Hudson, Stanley Rampling, C. P. Davies, John B. Edgar, Florence L. England.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: DOROTHY W. JOHNSON, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. GRIBBLE, 2, Regent Street, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley B. King, Arthur Dawe, P. R. Laird, Mary L. Muirhead, Mildred Keitch, M. Schindhelm, A. Lingford, Edwin Turner.

No. III.—"The Best Play I Have Ever Seen."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: E. PITT, Osnaburgh House, Regent's Park, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. WHITE, Fairlea, Abergavenny; and WM. AINSLEY, 15, Brunton Street, Darlington.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph W. Connell, Dorothy Owen, Muriel Pyman, H. R. Bishop, Margaret Langley, A. M. Fletcher, Cyp. Dare, Fred. Lucas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: CLIVE HAY, 8, Walmer Crescent, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: AGNES MAUD PARSONS, 9, Beaucleire Road, Hammersmith, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Weir, Norna Walford, W. Pope, P. R. Laird.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: LESLIE POPE, 7, High Street, Putney, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FREDK. HAWKINS, 8, High Street, Putney, S.W.

No. IV.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-four.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: HUBERT HOLLIDAY, Beechgrove, Blackhill, Co. Durham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MAYNE REID, 1, Grange Place, Alloa, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. P Laidlaw, E. Pitt, Doris Ellis, Gertrude Sterling, Nina M. Tancock, Leslie Bruce, Arthur E. Hes, Herbert W Gibson, Wm. Hayden, Annie E Hughes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: WILLIAM H. BIRKS, Southdene, Englescliffe, R.S.O., Co. Durham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: RALPH BIRKS, Southdene, Englescliffe, R.S.O., Co. Durham; and W. J. JULIFF, 44, Caldervale Road, Clapham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Woodcock, Elsie M. Sandes, Henry Hawken, Lionel D Saunders, Horace H. Hunt, Amy, F. Clennell, Norman Prescott.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: ALBERT E. HAMILTON, 6 Lawrence Street, Belfast.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to EDGAR A. PEERS, 10, Stapenhill Road, Burton-on-Trent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. E. Chipp, Edgar Limpson, Percy Leonard, E. J. Greenwood, L. Wing, Cecil G. Young, Harry Platt, John Bourke, Gilbert C Manford.

No. V.—"Photograph of a Church."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ELFRIDA CAPON, 40, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. Mawhood, C. S. Austin, T. C. Danks, C. Crossley, Allan Raine, R. M. Evans, W. H. Wane, Frank Woods, D. O. Milledge, Elsie Holden.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GEORGE F. BAYLEY, "The Poplars," Sandhoys Avenue, Waterloo, near Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ARTHUR V. PENN, 21, White Street, Walsall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William J. White, G. W Booth, G. H. Marsden, L. Anderson Williams, P. G. Horst, B L. Jones, J. Rider Joy, H C. Hall, K. W. Thomas, C. E. Lewis, R. Hindle Kay, W. L. Tod, Cecil Harr's.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. PERRY, 54, Waterloo, Northampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Blanche Wrathall.

No. VI.—"Sentences."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: EDWARD ARTHUR LUFF, La Chaumiere, Brock Road, Guernsey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: EDWARD G. WATT, 19, Park Road, Hastings; Donis L. MACKINNON, 8, Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Harold Round, A. J. Davis, Agneta Beauchamp, Frank Harper, Thornton Wills, Arthur Wilson, W. J. Bristow, A. J. Judd, E. Lang, Nina M. Tancock, Stanley Rampling, Kathleen Alton, Elfrida Capon, Irene Davison.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: GERTRUDE STRANGER, "Pen Pol," Vale, Guernsey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: G. H REYNOLDS, c/o P. Williams, Esq., Eton College, Windsor.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Janie Main, H. C. Hall, G. F. C. Corfield, E. Candler, Irena Thomas, Nellie Record, H. C. McNaughton, Irene Ollard, Muriel Sumner, Lionel Oswaldstone, Joan Sterling, Harry F. Webb, N. Forde.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: J. E. BAINES, Summerfield, Morley, near Leeds.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WM. CROW, Little Waltham, Essex; and C. W. JACOB, "Brentwood," Grassendale Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. V. Mitchell, John R. Taylor, T. A. Norwood, Amy Senger, Jack Bourke, R. E. C. Chipp, Wilfrid Hill.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."

COMMENTS ON THE JUNE COMPETITIONS.

No. 1.—Some well-expressed and carefully written essays on "My Favourite Heroine in Fiction" were sent in, the most popular "heroines" being "Rebecca" in *Ivanhoe*, "Little Nell," "Little Dorrit," "Lorna Doone," and "Agnes Wickfield." A very difficult heroine chosen was "William the Conqueror" in Rudyard Kipling's *Day's Work*, but the essay on this masculine lady was distinctly good.

No. 2.—In adjudicating this competition preference was given to those who had chosen the more out-of-the-way "Calendar Events" to write about, as there were some dozens on "Magna Carta," "Battle of Naseby" and "Battle of Waterloo." The prize in Class I. was won by a specially good essay on Mr. C. J. Kortright, the author of an excellent essay on the life of Dr. Arnold of Rugby was awarded the prize in Class II.; and "Lord Kitchener of Khartoum" was the subject of the essay which carried off the prize in Class III.

No. 3.—"Madame Butterfly," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Twelfth Night" were the three plays chosen by the prize-winner in each class respectively. "The Sign of the Cross" appealed to a good many competitors, as well it might; "A Message from Mars" impressed a fair number; but the favourites were "Trilby," "The Only Way," "The Silver King," "The Bells," "The Christian," and "Henry V."

No. 4.—No one was fortunate enough to guess all the "Missing Words" correctly, but the prize winners in Class I. and II got eleven, and the prize-winner in Class III. ten, right.

No. 5.—Some excellent photographs were submitted for this competition, and the prizes were awarded to the senders of those pictures which showed a combined knowledge of photographic technique and pictorial composition.

No. 6.—Competitors quite rose to the humour of this competition and some very "Funny Sentences" were submitted; but, on the other hand, a great many were very hackneyed and ancient.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

List of Members of "THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

Hereunder we publish the first instalment of "Captain" Club Members. When all the names have been thus published we shall issue them in a Handbook, with a list of the Officers of the club, rules, advantages, and objects.

Any A's, B's, and C's arriving after the publication of this list will be added to future lists.

A

ABBOTT, Arthur, Somerleyton, Landguard Road, Southampton.

ABBOTT, E. S., School House, Tonbridge.

ACTON, Fred. Y., City Chambers, Clifford Street, York.

ADAM, A. C. C., Steeton Hall, near Keighley, Yorks.

ADAMS, Frank J., 46, Edward Street, West Bromwich, Staffs.

AIKMAN, E. B., 13, Kingsborough Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

AIR, E. R., Colston House, Malvern Link.

AIRSTON, A. J., 39, Lyaways Street, Walsall.

ALBRECHT, R., 6, Seedley Terrace, Pendleton, Manchester.

ALBROW, Albert, 105, Elliscombe Road, Charlton, Kent.

ALDRIDGE, Alfred L., 2, Theresa Avenue, Bishopstone, Bristol.

ALEXANDER, Nellie, 342, Argyle Street, Glasgow.

ALEXANDRE, Philip George, 6, Abyssinia Grove, Leeds, Yorks.

ALFORD, S. A., 37, Castle Road, Bedford.

ALINGTON, G. H., Mayfield, Summertown, Oxford.

ALLAN, Ivan, The Willows, Castlehead, Paisley.

ALLBERRY, W. H., Fairholme, Upper Colfe Road, Forest Hill.

ALLDAY, H. E., 73, Wellington Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

ALLEN, C. S., Schoolhouse, Brentwood, Essex.

ALLEN, Edgar G., 14, Fordington Hill, Dorchester, Dorset.

ALLEN, Fred. Albert, 65, Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, W.

ALLENQUERQUE, William P. d', 40, Gladstone Place, Aberdeen.

ALLFREY, E. Sidney, Outram Street, Ripley, Derby.

ALMACK, Edward P., 1, Antrim Mansions, South Hampstead, N.W.

ALMOND, Alexander, The Woods, Lydham.

ALPHONSE, Algernon W. J. St., 74, Wood Vale, Forest Hill, S.E.

ALTHAM, John A. S., All Saints' Vicarage, Wellingborough.

ALTMAN, H., 54, Lewisham Park, S.E.

ALTY, Richard G., 205, Coronation Road, Bristol.

AMPHLEW, Gladys, 3, Tolmers Square, N.W.

ANAGNOSTOPULO, George, Yew Tree House, West Derby, near Liverpool.

ANDERSON, A. R., Brewlands House, Dollar, Clackmannan.

ANDERSON, Charles, Clifton House, Crieff, N.B.

ANDERSON, Charles, Glenburn Hall, Jedburgh, N.B.

ANDERSON, Christine Mary, Oaken, near Wolverhampton.

ANDERSON, J., Rockmount Villa, Northland Road, Londonderry.

ANDERSON, J. W., Teithside, Callander, Perthshire.

ANDERSON, Katharine S. W., 22, Park Circus, Glasgow.

ANDREWS, Ernest A., Jr., Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

ANDREWS, W. Linton, Ward VI., Christ's Hospital, London, E.C.

ANGUS, Wm., 59, Balmoral Place, Aberdeen.

ANNAND, A. W., Bryn-y mor Cottage, Towyn, Merionethshire.

ANNE, George Charlton, Château du Hert, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

ANSTEY, A. G., 10, North Street, Guildford, Surrey.

APPLETON, R. A., 4, Melbourne Terrace, Sowerby, near Thirsk.

ARCHIBALD, Wm., 21, Salisbury Street, Edinburgh.

ARDERN, Alfred, Heath Bank, Mossley Road, Ashton-under-Lyne.

ARGYLE, Harold, Hawthorn Lodge, Tamworth, Staffs.

ARKELL, C., 63, High Street, Egham.

ARMSTRONG, D. B., 17, Eastcombe Villa, Charlton Road, Blackheath.

ARMSTRONG, Dorothy, Heydon Rectory.

ARNFIELD, J. F., Music Warehouse, Barmouth, N. Wales.

ARNOLD, Bernard Stanley, 170, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.

ARNOLD, Lewis G., West Royd, Harrogate.

ARNOLD, Ralph Josling, The Grange, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth.

ASH, Arthur, St. Olaves, Park Avenue, Harrogate.

ASH, R. A., Rhyddington, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.

ASHFORD, Norman B., 187, Anerley Road, Anerley, S.E.

ASKEW, H., Jr., Church Street, Cuckfield, Sussex.

ASTLEY, George D., 1, Merton Road, Bedford.

ATKINSON, Arthur S., 12, Brantfell Road, Blackburn.

ATKINSON, H. G., Poplar House, Newland, Hull.

ATKINSON, Horace, Park House, Colyton Road, Honor Oak.

ATKINSON, L. L., 10, Foremount Terrace, Pownhill, Glasgow.

ATTWELL, Stanley S., Hill House, Limpley Stoke, Bath.

AUGER, Percy, 8, Laurel Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

AUSTEUX-LEIGH, L. A., St. Edmunds, Downleage, Clifton.

AUSTIN, A., Coppice Side, Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent.

AUSTIN, Morris, Coatlecook, Quebec, Canada.

B

BACK, Arthur W., 71, Kyverdale Road, Stoke Newington, N.

BACKHOUSE, E., Bancroft's School, Essex.

BADHAM, C. A., Chester House, Colwall, Malvern.

BAGGELAAR, D., Egelantiersgracht 28, Amsterdam.

BAILEY, Arthur, 25, Union Road, Exeter.

BAILEY, C. H., 39, Portland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

BAIN, Walter, Herseview, Grangemouth.

BAIRD, J. S., The Lodge, Helensburgh, N.B.

BAKER, L. J., 60, Elliscombe Road, Old Charlton, Kent.

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BALDWIN, A. Provost, 20, Orchard Street, Bury St. Edmunds.

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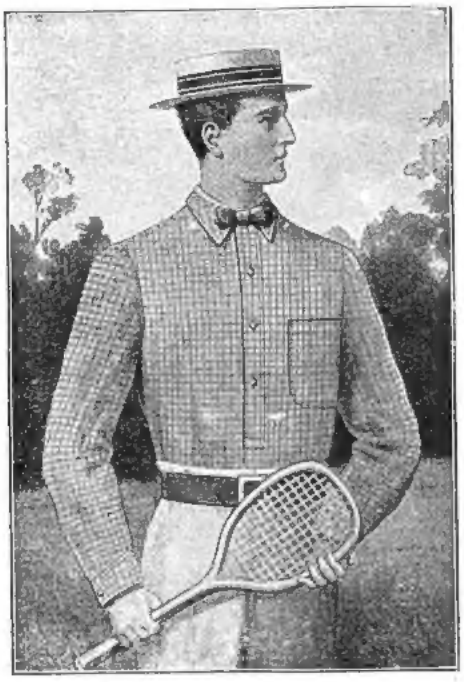

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